

## RELATIVE POSITION.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Hadly family were at breakfast, and animation of manner betokened some topic of greater interest than usually had place at that rather sleepy and informal meal. Alfred and the girls were in the habit of sauntering in one after another when their elders were half through the meal, or finished and gone, and conversation was usually exceedingly desultory. This morning it was different. Paternal permission had the night before been obtained to have invitations issued for a party in honor of the return of Mrs. Jacob Jackson, and the household were unitedly determined it should be such a party as had never before been given in Jacksonville. Hence each had suggestions and remarks to offer, and the sitting was a remarkably lively one.

The Hadlys, speaking pecuniarily, were a rising family in Jacksonville. This busy little place was a manufacturing town that owed its prosperity, and, perhaps, its existence, to the energy and business foresight of the Jackson family, of whom Jacob Jackson—J. J., his wife sometimes called him—was the present representative. The Hadlys, or rather Lawrence Hadly—his brother Edmund was not openly identified in the business—had within a few years risen to the carrying on of a branch of the Jackson manufactories, and was expecting shortly, by the introduction of improved machinery, to pay the principal, get rid of interest, and rival the established, original works. The prophetic ramble and whirr of the prospective machinery was imaginary music to which the expected proprietor's thoughts and plans all set themselves.

Mrs. Lawrence Hadly had a large share of social ambition. What she called "position in society" was the ultimatum of her desires. When Jacob Jackson brought home his second wife, Mrs. Hadly spared no pains to ingratiate herself in favor at the newly-fitted up house, that was at once the pride and envy of Jacksonville.

The two ladies were of congenial tastes and feelings. Mrs. Jackson was one of those who constitutionally need an admirer, some one ready to take opinions and self-valuation unquestioningly; and Mrs. Hadly was glad to attach herself to one whose intimacy, through the influence of "position," in her world of social village life, gave new prestige.

Mrs. Jackson had been a half year absent from home, and brought with her, on her return, a married sister, wife of a millionaire. Her chief adherent and friend considered this a favorable opportunity to pleasantly astonish Jacksonville, by exhibition of new and expensive plate and renewed parlor furniture, and at

the same time pay a handsome compliment to Mrs. Jackson and the wife of the millionaire.

"Seems to me you're putting things up at a pretty high figure," slightly remonstrated *pater familias*, as confectionery and tropical fruits from the city entered into the list of things pronounced indispensable.

"But, pa," exclaimed Emily, "as long as you undertake to do a handsome thing, you don't want to stop at trifles."

"If we are not to have something a little out of the ordinary humdrum line, I say drop the whole thing," seconded Alfred.

The mother, at this juncture, said nothing, but a satisfied smile betokened sympathy with the sentiments expressed.

"Well, well, you'll have your own way, I expect," was the complaisant rejoinder. "When will you have out the invitations?"

And the list of the to-be-invited opened new discussion.

"I declare, pa," said Mrs. Hadly, "I wish you could give Edmund more salary. I suppose Kate will wear that old black silk of hers again. The family are positively dowdy. As long as everybody knows who they are, why, of course, we have to invite them when we do others."

"Of course," said Lawrence Hadly, emphatically.

"Aunt Kate's black silk is very old-fashioned, really shabby," answered Emily.

"I never saw aunt look shabby; I don't believe she could," struck in Lily.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," reminded her mother, at which Lily fidgeted uneasily in her chair.

"Edmund has as large a salary as young Lyndhurst," reflectively spoke Mr. Hadly.

"Mrs. Lyndhurst and Marian dress with excellent taste," asserted Emily. "That is the loveliest new mantle Mrs. Lyndhurst wore Sunday. I wish I had one like it. They spend a great deal in carriage-hire, too, and Uncle Ed never does. I know Aunt Kate might keep up better. She ought to for the sake of Susie. She dresses her like a child. Why, I had on long dresses a full year and a half before I was as old as Susie is."

"I don't care!" exclaimed irrepressible Miss Lily, "Aunt Kate and Susie are both just as good as they can be."

"Lily, how little you can understand," and "To be sure they are," spoke Emily and her father, simultaneously. "Your mother only thinks they need a little more of her faculty for appearances," continued the latter, "which very likely they do."

"If Aunt Kate only would wear a waterfall and some rats," exclaimed Emily, "but somehow you can never suggest anything that way to her."

"That's where of the two I rather admire Aunt Kate," frankly admitted Alfred. "Water-

falls are an exaggeration. I think a waterfall on Aunt Kate would be a monstrosity."

"That's because you don't know," submitted Emily. "Some people never can acquire an air; but I wish Aunt Kate would try, whether it were possible or not."

The mother and daughter spent the morning hours in consultation.

"It's a good thing that I would have the new sitting-room carpet," said Mrs. Hadly. "I had this party in my eye then. I knew we would have to have a carpet some time, and might as well get it first as last, and done with it, though your pa was minded to hold back in the beginning," and she gazed approvingly at the handsome Brussels. "May as well have things all off the same piece, now we've got the plate and the new parlor furniture. It's every whit as nice as Mrs. Jackson's, I'll be bound." And the question of invitations and dress was discussed.

"Make it worth while, ma," directed Alfred, passing through the room. "If we're going to have a party, let's have a stunner. I'll get the wines," with which stipulation the young man passed out at the street door.

"I hope you'll make yourself agreeable to the millionaire's wife," said Mrs. Hadly to Emily. "It is worth a great deal to a young girl sometimes to have such an acquaintance. I think she seemed pleased with you. I noticed her eye ran over every article of your dress the day we called. I was glad you wore your ermine."

And preparations for the party began in detail.

"I declare I'm tired!" gasped Mrs. Hadly, as evening coming on she sank into the nearest chair, after one of her busiest days. "I'm dreadful worried for fear the things won't get here in time from the city. Goodness! if they should fail, I don't know what I would do. I see my way all clear about the meats, and the chicken salad, and the oysters, and the ice cream; but I've depended so much on that lot of extras that's ordered, that if they fail everything does."

"The trouble is you're tired, ma," said Alfred. "They don't fail. I've told you so ten times. You've been bothered doing things, and you get up that bugbear."

"Well, I have been bothered, that's a fact. Emily was trying on her dress, and I had to see them folks that called, and Miss Leverett she come to see about Lily. She seems to be very fond of Lily, and says she has taken a good start in school. I don't think she knew we had put her into the public school, she looked so surprised when I told her."

"What induced you to do it, mother?" exclaimed Alfred. "I wondered at the time, though I had something else to think of, and didn't say anything. The public school is a perfect jam, and the teachers this year are a

rather poor set. Miss Leverett has started a first class school, and I'd support it."

"Her charges are very high, and Lily's a mere child," hastily returned his mother, "and we are going into so many expenses this year; your pa sometimes quite alarms me about it, but I tell him we must make a certain appearance. Now that he is taking a new start, it's really necessary. Why, the Jacksons, and Hudsons, and Emersons seem to want to be quite intimate here lately. Your father's credit will be a great deal better, too, if it's seen what style of living he can afford."

"Then, for the sake of appearance, don't you think you ought to give Lily to Miss Leverett?" logically questioned Alfred.

"Well, no; it don't weigh much about Lily now, on the whole. She can go to some finishing school a year or two, same as Emily did, and we can just as well save expense now till she's older. I declare I forgot to send word to Margaret I shall want her help to-morrow," and tired Mrs. Hadly bustled out of the room to despatch the said message.

It was a wee bit of a house on a by street, from which through crimson curtains the light shone cheerily. The one large room that served as both sitting-room and dining-room was always very bright in the evening. Mrs. Edmund Hadly, on taking the house, had stipulated to have the partition taken down that had made the one room two, that the small habitation might possess one commodious family gathering place; a true home room, rather than pretentious cramped divisions. The broad chintz-covered lounge, and the chairs with corresponding cushions, looked home-like and comfortable. The three-ply carpet was of cheerful though modest color and design. A well-filled bookcase was supplemented by two sets of hanging shelves containing most used authors and school books. A United States map also had place on the wall, and every other available place was filled with choice engravings. A handsome mounted globe was on a side table; several ornaments graced the mantle, and a stand by the window held a few plants, over which hung Susie's bird. The table, always in the evening drawn to the centre of the room, had grouped around it to-night the members of the family. Here in her low rocker sat the mother at work on a child's garment; little Nettie busy with her French lesson, beside her; Miles sat with a Latin reader open before him; and Susie, her face shaded by clustering curls, was in the animated glow of composition.

"Your help a moment, please, mother," she spoke, impulsively. "I cannot choose between two adjectives." And she brought her paper to her mother.

"Your first is best," said the lady. "Thé

second places your ear by its alliteration, but it does not give your meaning as clearly."

"Oh, yes, I see now!" returned Susie. "I was puzzled. Thank you, mother," and the quick tracery began again on the white page.

"Mother," shortly after, spoke Miles, raising his knit brow, "whatever does this old heathen mean?" And he brought his book and the result of his efforts towards construing, and the mother and son laughed softly, not to disturb the others, at a very natural blunder.

"Please, mamma, give me that rule *once* more," asked Nettle; and the mother, whose thoughts in the moment's space, and in some irregular way that housekeepers can understand, had strayed off to the fact that coffee must be browned for to-morrow's breakfast, replied absently, giving a Latin rule, and Nettle opened wide her blue eyes.

"Why, mamma!" and the lady slowly perceived her mistake.

"I don't know about this confusion of tongues," she said, laughingly. "You two young persons must leave me a margin of time between your appeals; 'the effect is like mixing wines.' Now let us see, little one. 'One verb following another must—'"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the little girl, going on with the rule, "I remember now, mamma!" and presently papa came in, bringing the evening mail.

"What do you think the nomination is?" he asked his wife, unfolding a paper as he spoke. "Ah! here is a letter from your favorite correspondent!" and he passed it over. "Those are splendid coals for pop-corn, Nettle." And study hour being over, Edmund Hadly and his youngest daughter resolved themselves into a committee of two to visit the store-room for pop-corn, and said coals did excellent service. Susie lingered later than the others.

"I've finished it, mother, ready for copying!" she exclaimed, exultingly, and she showed the title to her father—"The Palace of the Sea King"—and then in a little space she left them too.

Edmund took up an envelope from the table. "Ah! what have we here? A party invitation?"

"At Lawrence's," supplemented his wife.

"Quite elaborate, isn't it?"

"So it seems. Shall we go?" and the face raised to his was very questioning in expression.

"Certainly; I suppose so; just as you say about it, of course. I presume you are agreeable to the proposition?"

"I do not know what is the matter with me lately," said Mrs. Edmund. "I am losing all relish for going out socially. I would rather stay here with the chicks by far. It isn't good for one to shut themselves away from others, I know, and I'm not going to yield to the desire, but I come home from these parties so weary,

depleted; it's a positive dread to me to think of them."

"Don't go to another one, then," said Edmund, in his straightforward way.

Tears actually came into Aunt Kate's gentle eyes. "The fault must be with myself," she said. "In our little village gatherings at home I always used to find so much good; came home feeling better and happier. There were always so many kind, graceful things said and done. Everybody used to look beautiful to me; and in R——, with Aunt Ella, though society was different there, and not so much like that of one family as in our little village, yet I always got good. The Eldons and Raymonds and all that circle had so many good things to say. It was quite a feast to go where they were, though not really better than the home freedom and heartiness. But here"—and she stopped.

Edmund laughed. "Well, just so, here; how is it here?"

"I don't know," and, evidently, genial-hearted Mrs. Kate was puzzled. "I like these people; at least, I think I do, but it will seem to me sometimes that there is nothing real about them. It's all stereotyped, and like a show. I don't want to be uncharitable, but it seems as though they thought a great deal more of what one wears and has than of what one is."

"Not far out of the way, Kate. That's pretty much the tone, I think myself."

"This morning I had been doing over some preserves. I was heated and tired. The children were at school, and I wanted a few minutes refreshment with somebody. I hastily put on my shawl and hat and went over to Mrs. Herrick's for a few minute's sociability. I was shown into the parlor, which, by the way, was chilly, and Mrs. Herrick came, in the most formal way, to receive me. 'Let me come right in where you are sitting,' I incautiously said; 'I just came over for a bit of a talk, but I don't want to interrupt you in the least.' 'Not at all,' she said, 'she was not busy.' We talked about the weather, and the fashions, and the accidents, but some way, I felt myself freezing right up. Mrs. Jaynes and Miss Herndon came in, in full calling costume, and offered nearly the same remarks we had been exchanging. I did not sit long after they came. I think we separated without our real selves once coming to the surface. I suppose the trouble is with myself in some way. I will go to this party and see if I can feel better."

"On the whole, I think I would," said Mr. Hadly. "I imagine they are taking a great deal of pains, and it would hardly do to stay away. It is some time, too, since we have spent an evening out."

The next day Mrs. Edmund Hadly said to Susie: "You saw the invitation to Aunt Lydia's, didn't you, dear?"

"Yes, and Lily had told me before," replied Susie. "She says every one is invited, and she wanted to know what I was going to wear."

"The inevitable question," a little morbidly, perhaps, thought Aunt Kate.

"And, mother, she asked what you would wear."

A flush came to the fair cheek. "I suppose Aunt Lydia would like to have us take pains," she said. "What shall I wear, dear?" and the childlike question was very characteristic.

"Your light silk," suggested Susie.

"I would have to get new trimming for it, dear," musingly; "but I will think about it," and, as usual with Mrs. Kate, she executed while she thought.

The anticipated night came. The desired confections had duly arrived. Emily's dress and her mother's were faultless, every arrangement was completed, and Alfred pronounced things "really quite in style." Alfred had spent a winter in town, and had attended parties at several handsome houses, furnished almost precisely alike by the upholsterer, and supplied with refreshments on these occasions by the best city caterer, and he was considered family authority.

"Aunt Kate has had the grace to wear her pearl-colored silk," said Emily to her mother. "She has taken off those old-style bretelles, and made it quite presentable," and the daughter moved away to greet other early guests.

It was late when Mrs. Jacob Jackson and sister made their appearance, and the hostess greeted them with marked expressions of welcome.

Mrs. Jackson appeared in the newest of city styles and the most elaborate detail of trimming and ornament. Her glory was not eclipsed, but rather enhanced, by the brilliance of the millionaire's wife, Mrs. McGibbon, whose heavy silk, that was commented upon next day as "thick enough to stand alone," together with the costly little cap of real lace, which bore upon its delicate texture a miniature flower garden—the effect of all heightened by a liberal flash of diamonds—created quite a sensation. Mrs. Jackson was of a nervous, animated carriage and style of conversation, but portly. Mrs. McGibbon enunciated her words as though they were expected to have the weight of an oracle's. She was communicative, too. Among strangers though she was, the greater part of the assembled company had, before the evening was over, been informed how great a favorite her son John was in society, that he was travelling in Europe now; also how much trouble her servants gave her, particularly the coachman, who was so exacting, and many other items of corresponding public interest.

Musicians arrived with their instruments, and dancing began and continued. Mrs. Lawrence congratulated herself that all was going

well, but her satisfaction reached its height when the luxurious variety of the supper-table won looks of surprise from united Jacksonville. Wines circulated freely, and young men, with kindling excitement in their eyes, came to tell her what "a handsome thing" she had done. "Such a supper was never got up in these parts," they averred, and Aunt Kate involuntarily looked a degree of surprise at the gracious rather than tolerative way in which rather coarse encomiums were received.

"Can it be," she thought, "that Lawrence has imbibed sudden political aspirations?"

Alfred wisely induced some of the young men, who were rather too giddy to pay fitting devoirs to Terpsichore, to adjourn to a snug little room for cards. Some young ladies had done reluctant duty at the piano, and Jacob Jackson, who cared little for bravuras and fantasies, petitioned for a song.

"Don't you sing?" he asked of truthful but unwilling Susie, who, however, after her mother's quiet word, "Do not be disobliging, dear," gave her two little simple ballads. Susie's voice had little compass, it is true, but its expressiveness charmed Jacob Jackson, who vainly petitioned for one more. These were all that Susie's memory could enable her to give.

"Well, give us 'Auld Lang Syne,' then," said Mr. Jackson, and Susie simply gave the opening chords, while several young ladies laughed as though in appreciation of an intended joke on Jacob Jackson's part. That gentleman, who had once upon a time been church chorister, was in remarkably good voice to-night, and took up the sweet old air with excellent spirit. Aunt Kate immediately joined him, and others gathered gladly round, and the familiar refrain was borne on with increasing zest and sweetness. I can see Aunt Kate, now, as the song progressed, leaning on the piano, color mounting into her cheek. The pearl-colored silk, with soft lace at the sleeves and throat, was very becoming; and, if her lustrous, wavy hair had been in the modern style of arrangement, it would have spoiled that pretty, unconscious trick she had of tucking it up over her ear in any moment of animated fun or feeling, as she did now under the impulse of fellowship that sprang from the on-flowing united voices. Aunt Kate enjoyed that hearty rendering of "Auld Lang Syne," that, like a serenely-sparkling stream throwing off ice fetters, broke through the congealing influence of the very handsome, very new furniture and elaborate evening toilets of these people, who, though blessed with such appendages, seldom let their hearts come to social light.

The next morning at breakfast Emily said: "Susie would be a very pretty girl if she would only dress more like a young lady. That white muslin and sash were what any school girl might have worn."

"I thought she looked very pretty," said her father. "Jackson was quite pleased with her singing."

"Her voice hasn't a bit of power," said Mrs. Hadly. "It's lost entirely by the side of our Lily's. I wonder how Mr. Jackson liked Susie's treatment of his son?" with an accent of blame.

"How so?" Mr. Hadly made inquiry.

"Why," explained Emily, "Cady asked her to dance, and, when she got on the floor and found it was a round dance, she refused outright. She said she would dance the next quadrille with him, and after supper, when he came for her, she refused him again."

"Cady was hardly equal to tripping the light fantastic toe just about that time," laughed Alfred.

"Might have been rather too fantastic," said the father. "Served him right. Susie mustn't put on airs, though."

Evidently the party was a great success. It furnished talk topics for the village for a week after, and, in fact, "Mrs. Hadly's party" was long after mentioned as an event of importance. Mrs. McGibbon had the grace to appreciate the compliment offered, and was very gracious. The intimacy of the Hadlys and Jacksons grew apace. Emily was invited to make one of the Jackson summer travelling party, and Mrs. Hadly took care that her wardrobe should satisfy the ideas of the ostentatious people she accompanied.

The dressmakers of the little village began to quote to their customers the style of the Hadlys' raiment, as much as they had hitherto done that of the Jacksons.

"Mrs. Edmund Hadly?" questioned a plain little lady, on being recommended a pattern like one Mrs. Hadly selected.

"Oh, bless you, no!" replied the dressmaker. "She's as quiet as a Quaker. Mrs. Lawrence Hadly, that lives on Pleasant Street, I mean."

"Oh, yes!" spoke the customer, quite abashed at seeming not to know Mrs. Lawrence. "She is very fashionable, I believe?"

"You may always be sure what Mrs. Lawrence Hadly has is best style and quality, and no expense spared," said the workwoman, glad to own her patronage. "She always gets whatever's wanted, and the more work that's put on the better. I wish I had more such customers."

"Well, make it just as you please," said the frightened little woman. "I didn't know as I had cloth enough to cut it in the way you spoke of, and I got the last of the piece."

The clerks, too, began to make mention that Mrs. or Miss Hadly took a pattern like those of which "only one remained;" and Drayton, the merchant peddler, showed handsome jewelry "exactly like a set he sold Mrs. Hadly," or "like a set ordered by Miss Hadly." What the Hadlys had, did, or were going to do, were

items of information exchanged among the villagers, either enviously or harmlessly, as the case might be. Mrs. Hadly decided she must have a city cook; their position demanded they should entertain so many. Sundry improvements were added to house and grounds, and Mrs. Lawrence increased in cares and satisfaction. Alfred drove fast horses, and indulged in wine; was courted by Jacksonville mammas, and was envied by the sons.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Edmund accused herself of uncharitableness and want of sympathy. She did not think she envied Lydia her pleasant things. How could she? But try as she would to enter into the household plans and enjoyments, certain it was she got no comfort from going there. Lydia curiously made her feel a want of confidence in herself. She felt constrained and ill at ease; "put down," in some way; for, though Aunt Kate was very independent and firm where principle was involved, socially she was dependent, and needed the felt approval of her friends. Edmund was so busy she saw him little now; he seemed too tired to talk evenings. The clergyman even seemed to have got the busy manufacturing element into his soul. His sermons seemed manufactured, not inspired. All this was very depressing for Aunt Kate. She had pleasure, however, in "keeping" her wee nest of a house, in helping the children in their lessons and amusements, and in taking counsel about them with earnest, warm-hearted Miss Leverett.

## CHAPTER II.

"How would you like to leave Jacksonville?" asked Edmund Hadly one evening as he roused himself from an apparent reverie.

Mrs. Kate looked the surprise that did not at once form itself into words, and then a sunny, hopeful gleam came into her face.

"Oh, I should like it of all things, I think! Most any change you would be likely to make would be for the better, it seems to me," and Mr. Hadly was surprised at her eagerness, betraying secret discontent so bravely borne.

"Do you really think of going, Edmund?"

"It must come to that sooner or later, and the sooner the better, in my opinion. I would have left long ago if I could have got the means I invested in the business, even without any interest. But Lawrence begged me to wait; I 'must not jeopardize him.' The best, most honest thing he can do, in my way of thinking, is to let the works, improvements, and all, go back to Jackson, and start in some new place. I've seen it some time, but it's hard for him to give up. It's well you insisted upon saving your college fund for Miles, dear. This has been a losing business for me ever since Lawrence inveigled me into it. I ought to have known better."

"Where do you think of going, Edmund?"  
"I have a place in my mind where I could find something for myself, and it wouldn't be a bad place for Lawrence. There are manufacturing interests there that with his experience might be taken hold of with advantage. The grave old town of Reamington is quite remodelling itself under railroad influence."

"Reamington! Where you graduated? Where the university is? and Mrs. Littlejohn's school? and where Doctor Seaver's church is?" exclaimed Aunt Kate in a breath.

"The very same."

"O Edmund, if we could go!" And a strange little flutter of eagerness came into gentle Aunt Kate's manner, and then—she was quite alone there in the home-room with her husband, you know—she actually burst into sudden tears, and then laughed at herself the next moment.

"I didn't know I cared so much till the prospect of change came," she said, "but I've been so lonesome, hungry-minded here! With you away all day, and the children in school, it had seemed like being in a vacuum, and if I went out, through some fault or weakness in myself, I suppose, I have not seemed to get any good, for I can't, Edmund, I *can't* think so very much of dry goods!"

Edmund laughed heartily. Aunt Kate laughed, too.

"It has seemed to me in the quiet here as though I was in some way losing identity," and there was another flash of tears through the laughter.

"My darling Kate, I had no idea it was so bad as this. I knew you must be lonely, but I did not dream of the whole truth," and within a few days a little journey through lovely scenery, and a visit to a dear old clergyman uncle was improvised for Mrs. Kate Hadly, and it did her great good.

It was some time before Lawrence Hadly could by circumstances be induced to take the view of his affairs that his brother's clearer vision discerned as the only true one. When serious embarrassments came crowding upon him, however, as usual, he relied, without knowing that he did so, on his brother's calm judgment, and prevailing upon him still to be his right hand in business, together they went to Reamington.

"Reamington is a larger place than this," said Mrs. Lawrence to her daughter. "They say it is a very rich, aristocratic old town; a great many old families live there. I hope pa will not think too much about the little reverses he has had lately. It is very important that we take the right position there in starting."

And the lovely old place left vacant by Professor Gilbert was, through united solicitation, secured, though not without many demurs on the part of Lawrence Hadly, who, notwithstanding late experiences, yielded anew to the

representation of the position "the children's prospects" demanded.

Owing to the new influx of railroad people, such a house as Edmund felt must suit his own family could not be procured, and nothing remained but to yield to Lawrence's proposition that they should for the time remain with him.

Sensitive Kate shrunk into herself more and more under the felt, rather than expressed, criticism of Mrs. Lawrence. Only the beauty of the rare old place in anywise atoned for an intangible sense of being found fault with, which she had invariably felt of late years when with the wife of her husband's brother, for under any vague provocation, Aunt Kate always kept the relationship in mind. "She is Lawrence's wife, and Edmund thinks so much of Lawrence."

"It's curious," said the senior Mrs. Hadly to her daughter, as they noted the two gentlemen walking down the street together, "what a different choice those two brothers made in marriage. Now, there's a great deal of Edmund. Your pa says his business faculty is excellent, but with that quiet wife of his, without any stir or ambition, I don't wonder he is kept back in the world. If they are going to stay right here in the house with us, I shall certainly give her some hints about making a little more show of style. We shall have to present her in our set, of course."

The old residents being sufficient unto themselves, were not especially anxious to receive new comers; but the Hadiys, in taking the Gilbert place, had, as regarded locality, come right among them, and the occupants of that hospitable old house seemed in an intangible way to have a certain claim upon them. Besides, there were some of his old class still there who remembered Ed. Hadly, and none were more ready than Reamington people to acknowledge a claim of the past.

The wives of the clergyman and of the president of the college called, and Mrs. Lawrence sailed down resplendent in rustling silk and choice jewels, and was profuse in wordy welcome. The inconveniences of "getting settled" she treated of at length, descanting upon household advantages she had been forced to relinquish in this change of residence, and quite silencing and casting in the shade quiet Aunt Kate, whose kindly eyes had somehow given more response to their greeting than Mrs. Lawrence's extended volubility.

Other callers sauntered in from evening promenade, quite in Reamington way of easy sociability, and a pleasant circle quietly formed, in which Edmund Hadly felt early days renewing themselves. A young gentleman was *à l'aise* with Emily, and a sudden lull in conversation—such, as by some mysterious law of social intercourse, so often unexpectedly occurs—gave to the room the benefit of a very well-

turned sentence, humorously bearing upon the title of a serial then appearing in a popular monthly, and occasioning considerable discussion on account of peculiar views advanced. Emily received the *bon mot* rather blankly, and, not having read or known the existence of the serial, made a most inapt reply, to cover which a gentleman sitting near commented on a singular case of extortion on the part of a wealthy and well-known New York merchant, whose name was being quite indignantly handled by the papers.

"A regular Shylock, madam," he said, turning to Mrs. Lawrence Hadly.

"I want to know if you know Shylock?" exclaimed that lady, a merchant who had invaded Jacksonville having drawn upon himself the obnoxious cognomen.

"I think he out-Shylocks Shylock in that the Jew of Venice had some respect for the letter of the law," interposed Mrs. Kate, in her clear, sweet enunciation.

But Mrs. Lawrence had no mind to brook an interruption. She had been sitting rather ill at ease. Accustomed to take a leading part in conversation, although met with the greatest courtesy, she yet found it rather difficult to maintain it now.

"I bought a carpet of that old fellow once," she stated, in dominant tones. "I never shall hear the end of that bargain from Mr. Hadly. I saw after he began to measure it that it was a poor thing, and said I: 'I b'lieve I'll look a little further before I make up my mind.' 'Oh!' says he, 'you'll have to take it, now; I've began to measure it off,' and he just clipped into it with the scissors. 'It's cut, you see, and you'll be obliged to take it.' I guess I spent half an hour talking about that carpet. He sent it down to the house with the bill, and, rather than have a fuss, Lawrence—that's Mr. Hadly—said I'd better pay for it. He never minds what he pays for anything," with a laugh of self-complacency. "Lawrence said it all come of my love of making bargains. The man had got mad at me about some edgings before that. I hope you don't have any like him at Reamington?"

"I believe the most prominent representative of that class that we have among us at present is a music master," replied the gentleman addressed.

"One might welcome such a one for Seraaphael's sake," said Aunt Kate, but further remark or reply was cut off by Mrs. Lawrence.

"Well, really, I'm glad to have a chance to ask about the music teachers here. Our Lily's dreadfully out of practice. We think she has a taste for music, but she got quite discouraged with our teacher at Jacksonville."

"I think you would find Mr. Goldsmidt all that could be desired. He has had the training of some advanced classes in both New York and Brooklyn conservatories, and has himself

published some very graceful compositions," spoke Miss Carrie Oliphant.

"How nice it must be to have music in a conservatory," said Mrs. Lawrence, seizing upon the word to introduce the information, "We were going to have one this year if we had stayed in Jacksonville, opening right out of the back parlor. Emily got a promise from her pa."

Emily, notwithstanding she had been taught to pride herself upon her "style," looked slightly embarrassed, having a vague intuition that personalities were in some way inharmounious, and also having an instinctive impression that the conservatories Mr. Goldsmidt had taught in might be different from the contemplated domestic improvement alluded to.

"Yes, madam," said a gentleman. "The opening of musical conservatories in our American cities is, doubtless, going to have a most favorable influence upon art among us. Except in the manufacture of superior instruments, America has, as yet, done little, musically; but acquaintance with the works and institutions of other countries has rapidly increased within the last few years, and there is a growing appreciation of true art."

And the history of the Paris conservatory, its development by Napoleon, and the impossibility of his rendering justice to Cherubini, were discussed between the gentleman, Carrie Oliphant, and Aunt Kate, and the talk branched off into little aside questions of abstract justice and art questions, and gave rise to a gay little banter of opinion; and, as Aunt Kate's silvery, amused laugh rang out softly once, the others stopped talking to listen, and Mrs. Lawrence Hadly was surprised at Kate's soft glow of color, and lively, earnest play of words, and at the gentleman's roused attention, and a certain slipping off of a degree of conventionality, that had sat gracefully, into real interest; and Carrie Oliphant, upon leaving, slipped her hand into Mrs. Kate's in a way much as though she had known her all her life.

"I don't yield the point quite, Mrs. Hadly," she said, with playful wilfulness. "I shall keep combativeness active on the subject till I see you again," laughingly; and in some way, though polite adieux were made to the others, yet the lingering sparkle of kindliness, and humor, and fellowship seemed to linger around Mrs. Kate, and she looked as refreshed when the last genial good-nights had been spoken as though she had been strengthened with a real cordial.

Mrs. Lawrence had gone down the street the next morning. A carriage came to the door, and Mrs. Porter and Carrie Oliphant asked company to Moorshead for the view.

"The light will be just right this morning. I do so want you to see it," said Carrie. And, when Mrs. Lawrence returned, Emily met her in the hall with an account of the same.

"And don't you think, mother," she added, "Aunt Kate went and wore that browningham, and just took her hat and sack from the rack, and went off with them? I had my hair in crimping pins, and didn't go down. I never saw Aunt Kate go on so."

A strange discontent came over the family of Lawrence Hadly. Long accustomed to have their mental horizon bounded by self, an atmosphere of general culture, where each was considered and thought himself but as one of many, and where claims of heart and mind were paramount, proved burdensome. Mrs. Kate's painful realization of vacuum was in their case in a manner reversed. There seemed no balancing force within their own spirits, and it was the outside unconscious pressure that was hard to bear.

In vain Mrs. Lawrence was more than usually particular about the family outfit for the season. In vain she attempted a grand party, remembering the social success of an earlier effort of the kind. She could not solve the trouble. Though kind, simple, and unceremonious, she "could not feel at home with these people." She was sorry when Edmund took a snug little home of his own. Kate had given her a certain support, an intangible help she could not explain or acknowledge, and she missed it painfully.

Trouble increased when Mr. Lawrence Hadly gave up the Gilbert place, and likewise took a small, unpretending house, averring "it was no use to hold out longer. Such expenses could not be afforded, and it was folly to attempt it." Chagrin and discontent settled down upon the household like a cold, gray vapor.

Lily Lawrence was growing to be quite a thoughtful girl. Too thoughtful in some respects, perhaps. Some trouble seemed brooding over her, and one day she came in tears to Aunt Kate.

"Auntie, can't you help me? If you can't, no one can."

"My dear Lily, I certainly will if I can. You must tell me how, dear."

"Do you think it is too late for me to begin to get an education?" asked the young girl, with sudden resolution in her manner.

"It is never too late to improve ourselves, Lily; nor shall we ever cease to have need to do so."

"I don't know anything well, Aunt Kate. I didn't learn hardly anything at the public school, and here the girls of my age are all so far in advance of me, I can't bear even to go. I suppose ma would let me leave school, but I want to know something; I really do, Aunt Kate, and if you think it isn't too late, I'll just go into the little classes and work my way up."

"My dear Lily," said Aunt Kate, putting her loving arms around her, "resolution is the

very foundation of achievement. I think I see how I can help you in the same way I have helped Nettie and Susie." And no better, more sympathizing, and hence patient helper, could Lily have found than Aunt Kate proved herself, and the young girl found in the intelligent exercise of her really bright mind a delight she could not before have supposed possible; and hence, notwithstanding the fogs and mental miasma of the household, she dwelt much of the time in a clear, sunny atmosphere of her own.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Lawrence, "that Edmund's family have taken such a position here. Kate is on the most intimate terms with the Porters, Oliplants, and Wheelers, just like one of the family, and Susie is going to be bridesmaid for Jenny Andrews. And to think that Edmund is going to take the Gilbert place we left, buy it out and out. I think you must be helping him to funds!" in an exasperated tone.

Lawrence Hadly moved uneasily. He was becoming weary of innuendoes. Whatever was said, some secret sentiment of blame for their present restricted circumstances seemed to run through like an undertone.

"So far from my helping him," he replied, with some heat, "it is he that has been helping me from his hard savings, and to my shame be it said, it is impossible to tell when I can refund what he let me have the use of when he came to Jacksonville. Though nominally with me, he has kept his interests separate from mine since we came here, and he has come right up. He says I needn't worry about the old amount; that he is doing well now. I declare, Ed makes me believe in the Christian religion."

"Susie is going to teach in the high school at five hundred a year," vouchsafed Lily, looking up from her books, "and the money that Aunt Kate saved for Miles to go to school with, she can use towards the house, because Miles can board at home and go to the university."

"Seems to me you're pretty well posted," said Mrs. Hadly, with an unpleasant intonation.

"Nettie told me," said Lily, very simply, returning to her books; and further remarks on the social matters of Edmund's family were indulged in *ad infinitum*.

"Who do you think I saw on the street, Emily?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, coming in one day quite excitedly, and continuing, without waiting for an answer, "Mrs. McGibbon and Mrs. Jackson! We'll have to have them here, of course. I wish we were in the other house. I wish they had come before we got cooped up here."

"Did you speak to them, mother?"

"No, I was so flustered, and they were coming across the street, not very near to me, but I'm sure it was them. I wonder where they stay?"



"Mrs. McGibbon and Mrs. Jackson were you speaking of?" asked the sewing woman, who, aside from Emily, was the only occupant of the room.

"Yes, some old friends of ours," returned Mrs. Jackson, concisely.

"They come here nearly every year," volunteered the woman. "Used to be milliners here; come to see their mother."

"Probably you are thinking of some one else of similar names," returned Mrs. Hadly. "We have been acquainted with these ladies a number of years; quite intimate, I might say."

"That may all be well enough, but I guess I know the Knox girls. Lucindy, they say, married very rich; her husband made a power of money out West; and Adaline married a well-to-do man. They say the place where he lives is named after him. They've known what hard times is, though, as well as anybody."

"I saw Professor Andrews talking to them. I guess their position is good here in society," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a rasped tone.

The sewing woman emitted a gleam of fun from her eye. She understood Mrs. Hadly.

"Certainly, perfectly good. The Knox girls were plain, industrious girls, and always respected. Professor Andrews' family were their first friends; gave them free rent of their shop till they got a start, and were their first patrons. Seems to me it was the professor that introduced McGibbon when they went South for goods; and I've heard tell it was at McGibbon's house that Adaline met Mr. Jackson."

It is lamentable to relate, and I do not like to do it, but truth compels me to state, that after the first greetings, there was felt to be a decided lack of warmth and interest on both sides in the Reamington intercourse between the Hadlys and the Jacksonville ladies. It doesn't speak well for human nature, I know, but there was no real bond of heart or mind to keep them together, and the bond of sympathy, in mere externals and local ambitions, is a most flimsy one, and not better than a cobweb against circumstances.

Mrs. Kate Hadly, on the score of old neighborhood, invited the ladies to her house, and albeit there had never been professions of "intimacy," the spirit of true-hearted hospitality made itself felt to such a degree that the visitors were charmed into their best selves unadvisedly. Baby Floy, a new gleam of sunshine that had come to the Hadly home, quite won Mrs. McGibbon's motherly heart by her pretty ways, and although Mrs. Kate felt a little sudden recoil, something as a single aspen leaf may shiver in a whispered breeze when that lady, in a confidential, complimentary tone, volunteered the information, "I wish my John could see your Susie;" nevertheless, she was gladdened on the whole by the visit. Mrs. McGibbon had let a certain kindness in her

nature be evoked by the wonderfully genuine home atmosphere, and Mrs. Kate never suspected it was in a manner the reflection of her own spirit that had brought the flecks of gold to the surface.

Cady Jackson had a great many inquiries to make concerning the Hadlys, when Mrs. Jackson returned from Reamington. Disappointed in matrimonial speculations which his planning stepmother had suggested and approved, he averred that "he knew a girl who wasn't so strait-laced in her notions, and who wouldn't think a glass of wine a heinous crime. He believed he could have Emily Hadly for the asking."

"But, Cady, you can make a more advantageous connection than with the Hadly family if you only reform a bit and take up business," said Jacob Jackson's wife.

"And let myself be mewed up in bands of propriety and sanctimoniousness! No, ma'am! I'll have a home of my own, and I am persuaded I shall keep a will of my own as well!"

And Emily Hadly embarked on this perilous sea of matrimony. She had in her young lady life been careful to avoid what her father had in those days stigmatized in Susie as "putting on airs," and she was true to her habit of thought and feeling now.

Alfred, who knew what the young men of his set really were, alone remonstrated, but in vain.

Lily, under the gentle guidance which she asked of Aunt Kate, bloomed into lovely and loving intelligent womanhood. She spent much time with Nettie, and the sweet home influences she there enjoyed were like genial sun and dew, promoting true growth.

Alfred, unable to depend longer upon his father, was forced to go from the paternal roof and trust to his own resources, which were slight enough, poor young man!

Mrs. Lawrence, in the lives of her children began gradually to learn the genuine from the false; began to understand dimly one of Lily's casually dropped assertions.

"It is only what we have within us, ma, that makes us really rich, you know, after all."

Notwithstanding this, however, failing to go back to first causes, Mrs. Hadly used frequently to assert:—

"It was an unlucky day for us that we ever came to Reamington."

Externals are but external, "after all," as Lily said.

I suppose we all expect to change our abode, sooner or later. We all hope to go to live with the angels by and by. I hope we shall not feel as little at home as Mrs. Lawrence Hadly did with the genial, cultivated people of Reamington. I hope the angels will know us for their own as the Reamington people knew at once dear, gentle Mrs. Kate Hadly.

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## TWO.

ROSE TERRY COOK.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;  
Rosamund sings on the moors below  
Watching the bees in the heather-bells  
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron has left his state,  
Donned a doublet of hoddin gray;  
Stolen out of the postern gate,  
A silly shepherd to wander away!

Rosamund keeps the heart of a child;  
Gentle and tender and pure is she.  
John, the shepherd, is comely and mild,  
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before  
What she hears at the close of day;  
"Roses of roses, I love thee more—  
More than the sweetest words can say."

"Though I seem but a shepherd lad,  
Down from a stately race I came;  
In silks and jewels I have thee clad,  
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name."

Rosamund blushed a rosy red,  
Turned as white as the hawthorne's blow;  
Folded her skirts over her head,  
And sped away like a startled doe.

"Roses of roses come back to me,  
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried;  
"Never!" sobbed from hill and lea,  
"Never!" the lonely cliffs replied.

Lord he moaned a year and a day;  
But Lady Alice was fair to see.  
The bright sun blossoms their bridal day  
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors, like a tolling knell  
Rosamund hears them slowly peal;  
Low she moans, "I loved him well,  
Better I loved his mortal woe!"

"Hail Lord Heron, in Alice's arms;  
She is a lady of high degree;  
Rosamund hath but her peasant charms;  
You had rued the day ye wedded me."

Lord Heron he dwells in his castle high;  
Rosamund sleeps in the moor below;  
He loved to live, she loved to die,  
Which loved truest the angels know.

## THE BECKERTONS.

## A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON DANGEROUS  
GROUND."

## CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton lived in a snug house in Vine street.

A very snug house. A three-story brick, twenty-one feet front, with a fine yard in the rear, where their younger children delighted to romp and play throughout the livelong summer mornings.

But Mrs. Beckerton was not satisfied. The house had no back buildings, the kitchen was so dark and dismal, there were no modern conveniences, and last, but not least, the street was by no means a fashionable one.

Unfortunately, her husband was perfectly satisfied with their present location; and his wife was at a loss what course to pursue to weaken his attachment to the house, and thereby lessen the opposition that she was sure of meeting whenever she should broach the subject of removal.

She waited in vain for an opportunity, and finally, in sheer desperation, she announced her determination of a change to her husband in the following manner:

"Mr. Beckerton, I am tired and sick of housekeeping in this old barracks of a house. It's enough to wear one out to keep this old wood decent. I've made up my mind to go to boarding."

Mr. Beckerton looked up from his paper with a stare of amazement, but he said nothing. His wife continued:

"Here's our dining-room way down in the front basement, and not another place in the house for a sitting-room; and if you happen to think of anything you want, you have to go two pairs of stairs, and then down again. I declare to gracious, my back's almost broken!"

"I think if it had been going to break, it would have broken before this," answered Mr. Beckerton, dryly.

"That is the way with you men, you have no sympathy. A woman may slave herself to death in your service, and it's all the same to you; before the grass is green upon her grave you are married again, and that's the way the world goes."

"I wonder that it should be so easy to get wives, if they are so abused and unappreciated," answered Mr. Beckerton, in the same dry tone.

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to quarrel this morning, but I do want to enjoy life a little; and that's what the mistress of this house will never be able to do. I suppose I ought not to expect it. I suppose I ought to be content, now that I have raised a large family. The oldest are capable of taking care of the youngest, if I should be taken away; and I suppose I shouldn't be missed any. But it does seem hard, it does indeed. There's the Maxwells and the Pembertons and the Prices—all of them used to live in this same row, and now one of them has a house in Spruce street, and the other two live elegantly out Walnut street. I am sure we are as able as they, to have things handy and convenient."

"Why don't you be honest, Rachel, and speak your mind out at once? You know, in your dictionary 'handy' and 'convenient' mean stylish and fashionable."

"Now, Mr. Beckerton! I haven't the least wish to be fashionable. That's the way you are always doing me injustice. I wouldn't have anything to do with fashionable people; I despise them."

"Rachel, did you ever read Esop's fables?"

"No, my dear, what made you think of that?"

"Oh, never mind, I'll buy you a copy one of these days, to remember me by when I'm dead and gone, and ain't missed any, and you are looking out for another husband, and—"

"Mr. Beckerton, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to have more respect for my feelings than to talk in this way. Another husband, indeed! I've had enough of one, I reckon; I shouldn't want another in a hurry."

"I sincerely hope, Rachel, you will not have an opportunity of testing the truth of what you say. I am not anxious to resign my claim upon you to another, although I have heard it pretty broadly insinuated that I was henpecked."

"Henpecked! Well, I never! Mr. Beckerton, you are the most aggravating person that I ever heard talk. Henpecked! Well, it doesn't beat all, when every body knows that you have your will, and why about every earthly thing. But I will have my way once; I've a good right to it; and now I say, in plain terms, I am not going to live in this house any longer."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr. Beckerton, as he arose, and quietly lit his cigar with a taper, "very sorry to hear that, (puff); I hope you will come and see me once in a while. (puff); I shall miss you, that's a fact, (puff); I shall have quiet times; terribly dull, I'm afraid."

The cigar was now fairly lighted, and without waiting an answer, he took his departure.

His wife sat down and cried, and she felt better after it.

She was not discouraged. She had examples in the past of what her perseverance had accomplished, to reassure her.

There was a house up Arch street to let—not exactly the street she would have chosen, but she considered it a beautiful medium between the one she had lived in and the more fashionable part of the city. She had seen the house only the day before, and she had made up her mind to have it.

Mr. Beckerton did not come home to dinner that day. He was afraid of a scene—not that he felt able to sustain his part, but being naturally of a quiet disposition, and remembering that "discretion was the better part of valor," he preferred avoiding danger to rushing into it.

At supper-time, he found the tea-table temptingly arrayed with his favorite dishes. He was delighted at finding his wife in such a good humor. Poor man! although recalling so distinctly in the morning, the fable of "The fox and the grapes," the equally instructive one of "The spider and the fly" entirely escaped his memory.

The preserves were sweet, but Mrs. Beckerton's honeyed speeches were sweeter. The broiled steak was done to a turn, so was Mr. Beckerton's heart done for before the evening was over. The coffee escaped rich and odoriferous from the steaming urn; so did his tender words from the depths of his gently-agitated affections.

The fond cakes were luscious; so were the fond kisses from Mrs. Beckerton's ripe lips, as, supper over, she drew out the large rocking-chair, and after helping her liege lord on with his dressing-gown and slippers, she made herself as agreeable as all married ladies can to their husbands when they choose.

The next day the house in Arch street was rented.

## CHAPTER II.

And now Mrs. Beckerton was in her glory. To do her justice, she was a most excellent housekeeper, and not a spot escaped her vigilant eye; either on the woodwork, window glass, or ceilings of their residence that was to be.

At length, painters, paper-hangers, house-cleaners, and the "gentlemen of the white-washing profession" were through. Every thing, to use her own expression, was in apple pie order for their removal.

But a new source of excitement was discovered. The Brussels carpet, which she had purchased but the year before, was found, upon measurement, to be totally unfit for their new parlor. She stood looking upon it with a most forlorn countenance, as it lay spread out, with the bare wood of the floor extending several feet beyond it in every direction, and the ugly slashes yawning open, which in their old house had fitted so snugly around the folding-doors.

"I declare if it's enough to make one sick! What shall we do, Mr. Beckerton?"

"Buy a new one, I suppose. I told you that the difference in the rent would be but a small item in the expense of moving," answered Mr. Beckerton, with a calmness that encouraged his wife to suggest other improvements.

"Well, after all, it won't be any loss, for you know we were going to have new carpets for the library, and the sitting-room, and I can match this, and with a few yards more make it answer for both. I do wish that, while we are moving, you felt able to get new furniture for the parlor. You know Lydia is to come home from boarding-school next month, and now that she is old enough to go into company, I should like her to have things so that she wouldn't be ashamed of them. For my own part, I don't care a straw, but you know these sofas and chairs are dreadfully old-fashioned, and nobody sees a pier-table now-a-days, excepting in 'second-hand stores.' I would like, for her sake, to have things a little less shabby."

Mr. Beckerton's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I have been thinking, Rachel, that possibly you would like to have different furniture, and had made up my mind to let

you purchase the best that was to be found, while you were about it. Had it not been for your management and economy, things would have gone very differently in this household, and I felt quite willing to indulge you; but if my wife don't care a straw about it, I am not going to incur so heavy an expense for the sake of a child that has just got her pantaloons off," and Mr. Beckerton, turning his back to his wife, walked to the window to hide the roguish smile on his face.

Mrs. Beckerton had long ago found out her husband's fondness for teasing, so his present speech had no effect upon her; and really appreciating his kindness, she followed him to the window, where she quite succeeded in convincing him that the gratification she should experience in having new furniture, would proceed from the most unselfish motives in the world, inasmuch as her husband and children were all she lived for, and to see them happy was all that she desired.

Thus easily did Mrs. Beckerton glide from hair-cloth and mahogany into brocade and rosewood, and her husband, who was anxious as herself to have things correspond, jocosely told her that, as he had made up his mind to be ruined, she might as well get mirrors and curtains; for the parlor, being large, did not look furnished without them. This, however, Mrs. Beckerton, being really economical, objected to, for the sum total of the bills already gathered together quite alarmed her; and before she consented, Mr. Beckerton was obliged to communicate to her a portion of the confidence he withheld. It was done for this way. They were fairly settled in their new home, the library of which was such a cozy apartment, that Mrs. Beckerton often preferred to sit there with her work, while her husband smoked his cigar.

No one would have suspected this quiet business man of possessing a taste for literature; but his book-cases were not only well stocked with the works of the standard writers of his own language, but they exhibited an imposing array of volumes in German, Italian, and French, with all of which he was completely conversant.

Mr. Beckerton, leaning his head back against the morocco-cushioned arm-chair in which he sat, looked the very picture of contentment, as he watched the smoke wreaths curling up to the ceiling. Pausing a moment, after knocking the ashes from his cigar, he said:

"So you won't get the mirrors or the curtains; you think them a useless extravagance?"

"And so they are," answered Mrs. Beckerton, nodding her head emphatically. "I don't see what under the sun has got into you to think of such things. I never knew you before to propose buying anything, excepting marketing for the family, and books for yourself and the children. Yes, I remember one thing; but that was a long time ago," and Mrs. Beckerton glanced fondly down upon an old-fashioned brooch that she wore.

"Well, my dear, supposing I was that owing to steady attention to business and an economical wife, I have been able to—"

looked rather roughly at his wife, he paused, who was bending over her sewing, and continued—"to lay up a little something."

"To lay up a little something!" repeated Mrs. Beckerton, rather sharply; "and now, I suppose, you are going to spend the little something. I can tell you what, Mr. Beckerton; if you had had some wives, they would have spent it for you long ago."

"I know it; I know it, my dear. You have been an excellent wife. I have no fault to find with you. Indeed, I do not think we should have been any happier, even had our tastes been more congenial; although I have sometimes wished that you could forget your household duties long enough to listen to passages from my favorite authors, that struck me as being particularly beautiful or forcible."

"You may thank your stars, Charles Beckerton, that my fancies did not lead me that way. Just look at Mrs. Spencer. There's a congenial spirit for you! I declare, I never see her poor husband that my fingers don't itch to see the buttons on his shirt for him. And the children?—they're enough to make anybody's heart ache to look at them. Well, if anybody wants literary wives, they are welcome to them, or literary husbands either, as to the matter of that."

"Now, Rachel!"

"Well, I can't help being a little provoked. You tried your best to spoil me when we were first married, teaching me German and such fandango. It's a mercy I didn't take to it. My jaws used to ache for half an hour after pronouncing those Dutch words. Heaven knows, it wasn't long before I had my hands full, and then there was no time to waste that way."

Mr. Beckerton had finished his cigar. He got up, brushed carefully from his coat a few specks of ashes that had fallen upon it, re-arranged his neck-tie in front of the mantle-glass, and then, with his hands folded complacently behind him, walked up and down the length of the library.

"Rachel," he said, at length, "how much do you suppose I am worth?"

"I'm sure, how should I know? You never tell me anything about your business, and I have enough to think about without bothering my head about it. Just look here at Harry's pantaloons," and she held up a pair over which she had been busy the last hour. "Did you ever see anything so thin? That boy is too trying for anything; he is always on his knees playing marbles."

"Well, never mind Harry now. Do

you suppose I have cleared fifty thousand dollars since I have been in business?"

Mrs. Beckerton dropped the pantaloons which she was holding up to the light. "Fifty thousand dollars! No, indeed! Let me see, the interest of that is how much?"

"Three thousand."

"Well, we never spend over fifteen hundred, and you are always talking about keeping within our income?"

"Yes, but it does not necessarily follow that a man must spend his whole income. If we had done so, Rachel, I should have been worth less than a hundred thousand dollars; instead of considerably over it, as I am now."

At this announcement, Mrs. Beckerton looked up in blank amazement—the pantaloons fell from her hands to the floor, and her face grew crimson.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said; "you couldn't have kept it secret from me so long, and if you could you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Mr. Beckerton smiled, walked around to the back of her chair, and holding her head between both of his hands, tried to kiss her into a better humor; but she was not to be thus easily mollified. She struggled until she had disengaged herself, and then, picking up pantaloons and sewing implements, she made for the door, where she paused long enough to say:

"You need have no fears now but that I'll get the curtains and mirrors; yes, and every earthly thing I want. Over a hundred thousand dollars! And I slaving all the time at home. A great fool I was for doing it."

"Stop a moment, Rachel! I wish you to listen to me," said Mr. Beckerton. "It was from the best motives that I kept this knowledge to myself. Expenses always increase instead of lessening; and had you known how rapidly we were accumulating, it would have been but natural that I should not have increased in proportion."

"I can assure you, my dear, that I have been as much a slave to business as you have been to your domestic concerns, for I was anxious to put ourselves beyond the reach of want before old age comes upon us. Now, come back, like the good wife you have always been, and let us talk about the curtains and the mirrors. You will want them before Lydia comes home; and let me tell you now, that whatever else you need, you are perfectly welcome to get, for I know economy has become a habit with you, and I have no fears of your being led into extravagant purchases beyond our means. I have made money, and you have saved it, and we will both enjoy it now—will we not?"

Mrs. Beckerton was appeased. She suffered her husband to draw her back into the room; and they passed the remainder of the evening in devising plans for the future, both for the children and for themselves.

And so it came to pass, that when Lydia came home from boarding-school, she found the parlor glistening with mantle and pier mirrors, and the plate-glass windows adorned with half-concealed by heavy satin draperies, and embroidered of lace as white as the sheets she had left upon the meadows of the New England village, where for the last six months she had been at school.

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton's olive plants deserve more notice than they have yet received at our hands.

Lydia, the eldest, or Lillie, as she preferred to be called since her return from boarding-school, was in her sixteenth year, very pretty and very rosy. She inherited all her mother's firmness, together with a fair proportion of her father's literary tastes. There was not quite two years difference in the age of herself and her brother Edward, of whom she was very fond, notwithstanding there was so little sympathy in their pursuits. Edward had an utter abhorrence of books, and copied his sister's compositions regularly every week, by which he would have received great credit, had he not, when praised for his ability, confessed the truth regarding them. The twins, Evelyn and Euphemia, or Eva and Effie, as they were called, were twelve years old, slender, delicate girls. Next came Harry—the life of the household—a reckless, boisterous boy of eight, full of fun and mischief as he could be, annoying everybody with his tricks, and yet making up for all by his frank and affectionate ways.

And last, was Rosalinda—darling little Rosa, with her long, brown curls clustering around as winsome a face as ever artist copied. She was the sunbeam that filled with brightness every room where was heard the patter of her little feet, or her silvery, ringing laugh. Rosa was her father's pet; she it was who every night hurried to the door at the sound of the key turning in the dead-latch, to get the "first kiss;" and afterward what strenuous efforts she made, with her chubby, dimpled hands, to pull down his dressing-gown, and wheel in front of the glowing grate his ponderous arm-chair. When, with her father's assistance, this was accomplished, and he was seated therein, a bachelor would have envied the fond pride with which he lifted his darling to his arms, pressing close to his broad breast her flushed face, with its disordered curls streaming around it, and rewarding her exertions with some mythological tale, which, by ingenious interpolations, he made as fascinating as any fairy lore.

Mrs. Beckerton professed to have no favorite; but it was plain to be seen that Lillie was the one in which she took the most pride. Lillie's tastes were always

consulted; Lillie's wishes carried out; and, in justice to the young lady, be it said, she repaid her mother's fondness with as devoted an affection as the most exacting of mothers could have desired.

Of her father Lillie was very proud, and that was not to be wondered at. Having married when barely twenty-one, he was now in the prime of life, and a remarkably fine-looking man. She would sit by the hour listening to the easy flow of his language, as he conversed with his friends, gilding from one subject to another, equally at home with all. It was evident, by the glow of admiration which lit up Lillie's face at such times, that she considered her father a Burke in eloquence, a Humboldt in science, and a Rothschild in financiering matters. Such ambitious dreams did Lillie have with regard to her family, that it would not have surprised her in the least to have been awakened some morning with the intelligence that her father had been elected President of the United States. But while his daughter saw so much in him to reverence and admire, the generality of those by whom he was surrounded looked upon him as a plodding, painstaking man, whose whole time and attention were absorbed by his business. It was his pleasure that he should be so considered; and very seldom did he reveal to anyone such glimpses of his inner life as to create a surmise that he might be a man of more than ordinary genius.

Most certainly, his wife had not been the one to discover it, and even if she had, she would have been none the happier.

One night the family were gathered around the large centre-table in the sitting-room, with the exception of Rosa, who was asleep in the crib, and Mr. Beckerton, who was always absent on Tuesday evenings, it being Academy night. Mr. Beckerton never allowed anything but sickness to prevent his attendance on the meetings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he had been a member for many years. Mrs. Beckerton had once been inside the walls of this building; but she was so wearied then by her husband's scientific explanations, that he was never able to entice her there again. It was evident by her remarks—such as "she should think they might let the dead rest in peace!"—that she considered them no better than a body of resurrectionists; and when Edward drew her away from the cases devoted to craniology, to show her some beautiful birds, she grew highly indignant that they could not let even the poor birds alone to die a natural death, but, like a parcel of wicked schoolboys, must kill them for their own amusement, and waste their time in stuffing them up, with their eyes wide open, and standing so stiff and straight, that it made her tired to look at them."

Very matter of fact was Mrs. Beckerton—not at all appreciating efforts for the advancement of science—but a very devoted wife and mother, nevertheless.

The evening we were speaking of, Mrs. Beckerton, as economical as ever, despite her thread, was basted up her basket of mending. Lillie was stitching a fine plaited piece of linen, that looked like a shirt-bosom. Edward was sketching profiles on a piece of paper, when he ought to have been writing his French translations. The twins were whispering over some very private piece of work, portions of which they kept covered with their aprons. Harry lay sprawled out upon the carpet, looking up at the ceiling, evidently lost in reverie, inasmuch as he was quiet for a few moments. Beside him lay his skates, which he had been newly rigging up, and some fishing-tackle, that he had got out in expectation of a stormy weather.

"Harry, what good does it do you to tease your sister so? Why don't you call her Lillie? You know she would rather be called so," said his mother.

"Yes, but it ain't her name though; and if Lydia was a good enough name for grand-mother, I guess it's good enough for her. I'm sure I wouldn't care what you call me, so you don't call me late to dinner, as Uncle Joe says."

There was a pause, during which Lillie's thread knotted so badly, that she made slow progress with her stitching. She was excessively anxious to know who it was that Harry spoke of, but she would have died sooner than ask the question.

"I say, Daffydowndilly, somebody's fallen in love with you," broke in Harry, at length.

Finding that Lillie maintained a dignified silence, he continued—

"Somebody that's coming to-morrow morning to look at my fishing tackle, and bring me some new flies. You needn't laugh, Ned—of course he's coming to look at my fishing-tackle; and you don't know him either—he's bigger than you are."

"What nonsense are you talking about Harry?" said his mother.

"It isn't nonsense, it's the truth. Now, I'll tell you all about it," and Harry seated himself in a chair beside the table, feeling very large in the possession of a secret which he could keep to himself no longer. "I was up in Jim Grayson's yard, playing marbles, and his brother Alfred asked me what my biggest sister's name was."

At this juncture, the hitherto dignified Lillie began to fidget.

"What do you think I told him, Daffy?"

"Why I know what you told him—you told him 'Lyddy' of course."

"I didn't tell him any such thing. I told him we called you Lillie, and he said it was a pretty name, but not half so pretty as you were. He's a bird, mind I tell you. He went on talking about my skates, and asked he thought I was green; he can come here if he wants to—I'll be very glad of his flies—but if he tries to marry you, I'll kick him out of the house, so I will, for I am going to marry you myself, just as soon as I am old enough."

The twins, who had dropped their work, in order to pay undivided attention to the story, now laughed merrily.

Mrs. Beckerton smiled gravely.

"Look at Lil," shouted Ned; "see how she's blushing up to the roots of her hair, at her prospective marriage with Alfred Grayson."

"It is no such thing," answered Lillie, indignantly. "A boy of sixteen, who wears roundabouts. When I get married, it will be to no strapping, I can assure you. I would rather marry a man as old as father."

Meantime, Harry, unnoticed, had slipped down underneath the table, and adroitly abstracting from the lap of the twins their work, danced around the room, holding up to view a doll's dress in one hand and a doll in the other.

"O what a shame!" cried Effie.

"I don't care—I think you are real naughty!" said Eva, sulkily, "to go and spoil all our fun."

"Playing with dolls!" exclaimed their mother—who would have thought it of such big girls."

"Oh," said Eva, "it ain't—"

"Hush!" whispered Effie, reaching under the table to pull Eva's dress; "they needn't know anything about it. Then turning to her mother she said, 'You can take your choice mamma—dolls or beaux; you know when you are done with one you begin with the other.'"

Mrs. Beckerton did not reply. She was deeply absorbed in her work at that particular moment.

The twins were preparing the doll for a Christmas present for Rosa, and that no hints might be given to her, they had to keep their own secret. Thanks to Effie's ready wit, it was not mistrusted, and they went joyfully on with their labor of love.

The next morning Harry waited till schooltime, and then reluctantly took his departure, for no Alfred Grayson made his appearance, nor were the promised flies forthcoming.

The young gentleman had proposed the visit in perfect good faith, but on a sober reflection, it struck him as being rather an absurd way of introducing himself, and therefore he concluded to wait until he could make the acquaintance of the elder brother, and thus obtain an interview under more favorable auspices. It was not long in accomplishing his wishes, and before Christmas, he became a constant visitor at the Beckertons.

The merry Christmas—which all were looking forward to with so many joyful anticipations. Each member of the family was preparing some pleasant surprise for another. Lillie and Edward kept the doors of their rooms locked, and no one could discover what they were about; but wherever the twins went, so many bits of pasteboard were dropped, and so many scraps of silk fluttered after them, that it was easy to guess that pin-cushions and needle-books took up their time and attention.

Harry was excessively private over some chains and peach-stone baskets that he was carving for Rosa; and she, the darling, had coaxed Lillie into teaching her to embroider on two book-markers, the sentence, "For my dear Papa," and "For my dear Mamma."

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton brought home mysterious bundles, that were packed away in a closet, the key of which was taken out; and there Rosa daily attempts to discover something.

There were a few days in which Mrs. Beckerton was scarcely ever in the house, excepting at her meals, during which time she visited nearly every second-hand bookstore and book stall in the city. She had heard her husband express to a friend his desire to obtain some volumes that were now out of print; and his friend's reply, that he had found at second-hand shops when there was not a new copy to be had in the city, encouraged her to persevere in looking for them. Her efforts were rewarded with success; and she returned home with a beaming countenance, the volumes under her cloak, regardless of the rain in which she had been caught, although she was drenched to the skin. She locked the books away, changed her wet clothing for dry, and so delighted was she with her bargain, that all the evening her face was radiant with smiles, notwithstanding Harry upset the cream-cup on the spotless table cloth—a misfortune which, under ordinary circumstances, would have entirely destroyed her equanimity. Her husband was so charmed with her appearance, that he several times left his chair to bestow some affectionate caress upon her, and, as the evening drew near a close, they grew quite merry, in recalling incidents of their days of courtship, while Lillie and Edward enjoyed the reminiscences almost as much as themselves.

"Mother must have been beautiful when she was young," said Edward to Lillie, in





## THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER IN PARIS.

### FAMILIAR LETTER FROM A YOUNG AMERICAN.

PARIS, Sept. 4th, 1870.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I write the date to my letter with precision, for it is a great day.

I have heard the Republic proclaimed in Paris!

Proclaimed in the face of the news of the overwhelming defeat of the French, the destruction of MacMahon's army, the capture of the Emperor, the threatened march of the Prussians upon Paris.

France, humiliated by invasion, outraged by Prussian barbarities, beaten, driven back, betrayed, almost ruined, France, or at least Paris, gives itself up, not to panic, but to a perfect outburst of joy, to the jubilation of a fête-day. It crowns the statue of Strasbourg with flowers, it promenades on the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli, before the Hôtel de Ville, as if to salute the return of a triumphant army. It forgets Prussia, it forgets even the Emperor, it is wild with delight, crying, "Vive la République, à toi citoyen.

Nous l'avons la République." Like a man who awakes from a long nightmare, and, relieved from the weight that pressed him down and stifled him, gives himself up to the joy of living, of breathing, though but a moment. "Enfin, j'ai bien un jour pleinement." I have heard men say, "je suis prêt à mourir demain s'il le faut."

"Ich habe genossen das irdliche Glück,  
Ich habe geliebt et gelebt!"

But I will relate in detail what has passed. The French authorities, carrying out their system of treating the people like a set of babies, have shrouded all military operations in mystery; for at least two weeks there has been no official news from the front, and all newspaper or private intelligence strictly forbidden. They do not even publish lists of the killed and wounded! So for some time we have only known that the army of Bazaine was shut up in Metz, completely surrounded by a great

ellipse of the Prussian armies, while MacMahon, with 100,000 men, was directed to the Ardennes, intending to sweep round by the Belgian frontier, and effect a junction with Bazaine. Strasbourg resists one bombardment, Toul another. Alsatia and Lorraine are pillaged without resistance by the Prussian soldiers and the Badois peasants, Chalons evacuated, the Garde Mobile withdrawn towards Paris, the National Guards armed, but everywhere hindered by the jealousy of the Government, who forbids guns, organization, every thing, any thing. Better a thousand times lose France to the Prussians, than save it to the Republicans; on the other hand the people replied with the soldiers, "Chassons les Prussians d'abord, mais nous réglons nos comptes après."

Great confidence was felt in MacMahon's army. Last Sunday, the 29th, it was understood that fighting had begun in the Ardennes, it was impossible to know with what result. Towards the middle of the week we began to receive the Prussian telegrams, announcing a victory—in the absence of the slightest information on their own side. (When the Corps Législatif called on Palikao, the Minister of War, to explain how matters stood, he replied curtly that he did not mean to be bothered any more with answering questions.)

The Paris journals interpreted these telegrams as they best could. On Thursday the *Gaulois* published an elaborate article to prove that the Prussians had only defeated a small detachment of MacMahon's army, left on purpose to amuse them, and cover the retreat of the main body across the Meuse.

On Friday, MacMahon was wounded, half his army put *hors de combat*, the other half, forty thousand men, surrendered with the town of Sedan, and the valiant Emperor, hastening to salute his destiny, had given himself up prisoner to the King of Prussia. Having plunged the country into the war, betrayed its cause and its resources, defeated, it is said, by his obstinate incapacity this very campaign of MacMahon, the savior of France, true to the traditions of the

Bonapartes, had no thought paramount to the desire of saving himself, and surrendered to the Prussians, from whom he expected more consideration than from the enraged Frenchmen. So perishes a harlequin, and all his paraphernalia of Empire collapses as suddenly as a wind-bag pricked by a pin. One thinks of Carlyle's description of the death of Louis XV, and all Du Barrydom packing its trunks in the antechamber, ready to whisk off to the infinite nothing whence it had emerged, leaving a strong smell of sulphur behind it.

The news was only transmitted to Paris Saturday afternoon. At the session of the Corps Législatif, Palikao announced reverses, but not the whole truth: perhaps he did not know it. An extraordinary session was convoked for the night, and the House assembled at twelve o'clock. There Palikao declared the situation, and it was noticeable that the captivity of the Emperor was passed over as an unimportant incident in the general disaster. He concluded his report, significantly enough, by admitting that the council of ministers had no suggestion to offer in the extreme gravity of the situation. Upon that Jules Favre, quite simply, as if taking up the reins of power that the agonizing empire had let fall, pronounced the famous resolution for the déchéance of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty. "His words were received by a profound silence," said the *Figaro*, who, already prepared to greet the rising sun, had turned its back on the Empire, and forgotten to criticize the "mauvais esprit" of this resolution emanating from the Left Wing. Of all the Right, only one voice was raised to defend the old régime. Pinard, deputy from the North, observed, "We have not the right to proclaim the déchéance."

Nobody paid any attention to this observation. Jules Favre, "out of pity for the nakedness of the situation of the Right," says *La Cloche*, proposed to adjourn consideration of his proposition till the next morning, and the session closed. "This scrupule alone," continues *La Cloche*, "saved the Empire from

being condemned, like the royalty, in the night."

All night the wildest rumors circulated through Paris, which was overwhelmed with consternation at the disaster, coming after such confident predictions of victory. I went to the hospital in the morning, and M. Bernutz, the chief, came to the ward in such a state of prostration as was really pitiful to see. He seemed literally overwhelmed, and quite incapable of making the visit, or examining the new patients. Only one thing roused him, and showed the ruling passion strong in death, or despair. A patient remarked that she had been formerly treated by M. Nouat, an old rival of Bernutz in his own specialty; at that he brightened up to retort vivaciously, "Oh, if M. Nouat has cured you it is a proof that you were not very ill!"—a remark which greatly disgusted the patient.

Returned to the R—s, I found already another current of ideas uppermost. For them, the defeat of MacMahon was a fact primed by that of the captivity of the Emperor, and of the proposition for the *déchéance*. Every one was rushing to the Place de la Concorde in front of the Corps Législatif; my little American friends and myself took a carriage and rushed also.

We arrived at half-past one; the affair had already been decided. At noon the crowd had begun to gather, and found the bridge leading from the Place to the Corps Législatif guarded by sergeants de ville, supported by a double line of municipal guards—the regular army. The crowd grew more and more dense, and, emboldened by the consciousness of the National Guard behind *them* (which had only just been armed), called upon the policemen to surrender. At this moment the crowd was unarmed, the National Guard nowhere in sight; but, on the other hand, the policemen felt the dissolution of all the powers above them; they had no word of command, they knuckled under completely, gave way, melted into invisibility. As a proof of fraternization, they lighted cigars, and patting the blouses friendlily

on the back, declared themselves their best friends, "*honnêtes gens, bons Républicains*." "*Allez-vous-en, changez vos habits, nous n'avons pas de casse-têtes, nous autres*," was the reply. The advice was followed; by one o'clock not a policeman was to be seen in Paris.

The soldiers of the Municipal were even more easily vanquished. The crowd put out feelers and talked with them. An officer rode up on horseback. "*Vous savez*," dit-il, "*vous n'avez rien à craindre de nous*," and with that the second barrier melted away like the first, the foot-soldiers mingled with the crowd, the cavalry moved from in front of the bridge, and the people rushed over.

The building itself was surrounded by the National Guard. But they reversed their guns, "*mettaient la crosse en air*," as a signal that they intended no firing, and the crowd ran up the steps, precipitated itself into the antechambers, and awaited the arrival of the Deputies that were to decide the fate of the nation—fate already decided.

The President, Schneider, came out and made a speech. His voice was drowned in the tumult. "*Allez-vous-en, allez-vous-en, nous n'avons pas besoin de vous*." Deputies of the Right tried to make a stand. "*Allez-vous-en*," was the pitiless cry. "*Vous avez perdu la France*," cried E— R—. "*Laissons-nous la sauver*," and they decamped one after another. One old fellow tried the heroic style; opening his coat, he placed his hands on his expanse of waistcoat, "*J'offre mon corps à vos coups*," he declaimed, "*vieille charogne*," (old carcass.) "*Vous n'avons pas besoin de vous*." And he made tracks also.

Finally some members of the Left tried to persuade the people to leave. "The House is about to deliberate on the gravest questions; we wish to proclaim the *déchéance*, but in order." "*Oe n'est pas assez la déchéance, il faut proclamer la République. Vive la République! Vive la République!*" and then with solid fists they began to batter against the solid oaken doors that shut in the Chamber of Deputies. It was



like the booming of distant cannon; it sounded the death-knell of the old régime. The majority felt that the cause was hopeless, and took refuge in the library under the protection of the National Guard. The Republicans spent some minutes in haranguing the crowd, that now had begun to force its way into the Chamber, and then withdrew to the Hôtel de Ville, where they proclaimed the Republic to the expectant masses assembled on the Place. It was the repetition of the *Jeu de Paume*.

The antechamber remained full. No one credited the report that the Republican deputies had withdrawn—every one was afraid of trickery. Finally, they burst open all the doors, rushed en masse into the chamber—it was completely empty. The powers that were had abdicated; the people ruled.

In leaving the buildings, M. R— observed to a member of the National Guard, "I recommended the deputies or the Right to claim your protection if they had need of it in getting away." "Il y en a un pourtant, qui ferait bien de ne pas se fier à moi, car je le fusillerais contre cette mur,—c'est Granier de Cassagnac." Three weeks ago this famous blackguard had threatened to shoot down every member of the opposition. "I should have been sorry," said R—to me, "had one of the people shot Cassagnac; but should a member of the National Guard, a bourgeois, undertake the affair, I had nothing to say."

During this time the manifestation had been lively on the Place de la Concorde. On the central pillar of the Corps Législatif some one had written in red letters, "République Française," and cries of "Vive la République!" deafened the ears. There was the most perfect order, united to the most joyful enthusiasm. There was no occasion for fighting any one, for every one was animated by the same sentiment; and in the general outburst of fraternity, each individual seemed really enchanted to grasp the hand of his neighbor, and cry "Vive la République!" A man in a blouse came up to our carriage and addressed the coachman: "Bon jour, ci-

toyen; eh bien, nous l'aurons ce soir, la République!" He lighted his cigar, and went off, repeating, "Merci, citoyen, merci, citoyen," as if he could not too often find a pretext for pronouncing the dear word.

People climbed on the statue of the City of Strasbourg, and covered it with flowers, writing inscriptions on the pedestal, "Vive la République!" The statue of Lyons also was decorated in honor of the army that this city is supposed to send to the relief of the Alsatian capital. Men, mounted on carriages, harangued the people, and especially warned them against the excesses of '48. Squads of the National Guard patrolled the Place, with reversed bayonets, and blouses of all descriptions mingled with the handsome bourgeois uniform. "Vive la Garde Nationale," cried the citizens. "Vive la République, Vive la France!" replied the citizen-soldiers.

We stayed two or three hours at the Place de la Concorde, but during this time many events had transpired elsewhere. A detachment of the National Guard had accompanied a mass of unarmed citizens to the prison of St. Pelagie. "Il nous faut Rochefort," they thundered at the door. "Il est à Vincennes," was the first reply. "Ce n'est pas vrai, avouaient quelques uns de la garde tout bas. Il est ici." With that the crowd forced its way into the prison, the guard only making a feint of resistance. They demanded Rochefort of the governor. "Mais, messieurs," said the official, "je n'ai pas d'ordres à vous le rendre." "Vos ordres? Les voici," said one burly fellow, showing his fist. "Oh, très bien, messieurs, devant la force, je n'ai rien à dire,"—and he gave up the keys.

He was logical. He had supported an empire of force, which must necessarily crumble before a force superior.

Rochefort was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people out of the prison, as he had been carried in on the shoulders of policemen nine months before. He was carried to the Hôtel de Ville,—Jules Favre embraced him in public.

When we drove up a little later, and found the people still swaying under the influence of some recent excitement, we asked the explanation. "C'est Jules Favre qui embrasse Rochefort," was the answer. Rochefort is a symbol, and possesses, in consequence, all the superior significance possessed by a symbol over the reality. Carrying out the radical protest against the Empire made last year by his election, the Deputies assembled at the Hôtel de Ville immediately placed him on the list of the Provisional Government. I will notice, in parenthesis, they have also had the good sense *not* to include Thiers.

But Rochefort was not the only symbol upon which the popular instinct fastened itself. All the signs and insignia of the Empire and the Emperor were attacked, the imperial eagles torn off the Hôtel de Ville, the multitudinous busts of the imperial family shivered in fragments, the very signs of the tailors and other "Fournisseurs brevetés de l'Empereur," broken in pieces. At one establishment on the boulevard, where the individual charged with the iconoclasm had demolished the first half of the name, and there only remained *-ereur*, the people, perceiving the pun, cried out to leave it as it was.

The garden of the Tuileries was early invaded, but no attempt made to enter the palace. People contented themselves with scrawling over the walls, "Respect à la propriété, mort aux voleurs." "Vive la République." And all along the Rue de Rivoli was written on the palace, "Logement à Louer." In the sentry-box at the gate some one had carried the joke still farther, and written, "Parlez au concierge; chambre bien meublée à louer." Of course, the "gracious sovereign" had put for Belgium some time before. Her fanfaronades of proclamations as Impératrice Régente still decorate the dead walls of Paris, and the recollection of her declarations, "Si les Prussiens viennent, ils m'y trouveront," remain to lend a piquant contrast to the reality. The imperial family has decidedly come to the grief it so well deserved—Monsieur at

Mayence under Prussian escort; Madame at Brussels, with, it is said, the crown-jewels; the little prince, after his "baptême de feu," scouring over the country with two physicians; Plon-plon at Naples, whither he fled as soon as war was declared.

Oh, dethroned princess! Oh, captive monarch! Oh, wretched prince! The day has gone by when the world will weep tears over your hapless fate; when poets will choose your woeful history as theme for their tragedies; when painters will represent you, even on the back staircase of the Tuileries, where the brush of Gros has fixed Louis Philippe forever! For the strange, extraordinary, and, at first sight, almost inexplicable circumstance in the affair, is the completeness with which every trace and vestige of imperial existence is swept away. Since the beginning of the war, the Emperor has indeed faded out of sight, but that is hardly since six weeks ago. But as late as May, the Empire seemed in the full bloom of prosperity; the plebiscite trick had succeeded beyond expectation, and given the Bonaparte dynasty an indefinite lease of life. The war, even, in concentrating all thoughts upon foreign danger, had hushed up for a moment the incessant warfare of the Opposition, and such as persisted were forcibly suppressed by the government. People submitted to every thing—the mobilization of the Garde Mobile; its incorporation in the army; the loan of 750,000,000, covered in a single day; the establishment of an Imperial cabinet; the dictatorship of Palko; the atrocious silence in which all military operations were shrouded. Indeed, if the French had had only a moderate success—although the war was unpopular, although the majority regarded it as senseless and unjust—still, with success, the Empire might have been consolidated, and the proposed reckoning indefinitely adjourned. But, as *La Cloche* remarks this morning, "the captivity of the Emperor is the liberty of the country." L'Empire s'est donné sa démission. Not a blow has been struck, hardly a protestation made or



required, not an act of courage, or, alas! I fear that it would not have been forthcoming. But the whole gigantic humbug dissolved, melted away—eaten out and out by its own rottenness. “*Je n’ai aucune commande à l’armée,*” said the Emperor. “*Vous n’avons aucune proposition à faire,*” avow the ministers.

I am forcibly reminded of the famous story of Edgar Poe, concerning a man who was mesmerized at the point of death, in such a manner that his soul could not escape from his dead body. The corpse, on the other hand, could not decay as long as any soul remained entangled in its meshes, and stayed, therefore, in an intermediate condition between life and death, for three years. At the end of this time the mesmerizer reversed his passes. The spell was broken; with an immense sigh of relief, the soul shook itself free of its charnel-house, and at the same moment the body tumbled into a liquid mass of putrefaction.

In the same way one might say that a spell had been broken which bound France to the Empire. The living soul escapes—free—the Empire melts away of itself. It is extremely important to understand this, so as not to be the dupe of the amiable sneers which will presently circulate: “Oh yes, the French never are satisfied with their government. Four months ago they voted for it with acclamation, and now they want a republic again. They are not fit for a republic.” This is most superficial nonsense, as is shown by the very simple consideration that it is not the same people who change, but two parties, who have constantly been at war with each other, and who have alternately obtained the power. The seven and one half millions who voted for the plebiscite will certainly do nothing for the revolution, but the million and a half who voted against it are quite capable of the task, and also of cowing into subjection the great mass of inertia that is flung like ballast from hand to hand. Any state of society whose stability reposes on an army is in a condition of unstable equilibrium

that can always be upset in the twinkling of an eye. It is like an inverted pyramid, whose superficial expanse only serves to conceal the narrow base upon which it reposes. Indeed, the main thing which excites uneasiness after the joy of the 4th of September, is its resemblance, in suddenness of transition, to the 18 Brumaire, the 24 Février, and the 2 Decembre.

But in no other respect does it resemble these famous days. Never was so great a revolution accomplished in so absolutely pacific a manner. I repeat, it was less a revolution than a declaration of what really existed; and as the French boast, *such* a change of front, made under fire of the enemy, is almost as sublime in its boldness as in the electric shock that it has given to the panic-stricken people.

Panic! It is not dreamed of. The Prussians are at Soissons—more insolent than ever. Already they dictate terms of peace from Berlin. Already are anticipated cries of rage, both from Germany and England, at the proclamation of a republic that will call into life the republics of Spain and Italy, to form a sanitary cordon of Latin democracy that shall hem in the boasted Teutonic civilization—stronghold of feudalism.

But whatever the danger, men feel that they live—that they are men. “Until now I cared little for our disasters,” said the interne this morning. “What did it signify—a province more or less to the Empire? But now that the honor of the Republic is concerned, I am aroused to the gravity of our military situation.” “Until now,” said another medical student, “I have done my best to evade being called to the army; but to-day I have enrolled myself—for I shall be a soldier of the Republic.”

The same feeling animated the boulevards all night, where the Marseillaise and cries of *Vive la République* certainly did not cease till two o’clock in the morning. (We were on the boulevard till midnight.) One man said: “*Je n’aime pas la Marseillaise, depuis qu’il a été souilli dans le service de l’Empire, mieux vaut le chant de Départ:*

"La république nous appelle,  
 Sachons nous battre au péril—  
 Un Français doit vivre pour elle,  
 Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

When we returned home last evening, the concierge and his wife stood at the door to greet us.

"Sommes nous aussi des Républicains?" they cried, holding out their hands to us as Americans.

The door was opened by an old Republican friend of the family. "Nous l'avons, nous l'avons!" he exclaimed. At the same moment E. R. arrived; the two men rushed into each other's arms. "Ah quelle belle journée! Nous l'avons la République!"—"Oui, maintenant il s'agit de la garder."

It is this feeling of tenderness, of affection, with which the Republic is welcomed, that is most touching. A lost ideal refound; no, it is more personal—it is the exultation of a lover who finds his long-lost mistress; and, absorbed in delighted contemplation of her beauty, forgets to think even of the future that she brings back with her. It is this that rendered the manifestation yesterday so singularly joyful. No one seemed to care much whether or no the Republic could really repulse the invasion that the Empire had called down on their heads. A lady passed in a carriage on the Place de la Concorde, and cried, "À bas la Prusse!" but nobody paid any attention to her.

This appreciation of Beauty—this perfectly developed self-consciousness which enables each individual in mass to seize the character of the *ensemble*—(I heard several people say to-day, "ah, n'avons nous pas été beaux hier!")—gives a French crowd and a French revolution a physiognomy entirely different from that possible in our colder northern races. It indicates their rôle in the *Etats-Unis* of Europe for which the present war—started in the interest of a parvenu dynasty, and carried on in the interests of a military feudalism—seems really destined to pave the way.

This unanimity of the crowd is explained in part by the enthusiasm communicated by the republicans to the

neutrals, of all shades, from the sergeants de ville to the National Guard and the bourgeois, and in part by the utter suppression of such solid sterling bourgeois as had supported the Empire, and hated the Republic, but in the moment of consternation do not dare to say any thing. One could see their faces here and there on the boulevards yesterday—cold and sneering rather than sour or provoked. Scepticism is always a Frenchman's refuge. I was furious this morning, at the hospital, under charge of P—, to see the frigidity with which he received the enthusiasm of the interne who had helped to force the Tuileries yesterday, of the externe who enrolls as a "soldier of the Republic" to-day. "This is the second Republic I have seen," he remarked, and busied himself with some miserable details, affecting to ignore the whole matter.

I do not wonder that such men as R— are furious against the savants, and corps médical, who as a body assume just this rôle—sneering; accepting, fighting for all the solid crumbs of material comfort that the powers that be can place at their disposition, but whenever it is question of the people, treating them as "insensés," "hair-brained," "animés d'un mauvais esprit."

No; fraternity cannot be universal. It is the church militant that has to defend truth; and the life of every person who cares about truth must be one of incessant warfare. He must learn to render hate for hate, contempt for contempt; to keep his back and knees stiff and his head upright—proud, inflexible, uncompromising. Then, perhaps, in the course of his life-time may come to him one such day of perfect, unalloyed triumph as yesterday.

Such days, in which a people lives, in which individual lives are absorbed into a Social Being that for a moment has become conscious of itself—such moments realize the old conceptions of ecstasy among the Neo-Platonists. It is the life of Humanity that is the Infinite; it is the mysterious progress of Ideas that we understand by the "workings of Providence;" it is the unerring exactitude of

THE  
Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]  
"What is it?" cried Jack, running in on hearing his wife's cry.  
"She is dead! That villain has killed her—that bad, wicked——"  
"What?" asked Jack in blank dismay.  
"Hammersley!" replied Molly; and then she told him hurriedly what had happened, and implored him to send off at once for the doctor.  
Meanwhile Graham lay like a log, as though she were dead indeed.  
In a few minutes the village surgeon arrived, and, after a brief examination, asked if the lady had had any sudden or severe shock. Molly burst out crying, and her husband took her away, while Miss Wyvill told him that such was the case.

"She must be kept perfectly quiet, with ice to the head. I am afraid we cannot avert fever of the brain." He left most minute instructions, and promised to come back in the course of a few hours.  
It was the beginning of a serious illness for Graham Falconer. During the long June days she lay battling with the dread King of Terrors—a struggle which to the anxious watchers around seemed often about to close the life of the sick girl. At length, after many days of raving delirium, she opened her eyes one morning, and, with the first gleam of sense that had filled them since Molly had received Noel Hammersley's letter, looked at Miss Wyvill.

"Auntie!" she whispered faintly.  
"Yes, my darling."  
"What is the matter?"  
"You have been ill, dear, but now you will soon be better; you must however lie still and not talk."  
With the unquestioning weakness which severe illness produces she turned her face back upon the pillow. She had evidently forgotten all her trouble, and almost immediately dozed off again, lying all the day between waking and sleeping. In the evening of the next day Jack Lacy came in from Doncaster with the evening paper.  
"Just look here, aunt Grace!" he said, pointing out a paragraph in the paper.  
Miss Wyvill took it from him and read the announcement of Noel Hammersley's marriage, which had taken place that morning—

"On the 20th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Noel Hammersley, late 4th Dragoons, to Hilda, only child and heiress of the late John Valentine, of Ashville, Lancashire."

Miss Wyvill looked up piteously into her nephew's face.  
"Who is to tell her?" she said. "I dare not."

And Graham lay in her bed and watched the nodding roses peeping inquisitively through the window, following with her eyes the flies in their progress along ceiling and wall, listening to the droning hum of the heavily laden bees on their homeward way, wondering in a dim sort of way why she was lying there, and when they would let her get up and go down to Noel.

At last something of the truth flashed across her brain. What was it? That something unusual had happened she was certain—but what? She could not grasp the faint ideas that came and went through the inmost recesses of her brain. Nell had just come in—perhaps she could help her.

"Did some one tell me I had been ill?"  
"Yes, my darling, very ill," answered Nell, kneeling down by the bedside.

"Has Noel gone back to his regiment?"  
Nell did not answer. She knew through Douglas that he had not done so, having sent in his papers without even going down to wish his old comrades good-bye. Graham, in her weakened state did not notice the omission.

"Could he not get longer leave?" the weak voice went on. "No, I suppose not. Has he written often, Nell?"

"He has not written to me, my darling."

"To Molly then? Nell, what made me so ill? I have been trying to remember and I cannot. What was it that happened?"

"You had a fall—don't you remember?"

Graham shook her head.  
"No. Did I fall? Where?"  
"In the breakfast room."

For a moment, with a puzzled expression on her face, she lay looking at her cousin; the next instant distinct recollection of all that had happened came back with cruel vividness; she tried excitedly to raise herself from her pillows, but the effort was too much, and before Nell could rise from her knees she sank back choking, with a crimson stream flowing from between her lips.

"Oh, my darling, I have killed her!" cried Nell, tearing down the bell-rope in her frantic haste.

The others were quickly on the spot, and for some hours it seemed as though Nell's cry of misery would really come true, but the splendid constitution of the girl, untried save for that one illness, proved victorious, and after another protracted struggle, followed by long days and nights of weariness more terrible to bear than pain, Graham Falconer came back slowly to health and comparative strength again—very slowly, for when, by the doctor's advice, she was taken abroad, summer had fled and brown October was sprinkling her many gorgeous hues upon the green earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was evening. The mellow light of the setting sun poured full upon the winding streets of the cramped old town of Antwerp, flooding the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame like a sea of glory, gilding and beautifying the quaint old houses, many of them seven stories high, with their lavishly decorated fronts, the adornments of which gave proof of a Spanish ruler.

At an upper window of the Hotel St. Antoine Nell Wyvill sat, or rather leant,

with both arms resting on the window-ledge, watching with the eager interest of a person utterly strange to any but an English life the crowd of idle loiterers below. Every now and then she gave Graham the benefit of her impressions. Graham was lounging in a huge arm-chair, quite indifferent to the strangeness of her surroundings, showing no surprise, expressing no desire, only sitting with idly folded hands in the utter abandonment of hopelessness.

"I have never seen such extraordinary old frights in all my life!" remarked Nell, without turning her head and with her usual rapidity of decision. "There is a woman standing just underneath the window with a bonnet for the conception of which the man who invented it ought to be smothered."

"Perhaps it was a woman," suggested Graham.

"I can't think it," laughed Nell, "for the girls seem to have more sense. Their get-ups—or should I say gets-up?—are really coquettish. I can see one girl—a really pretty girl too—who has on a dress trimmed with scarlet, blue, green, and pink. She has splendid lace too on her cap; but it is a shame to cover up so pretty a face as though she were a knight of old who needed a mailed helmet. I should think it must get awfully in the way. If I wore one, I should get it all crushed and daubed with food in half an hour. It seems to be a great annoyance to what Douglas would call her 'darling,' for he keeps poking his head round the broad lappets which shade her face to get a peep at her. She looks so bright and pleased, though I can't see how she can, for—oh, he is such a lout!"

"She doesn't think so," said Graham indifferently.

"Not she—judging at least by her coquettish airs and graces. Oh, there is an old woman with such splendid diamonds, necklace, ear-rings, waist-buckle, and queer sorts of semicircular ornaments fixed on her forehead! Who is this old woman with the diamonds?" she demanded of a waiter who entered to clear away the table.

"Dat is one Dutch wife of zee farmer," said the man. "Probably dey belong some time to her grandmother of six or seven times back."

"How do you know she is Dutch?"  
"I am also of dat race, mees, and I have spoke mit de lady."

"But do they always go about with out bonnets on?"

"Oh, yes, mees! Dat is the costume of deir province."

"What a droll ideal!" said Nell as he departed. "Are you tired, Graham?"

"No, dear."

"Suppose we go into the Cathedral; there is music of some sort going on."

"Very well. Will you bring me my hat down? And perhaps you had better tell aunt Grace where we are going."

In a few minutes the two girls, dressed alike in blue serge, went arm-in-arm across the Place Verte and passed under the great archway into the Cathedral. Nell drew a long breath.

"Isn't it splendid?" she whispered in rather an awe-struck tone.

Graham looked indifferently round, sank down upon one of the little rush-bottomed chairs which were scattered about, and with her cheek resting on her hand closed her eyes wearily.

That was the chief thing her friends had to battle against, her listless indifference. She was the same Graham as of old, out so utterly without interest in anything that might be going on. Since the day she had broken the blood vessel she had never mentioned Noel by name; and only once had she alluded to her sorrow. That was when Molly had spoken to her seriously, and told her that if she did not make an effort to rouse herself she would die.

"That would not be so dreadful," she answered—"I have nothing to live for."

"Then you are very wicked," said Molly sharply; "you ought to remember how much you have to do in the world. You do not suppose Heaven gave you a great estate like Ordmore just for your own pleasure? You have your duty to do by it, and you ought to do it."

"Perhaps I ought," returned Graham indifferently.

When the service was ended, the two girls went out into the quiet night. The still moon was gleaming down upon the grand Gothic pile, with its exquisite spire pointing heavenwards through the calm clear air. Something in the church or the placid scene without roused Graham from her listlessness, and she made a suggestion for the first time since her illness. As yet she had only assented to the wishes of others.

"Let us walk round the Cathedral," she said.

Of course Nell was delighted to hear her express a wish of any sort, and agreed heartily. After walking a little way they paused, and then Graham broke the silence.

"You would do something for me, Nell, would you not?"

"Of course," said Nell promptly.

"Will you answer me a question truly?"

"Yes, if I can."

"I am perfectly certain you are hiding something about Noel from me; now tell me—what have you heard about him since I was ill?"

Nell's heart began throbbing painfully, and she remained silent through sheer inability to speak.

"What have you heard?" persisted Graham. "Tell me."

"I can't tell you; don't ask me."

"Is he with his regiment?"

"No; he sent in his papers."

"Then he is dead?"

Nell shook her head.

"Tell me quickly. I am quite strong; I shall not faint. See, I am as steady as a rock. Tell me, Nell, for Heaven's sake don't keep me in this horrible suspense!"

"I cannot tell you!" said Nell at last.

"He is married; is it so? Yes, I see it is by your silence. When was it?"

"On the day you broke the blood vessel."

"What day was that?"

"The twentieth of June."

"So soon—only twenty days! Ah, that was soon to forget me! Who was she?"

Again Nell was silent.

"Is it—that—that woman? There, you need not take hold of me; I am all right. Do you remember my telling you once that, if by any chance he married that woman, I should be ashamed to regret him? Well, Nell, I have been regretting him all these months, daily—nay, hourly; every moment of the day and night I have been hoping and longing that he would come back to me; now I would not have him if he could come. It is a pity you did not tell me sooner; I would rather have known it. Let us go in."

"My dear children," said Miss Wyvill, in the cheerful tone she always used for

Graham's sake, "how late you are! The tea has been made half an hour."

"Yes? Well, auntie, we are just finishing and dying of thirst," replied Graham with a laugh. "I think I shall drain the tea-pot."

Miss Wyvill looked at her niece sideways. This sudden change of tone startled her, and she began to think Graham's mind was giving way. She had grown accustomed to hear her say she did not want any tea, and she thought she should go to bed, or she thought she should go and lie down.

"Oh, and, auntie dear, I don't like this place at all! Could we not go on to Brussels to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"You see, it is so dull here."

"My love, you have been here only two days!"

"Yes, I know, but I hate it—you don't know how much," answered Graham. "Ah, do let us go to Brussels, and then, you know, we might go to Paris for a month or two!"

"My dear, Paris at this time of the year is simply unendurable."

"Then let us make a tour of all the Belgian towns."

Finally this was the plan agreed upon, but it was never carried out. They were safely settled in Brussels the next day, and there they remained, charmed by the cleanliness, brightness, and gaiety of the fair city. They lingered among the beautiful shops, where Graham bought many things for her cousin's *trousseau*, as a token of gratitude for the care she had taken of her during her illness.

They loitered among the quaint old architecture of the lower town, with its noble streets and mansions inhabited by the mercantile portion of the community; they gazed with reverence on the statue of Godfrey de Bouillon of famous crusading memory; they admired, perhaps more than all the stately palaces and splendid buildings—for they were but girls—the gay Parisian toilets, and, above all, the exquisite Mechlin and Brussels lace.

Enjoying the galleries of splendid paintings of both ancient and modern schools, the churches, the museums, gardens, parks, shops, concerts, the many excursions, the hotel balls, and the hundred and one amusements always to be obtained in Brussels, they remained until it was time to return to Idleminster for Nell's wedding.

Never once had Graham's spirits flagged. She appeared to have put her false love away out of her life as completely as though he had never existed. Yet, in the quiet nights, when no human eye was upon her, she lay sobbing wildly as though the terrible wound could never be healed—as though each fresh burst of grief would tear her slender frame asunder. In public she would say with scornful bravery that she would be ashamed to regret him, but in her inner life the struggle was as the parting of body and soul.

CHAPTER XV.

At the beginning of the new year Nell Wyvill and Douglas Scott were quietly married—indeed almost as quietly as Molly and Jack had been. They had no guests except Nell's nearest relatives, and the only bridesmaids were Graham Falconer and Nell's sister Conny. Nell, who was always of a practical turn, said bluntly:

"What is the use of spending a small fortune over our wedding, when we are going to follow the drum?"

They arranged to go for their honeymoon into the South of France, and it was possible that their wanderings might extend into Italy. The latter tour was however to depend on the state of their finances.

On the day after the wedding Mrs. Wyvill, with Graham and Conny, went to Ordmore.

Graham, being now of age, felt herself bound to remain during six months of the year amongst her own people. She had had the place entirely renovated whilst they were in London, and the many curiosities and articles of *virtu* which she had collected during her foreign tour were sent thither and placed in various parts of the house. A month passed away very quietly, for during that time the Fairlies, who were the nearest family to Ordmore, were visiting in the South of England. One morning however Mrs. Wyvill received an invitation for herself and her niece to the house of an old friend in Edinburgh. Graham declined at once.

"You and Conny can go, auntie. I don't care about it at all. I shall be quite happy here, and Dorothy will be back to-morrow; if I am at all dull I will go over there."

The next day therefore Mrs. Wyvill and Conny departed, leaving Graham alone in her domain. She got through the day without suffering from ennui, and on the following morning, just before luncheon time, Lady Fairlie with her year-old baby arrived.

She wanted very much to carry Graham off to Linley there and then, but her cousin put her off by saying that she would think about it; adding—

"I had a letter from Nell a few days ago."

"Yes," returned Dorothy; "and where are they now?"

"She wrote from Nice; but they were thinking of going on to Monaco the next day. She seems to be as happy as possible."

"Dear Nell!" murmured Dorothy; then, after a pause—"What do you think? Mother and the twins are coming up to see me."

"No? How delighted the twins will be! How old are they now?"

"Nearly sixteen."

"I thought they must be about that. Adele is very pretty."

"Yes. I expect she will do great things in a year or two. You see, with two sisters well married, she will have good opportunities."

They chatted on about such subjects, and Graham made much of the baby; and presently Dorothy declared she must be going.

"It will be quite dark when I get back, and Gore will be so uneasy if I am not at home when he returns. The meet is at Holme Chase to-day, so he will be very tired. Now, Graham, you will come to-morrow?"

"I don't know. The fact is I have found some old coins and old china in one of the lumber rooms, and I want to get them cleaned and arranged before aunt Grace and Conny return. Some of the china is very valuable."

"Ah, never mind such old rubbish!" pleaded Dorothy. "Do come. Why, Graham, you a regular *virtuoso*. I believe you would give your ears for a bit of real crown Derby!"

"Crown Derby is not very wonderful," said Graham gravely, "I have several sets which I value much more."

Dorothy laughed.

"Well, good-bye; you see this young

gentleman takes the place of old china with me."

And with another bright laugh she was driven away. Graham stood on the steps watching the carriage until it rolled over the bridge and was lost to sight, then she turned away with an impatient sigh, and went to the window of her boudoir, where she stood toying with the cord of the blind, perhaps more utterly sad than she had been before.

She glanced disconsolately at the costly fittings of this her especial room—at the rare porcelain of Sevres and Dresden workmanship—at the quaint grotesque treasures brought from China and Japan—at the cabinets of scented Indian woods, as fragrant as they were valuable—at the priceless old oaken tables, heirlooms in the Falconer family—at the huge Venetian mirrors and grandioses—at the rich velvet and flimsy lace curtains—at the variety of cosy lounging chairs—at the soft furs and Persian rugs disposed here and there over the polished oaken floor—at the dainty hothouse flowers with which every corner of the room was filled, and the wood-fire blazing on the open hearth. She turned from these to the great pier-glass between the windows, and surveyed herself critically. It was a fair picture that presented itself to her gaze. Her close-fitting dress of black velvet, with square collar, and deep cuffs of rarest old point lace reaching to the elbow, set off her clear transparent skin and shining coils of golden hair to perfection. She was undoubtedly a very beautiful woman, with her delicate high-bred face and graceful figure; but she turned from the glass with a groan, and clasped her hands with a passionate gesture of misery.

"Oh, good Heaven!" she murmured; "was ever woman so wretched as I? Only one-and-twenty—how shall I live through all the bitter years to come?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL."

**A**MONG the finest and most noticeable of the paintings in the English section of the International Exhibition held at Philadelphia in 1876, was "The Vintage Festival," an engraving of which is given in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. The artist, Lorens Alma Tadema, is a native of Friesland. He resided for many years in Paris, receiving medals in that city and Brussels for the uncommon merit of his works. Since the Franco-Prussian war he has resided in London. Mr. Tadema is one of the most eminent living archaeological painters, and his works restore the antique life of Greece, Rome and Egypt with great accuracy of detail. He had no less than six of his most important works in our International Exhibition. They were "The Vintage Festival," "The Mummy" and "Convalescence," in oil; and "The Picture," "The Three Friends" and "History of an Honest Wife," in water color. Gebbie and Barrie's Illustrated Catalogue of the masterpieces of our Exhibition in particularly noticing the first of these pictures, says:

"It represents the solemn dedication to Bacchus of the first fruits of the wine-press, selecting only the more elevated and dignified features of the ceremony—those deeply symbolic features connected with the branches and fruits of the vine, the progress of the deity as a conquerer of the East, and his descent into hell, which touched the hearts of the early Christians, so that the Bacchic mystery was admitted as a type of the Christian, and the daughter of the first Christian emperor was buried in a casket entwined with grapes and symbols, carved in enduring porphyry. In Mr. Tadema's exquisite picture we see the sacred procession winding into a Roman temple to offer homage to the planter of the vine. A beautiful priestess, crowned with grapes and holding a torch, advances toward the statue of the god at the left; turning her lovely face to the procession that follows her, she awaits the arrival of the offerings. Three flute girls, with the double pipe bound to the mouth of each, a pair of dancers with tambourines, and a procession bearing wine-jars and grapes, advance along the platform, whose steps are seen covered with ascending worshipers and joyous Romans as far as the eye can reach through the colonnades of the temple. The grace and elegance of the chief priestess are positively enchanting. She forms, as she stands, a white statue of perfect loveliness. \* \* \* The technical qualities of the painting are admirable; the action and character of the figures are completely Roman; the texture of the dif-

ferent marbles is felicitously given, and the silvery flood of light and air deluging the temple successful in the extreme.

"We would like to dwell with greater fullness on the works of this artist, both because he reveals and teaches so much, and because a certain austerity and simplicity in his style keep him a little above the comprehension of the vulgar. \* \* \* It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Tadema to turn out in every picture a composition utterly unlike anything that has ever been painted before. The intense devotion of his mind to archaeological research is rewarded by the unearthing of quantities of truths so old that they have the air of novelty; the texture and pattern of ancient garments, the ornaments of buildings in mixed transitional periods, the habits of a vanished civilization, are made to flash on the eye like a revelation. Not a shoe, nor a finger-ring, but is of the epoch represented; the monstrous frizzled wigs of the later empresses, the thick plaited ones of Egyptian kings, the tasteless cumber of Pompeian or Roman colonial architecture, are set down remorselessly, with a love of the bizarre that sometimes verges upon caricature. With all his book-learning, his style is generally direct, limpid and transparent to a high degree."

## UPS AND DOWNS.

## A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

## CHAPTER IV.

IF any one have supposed that Jasper's blunt announcement to Ferguson of the great misfortune that was on him, showed want of affection for John Hughitt, his uncle, or in any way a hardness of heart in the midst of catastrophe, it is because he does not know young men well, and, which may be pardoned, because he does not know Jasper Rising. The truth is, that with young fellows like these in their closest intimacy, a great deal is taken for granted; and there is what to cynics seems an affected reticence, when they have to deal with matters of affection, of sentiment, or other phases of the inner life. In this case the whole electricity of the day's thunder-cloud had flashed out in an instant. In the midst of praise and congratulation and flattery, Jasper had caught intimations not unlike what Dr. Webster had expressed to Horace; and, fairly or not, he had the notion that people thought it was easier for him to speak bravely because he was a rich man, or next to a rich man. There was not a feeling of envy of his companions, for Jasper was not a fool, but an impression that he could not be rated for his own merits, because he had the luxury of fortune. And therefore it was, that, when he saw Asaph's honest face all struggling with sympathy which Asaph was powerless to speak, his eyes filling with tears which Asaph had no wish to check,—when Asaph blundered out his question, "What does

this mean?" Jasper replied by an ejaculation quite as far from the deepest grief of the moment, an ejaculation, which, if you opened it out to the full extent of words, would mean exactly this, "There is only this comfort in it all, that now you fellows and I are all equals in the world. If you have to start on the world without favors, why, just so have I."

There was no prayer-bell the next morning; but Jasper woke, of course, at six minutes before six, just as regularly as if Kiernan were beginning again on the "tap, tap, tap," of the "second bell;" woke from a sleep as steady and sound as if he had not been the hero of the day before, and had not learned at night the saddest news he had heard, with one great and infinite exception, since he was born; first of all, to the thought that the day had come at last for which he had been hoping in most of the mornings for four years past, the day when he should not have to rise at the tap of the bell, but might turn over and take one nap more; woke, alas! to have the second thought come in a moment, that there was something else before him than another nap, and to the consciousness, alas! that there was no comfort in the bed, and little comfort anywhere that day.

After breakfast, the four came up again to Jasper's room, quietly enough this time, and very thoughtfully. All of them had the memory of that Tuesday afternoon, with its nonsense about the way in which their fortunes should be made, and

its certainty that everybody, if he chose, might lean on Jasper in the making. And now all of his friends, with the carefulness of young men, which is a very different thing from that of men who are used to care, were wondering what they could do to relieve Jasper's anxiety, and, almost by a law of Nature, drifted together here to make such offer and such suggestion as each man could, and to relieve him, as far as they could, at the least, of petty annoyance.

Ferguson had told the others, and Ferguson's advice was substantially best worth their taking. Horace was to stay in Cambridge three or four weeks to work over a boy who was behind-hand in his mathematics for the freshman examination. He therefore undertook the clearing Jasper's rooms, the sale of his furniture, the packing of his books, and the forwarding of the boxes to Jasper wherever he might be. "Hard to tell that," said poor Jasper. Horace was also to pay Jasper's bills, of which he made a list, not doubtful as to amount, nor fearful indeed. His uncle had just made him a remittance, quite large enough to clear every thing; and though the fellows all begged him to take money from them, to pay them when he should "have a chance, you know," Jasper said no! He would keep a hundred and fifty dollars, and would leave the rest in Asaph's care and Horace's. "Hard on old Harvard," said he, "if with 'the best education my country can afford,' a hundred and fifty dollars will not start me somewhere;" not that he had any real expectation of any resurrection of the lumber affairs. But Jasper, better than any of them, knew the country, knew the West, and knew himself.

I am not sure but the experience of the Commencement platform, of the presence of mind with which he had torn safety and victory there, out of the failure of his preconceived plans, had a good deal to do with his confidence as to himself of to-day.

So they talked, so they decided, not saying much of the great grief of personal loss, but feeling it all the same, while Jasper, with George's help, filled up one and another trunk with clothes, packed one smaller valise for immediate purposes, sat down, every now and then, to write a note of farewell and apology to Mrs. Quincy, to Mrs. Channing, to Judge Story, or to others who had been kind to him; remembered one and another forgotten commission, which he dictated to the faithful and accurate Ferguson; and so at noon, locking up for the moment the chaos of the room, but yesterday so pretty and comfortable, they went with him to the omnibus at Willard's, and bade him good-by.

Five in the afternoon saw Jasper in the Norwich train on his way to New York. He had made his state farewells in Boston on the old family friends, and others who had been kind to him there. He had had a long and thoroughly discouraging talk with Edmeston & Co., his uncle's business friends in Boston, to whom he had sometimes had occasion to go before, with one or another commission about money or affairs. The Edmeston he liked was in Maine. From the other Edmeston, if indeed he were not the partner named Lavingstone, Jasper got no comfort. The truth was, that the country was just on the eve of a convulsion; and men of real intelligence and foresight knew it was. Every ship was running before the wind, with all its flying kites out.

No one dared take in an inch of sail; and yet there were a hundred reasons for being sure that a complete cyclone would be on them soon. When, at such an instant, you see from your own deck one of the outside cruisers of the fleet flap over on her beam-ends, — when you see her rise for an instant, only because all her top-hamper is gone, and one, two, or three of her masts are snapped and trailing in ruin from their stumps, — you are in no condition, while wondering at what moment the storm may strike you, to say much to anybody in the way of encouragement. All the great typhoons which have swept away credit and commerce in England and America have been preceded by special accidents, which seemed wholly separate or independent, in which one or another strong firm went under. Separate or sporadic such accidents seem. But each one of them is enough to give one more hint of the shakiness of all foundations. And so each one does vastly more than it would do at any other time to abate and chill that mutual confidence which is the foundation of all our enterprises of today.

Jasper came to the station, therefore, hot, tired, and discouraged. The day was one of those dragging sultry days of middle July. Half the people he had tried to see were not at home, — an experience which is one of the most depressing ones on days when you are so cast down or jaded, that you would be glad of shade and a chair, even if it were in an ogre's cave that they were offered you. The people he had found were not those he wanted to find, — another misfortune; and the only one to whom he went for counsel or suggestion had offered him none.

So Jasper was hot, tired, and discouraged.

Hot, tired, and discouraged he rode to Framingham, which is the first station for express-trains west of Boston.

It was a little thing that roused him there, but it was enough to give a different color to his afternoon and evening. He had a pretty habit, which I only knew in one other man, of filling a mug at the station water-tap in the five minutes' stop of a train for wood and water, of carrying it along the side of the train, and offering it to tired and hot-looking women sitting within, who were afraid to go out and seek it for themselves. After years have introduced the water-boys in cars, or the travelling water-butt and faucet. But, in the earlier days I write of, Jasper found eager welcome for his cup of cold water, and never travelled in hot weather without trying the experiment, almost as of course. As he passed along with his second mugful, and looked up at the open windows, his eye caught on a face which seemed not strange; and in a moment, when the girl he looked upon said prettily, "Danke," Jasper saw that she was the German girl whom only on Tuesday he had picked up in Sudbury Street, and carried with her little brother to their home. He ran back with his empty mug, then came at once into that car to join her, — and of course was free now from this wondering and brooding, — the suspense and questioning which had been the curse of the last twelve hours.

Sure enough the little lame boy was there also. His leg was nicely done up in splints, and he sitting, not very sorry to be the hero of the occasion, at full length on the seat he occupied. Bertha's mother, careful, anxious, thoroughly respectable, and

greatly frightened, and Bertha herself, made all the rest of the party. Jasper's first words, in poor enough German, were to excuse himself for leaving Boston without coming to inquire after his little charge. Then, by hook and by crook, he made out the detail of their story and plans.

The doctor had set the little boy's broken leg, as he saw. Nor was the fracture a very bad one. But it would need time for the healing; and the time would have been tedious in so hot and confined a region as that which Jasper had found them in in Boston. So as Mad. Schwartz had a brother, a lieber theurer Bruder, who had a pleasant house in the highlands of New Jersey not far out of New York, they had, with the doctor's permission and connivance, started to take the little fellow there, evidently sure of a hospitable welcome. Indeed, as Jasper made out, Bertha had already been invited for a visit in her vacation, and would have gone along. Jasper pleased himself with the notion that he could be of some service to them in the transfer to and from the Norwich boat; and, in the amusements and difficulties of talking German with them, was well kept from brooding over his own position in the ride, which is not a long one, for the rest of the way to Norwich. Arrived there, it was true enough that his presence was a real advantage. How they expected to transfer poor little Will, I hardly know. The transfer was made by Jasper's bodily taking the child in his arms, after the great mass of travel had gone by. Then when two women stopped on the gang-way to wonder if they must go, and inquire where their trunks were,—or when an orange-seller selected the middle of a flight of stairs for his trade,—or when a stout gentleman

set down two valises and a band-box in the door-way of a cabin, while he counted his money and hunted up the baggage-checks which he would need the next morning, Jasper's cheery loud voice, "Please make way for this boy,—will you let this boy pass,—will you step aside for this boy,—this boy is lame if you please,"—cleared the track once and again, till the little fellow was comfortably disposed of in a stateroom, and the women had him again in their especial care.

At the landing in New York the same scene was renewed. They were not to go at once to the country home, but were to report at the store,—as it was vaguely called,—which proved to be the counting-room of a great wholesale basket establishment in which Mr. Kaufmann Baum was a junior partner. "Will you have a carriage, sir,"—"Here's your nice comfortable carriage," and the rest of the war-cries of the six nations, who still assemble in barbaric pomp at the New-York landing as they did when Hendrick Hudson first stepped ashore there, would have been to poor Bertha's mother as unintelligible as the classical Onondaga itself was to the English seaman then. But Jasper had kept his forces well in hand. You always arrive in New York on these Eastern boats an hour or two before the great city is itself awake, always excepting that guard, which, as above, by night and day patrols its shores. With difficulty untold, however, Jasper made his friends understand that Mr. Baum would certainly not be at the counting-room before nine o'clock; and so, as I say, he held them in hand, nor let them rush on too soon to Richmond. At nine he liberated them. He had used his skill in physiognomy well, in selecting an amiable chief from the men of the war-whoops,—I think a



Scot of the clan of McDougal. Again he lifted little Will to a seat. They found without mistake the counting-room, behind more baby-wagons and market-baskets and baskets without a name, than Jasper had before known there were in the world. Although Mr. Baum would not be there for an hour, he would be there then; and Jasper was able to leave them, confident that they were comfortable, and that, as far as they were concerned, all was well.

So much had the little German girl done for him on what would else have been the hardest day of his life. She had kept him from himself, — no slight protection.

## CHAPTER V.

NONE of the social contrasts of our modern life are more curious than some of those which show themselves in the condition of emigrants from the same family, who meet in America after long separation. It was certainly no want of natural affection which had kept Bertha's mother and her uncle parted in the few months since Mr. Schwarz and his family had arrived in Boston. So soon as they had arrived Mrs. Schwarz had written to her brother, and had received from him that cordial invitation to join him on as long a visit as she would care to make, which she was now accepting. From week to week almost, she had proposed to make the visit, and from week to week it had been deferred. From week to week, for the same reason, the prosperous, active, New-York merchant, to whom every hour was precious, had dismissed from his mind any wish to go to Boston to find his sister. He knew perfectly well, that he was more prosperous in external affairs than her

husband was, and, in whatever way was courteous, he had offered such facilities and helps as he could, to aid in their establishment in their new home. But his brother-in-law Schwarz was not in need. He was as proud a man as was Kaufmann Baum, and not in the habit of asking help of any man, unless he needed it. It was more than twenty years since Baum had crossed the Atlantic, leaving his sister a little child, the youngest of the immense family, which was but just beginning to swarm.

Kaufmann Baum had in that time thriven in his worldly affairs; and when our little Bertha and her lame brother and her mother found him in New York, he was, not a rich man, but a successful merchant of fifty years old, who had in his hands the management of the business of a large firm, and had the thorough respect and confidence of all men with whom he had to do. It was thirty years since he first left Germany, — his youngest sister, Margaret, the Mrs. Schwarz whom he now met, then little more than a baby. In the earlier part of that time he had made one or two visits to Hamburg; but for the last twenty years, the inducements to cross the ocean had been less, and an occasional letter on each side had kept up the friendly intercourse between the divided parts of the family. Just who Schwarz was, whom his sister Margaret had married, he did not know. When he remembered his father's little house and shop, some ten miles from Altona, distance lent enchantment to the view, and it did not occur to him to measure their economies and simplicity squarely and distinctly against the comforts of his present life. Meanwhile, as the thirty years crept by, the comforts of the Baum establishment in Germany

grew less and less. When at last Margaret did marry this Mr. Schwarz, who was half book-dealer and half music-master of a neighboring town, she knew that she went to life rather less easy than her father's; but she loved her husband, and she did not care. On Kaufmann's side, in New York, there had been no great sense of enlarging grandeur; on Margaret's side, in Germany, there had been no distinct sense of decay. When she found herself living in four rooms, in a narrow street in Boston, she did not think herself in hard or narrow circumstances; and when Kaufmann Baum drove up to his pretty house in Orange, from the station, and stopped to enjoy the opening of the rhododendrons in his avenue, he did not often reflect that he was not used to avenues or rhododendrons in his boyhood. But when in his own counting-room he saw her, with her characteristic best dress, looking just as his own mother looked when he went to the village church with her in Lauenburg, he was partly amazed and partly amused. He was amazed that he himself had not been conscious that she was not changed as much as he. He was amused to see how in the complete change of his condition hers was still precisely the same. When he turned from the kissing his sister and holding her at arms' length, to make sure of her and to praise her, — when he turned to look at the shy, freckled, silent Bertha who stood by, — then he felt indeed that he was but nineteen years old again, — that this was his own sister Thekla, whom since then he had not seen, and in this world would never see. He called her Thekla once, twice, three times, with his eyes running over. From that time forth he seldom called her any thing but

Thekla; and the poor shy child was sure of the very fullest and sweetest of his love.

And so, after eager talking and wondering in the counting-room, the prosperous brother fitted off sister, niece, and little lame nephew, under the careful escort of a spruce clerk, who was not to leave them till he had delivered them safely at the home in Orange. For Kaufmann Baum there was, of course, no holiday; no, not if fifty sisters and a hundred nieces had come. Attentive clerk — amused to find himself in charge of these quaint German people — did his duty well; his patent leathers and other elegancies not actually refusing to serve him in such commonplace exigency. And, a little after noon, the emigrant party found themselves safely in the airy hall of the pretty house in Orange; so that Margaret the mother, and the frightened Bertha, and poor tired little Will went through their next welcome. Elegant clerk of the patent leathers bade good-by, and returned to the copying-book.

Mrs. Baum was probably more amused than her husband by the apparition; nay, I am afraid, that, when she wrote a jubilant letter to her sister about it the next week, she owned to being "tickled." She had never been in Germany. A spirited, wide-awake Yankee girl, whom Kaufmann had fallen in with at Brattleboro', I believe, — energetic, affectionate, and true, she had learned in fifty ways to adapt herself to his German habits, knowing that in five hundred, he was adapting himself to hers. Cut though she had seen many German gentlemen, and a few German ladies, she had never till now seen a simple Lauenberger and the Lauenberger's children, in their own manner as they lived. She had learned to

talk German freely enough, with a pretty distinct Vermont accent. It was enough better German than Jasper's, however. And it needed no correctness of genders to make dear little Wilhelm comfortable, nor any thing after the first hand-grip and hearty kiss, and the sight of her brimming eyes, to make all the wanderers feel sure that in the palace around them they were to be perfectly welcome, and at ease.

Palace it seemed to them. What it was, — was simply that perfection of comfort, and shall one not say beauty, — the generous wooden house, with a hall running through the middle; square rooms in each corner, large and high, with additional rooms gained behind by a wing thrown out there; the house in which hundreds of thousands of people live, — one day we will say millions, — in the villages round our cities; in which, if there be a little breathing space reserved, a little garden for beauty and fragrance, the highest possibility of human happiness yet, so far as externals of comfort and pleasure go, may be said to have been gained. Mary took Margaret and the lame boy to the regular "spare chamber" of her pretty house, where she had arranged a little cot for him, and then led Bertha to what she told her had been called "Bertha's room" ever since in the winter they heard that her father and his family were coming over. How nice that was, that the room really had her name! Poor little Bertha was not so sadly frightened after all; and when she fairly saw how pretty the little room was, — and when big Patrick fairly brought in her travel-worn trunk and unstrapped it for her, — and she really felt that she was mistress here, the dear child fairly flung herself into

Aunt Mary's arms. I need not describe the room. It was pretty enough: you have just such a room in your house when you try to make it look nice. It was not the room which upset Bertha. It was that they had named it "Bertha's room." And that with her American cousins she was not to be a bit homesick, but was from the first at home.

From that moment there was no danger for our poor, shy, freckled, heavy-shoed Bertha. In the first place, she was not always heavy-shoed. When she had put off her travel-dress, and came down for dinner, she was in exquisite German neatness of toilet, — as different, yes, from Aunt Mary in costume, as if she had come from the planet Hebe; but in dress as pretty in its way as if she had been a prima donna assoluta in a German opera company, and were going to sing the music of "Leonora." Aunt Mary would have been loyal and true, — *treue und feste*, — had she come down in hob-nail shoes and the cap of Cinderella's god-mother. But Bertha had no occasion to; she was at ease with her aunt, and her aunt was delighted with her. Little Will had dropped to sleep, and it was clear the bandages had not been displaced; and so everybody was thankful, and satisfied with the day. At 5.30 the sound of wheels on the gravel called everybody to the door, — Bertha's little cousins whose older brothers and sister were at college and school, Aunt Mary, Mrs. Schwartz, Bertha, and all, — and in a minute there was another genuine welcome as Kaufmann Baum, fresh and cheery after the shipping of ten million or more baskets to fourteen hundred thousand consignees or less, found himself at home.

Friday evening, the custom was, that such of the neighbors as chose,

came in to the Baums' house for a little amateur music; and to Bertha's terror, not to say Margaret's, this custom was announced after their coffee had been served. Bertha was, indeed, too much frightened to dare to ask to go up into her own room, as she would have been glad to do, though she would have liked the music. All she could do was to shelter herself behind Aunt Mary or at her side, as well as she could, and to be thankful, so thankful, that everybody knew she could speak no English. As if anybody would have questioned the poor child if she had. By and by she came to be more at ease. Her uncle's grand piano was the finest she had ever seen; her uncle's violin, though by no means what her father's was in his hands, was the instrument of a man who felt music in his heart, and attempted nothing he could not do. Two or three of the ladies who came in, and one of the gentlemen, sang well together. But Bertha's real delight came, when one of these ladies sat down to the piano, and accompanied her uncle's violin in a duet from Mozart, of which the theme was very dear to her, but which she had never heard in this arrangement before. She fairly came out from her little nest, and, before she knew it, was thanking her uncle, and, with eyes full of tears, trying to make him know how much pleasure he had given her. Kaufmann Baum had been all the evening watching the little frightened bird, while she thought everybody had forgotten her. He knew perfectly well that she inherited his mother's passion for music, and her own father's quickness and facility in execution. But he knew, as well, that she was ill at ease in his parlor, and that she must not be startled. Curious as he was, there-

fore, to hear her play, there had been no word spoken to her of playing. And now, in answer to her enthusiasm, Kauffmann only nodded, and with his bow drew from the violin a few notes of an air from "The Apollo," which is one of Mozart's earlier works, least remembered, and asked her if she played it. He had caught her with guile. It was an old home favorite, and he knew it. The eager girl, hardly knowing what she did, turned to the piano, struck into the air at once in an arrangement which amazed even Kaufmann Baum, so curiously did it recall even the orchestral harmonies of the piece, as Mozart himself adapted it for the stage. Bertha was perfectly happy. She had never had the command of such an instrument; but, under her father's careful training, she was wholly at ease in the control of the piano. No lesser word describes her power over it. And now that it did what she wanted it to do as it had never done before, now that it returned the melody and the harmony of her dear Mozart in a fashion not all unworthy of his conception, Bertha was conscious of a new element in her life. With absolute unconsciousness she finished the air, and then was beside herself with terror to find what she had done.

But they soothed her. They did not praise her too much for her comfort. They simply made her understand that she could play accompaniments for them a good deal better than they could play them for themselves. In a word, they made the dear child feel that she was of use, and so they made her comfortable. And when her comfort was thus once secured, why, her place at the piano was fixed for almost all the evening. Child though she was, she had brought

into Kaufmann Baum's Friday soirée the element of genius; and they all knew perfectly well, that, excepting as genius can be copied by talent, this element had never been there before.

## CHAPTER VI.

JASPER RISING TO ASAPH FERGUSON.

DUQUESNE, MICHIGAN, July 26.

DEAR OLD BOY,—Here I am at last. I have been here twenty-four hours and more. I answer your first question first, and tell you that every thing is as bad as it can be.

My poor aunt was in bed when the fire broke out; had been for weeks, as I told you. She struggled up, of course, when they brought him in; but he spoke no word,—if indeed he were alive. If any thing could have broken her more, it was of course that. She almost killed herself by the efforts she made that night, and in the days between till the funeral, and since the funeral till I came, has not left her bed again.

But I am before my story. You see I have taken one of our large Western sheets, that I may tell you the whole of it, to do my best to give you the full worth of your quarter.

I had a tough day, the day I left you,—you remember how muggy and hot it was,—till I was fairly on the train. Then I had quite an adventure, which will make you laugh if we ever see each other again. No matter what it was now; but that in my poor way I did the duty in New York, Friday morning, of the father of an interesting family, till I left them in better care than mine. For an hour or two at least, I forgot this wretchedness; and that does not happen to me often. There came a day not to be got rid of so easily.

You do not know what a business-day in New York in the end of July is, and I hope you never may. But after it, there was the boat up the river at night,—and such a night! if you remember it,—which made some compensation. Once for all, let me relieve you by saying that I have not any night carried my troubles to bed with me.

You know my tastes so well, that you know I would gladly have taken the packet-boat on the canal at Albany. Such times as I have had ever since I can remember any thing, on these boats and the Ohio boats with dear Uncle John! But now, of course, time is every thing to me,—and, to my relief, I found we were just early enough for the first Schenectady train. That in its turn arrives just in time for the passengers to change cars at Schenectady for Utica. No! If a snake-head had come through the bottom of that car and spitted me from the toe of my foot to the longest hair in my scalp, I had not been here. You may tell Fergus, therefore, of my happy escape. You know how afraid he is of railway riding. Tell him that I do not think, among all my fellow-passengers, more than seven were spitted by snake-heads, and that, in the week of my travelling, I certainly did not see ten collisions, all told. That will satisfy his taste for the horrible, and will be quite safe for you and me. You need not tell him that my eyes were put out by cinders, and that I was three strata deep in Mohawk valley dirt when the day ended. I satisfied myself at Utica that I should gain nothing by lying over Sunday at Syracuse; and I stopped there, therefore, and took the day at our dear Trenton Falls. Ah well! It is as lovely as when you and I were there.

People talk of angry waters. This water is not angry. It is calm, deliberate, dignified forethought that sends it on. It was a good thing to do, — taking the Sunday there. And, Ferguson, I tell you that I believe I have been more set on my feet by something a man named Buckingham said in his sermon at the village, and by lying in the drawing-room in the evening, while Moore the hotel-keeper was playing on a parlor organ he has there, than by any that has happened to me in the week beside.

The next morning, as day broke, we were off for Utica, two of us in a buggy.

"Few streaks announced the coming day,  
How slow, alas, he came!"

Then came my longest pull, — a very hard ride; but every thing has its end, and at night we were in Buffalo. I inquired instantly about boats, but my luck had left me. The "Clinton" was gone, which is the boat I like; and I had to put up with the "Indiana," which I do not like. However, that is all over now. At Detroit I spent the whole of one day and part of the next. At all these places the misery was, that I was meeting dear Uncle John's friends, and everywhere I had my sad story to tell. You see, dear old Hazlitt sent his letter across to be mailed at Kent, struck the mail here, and it was the only news from here which had got out at all. Nobody at Detroit had a suspicion of it, and I had to go through the horror of telling it forty times over.

But I have used half my paper, and I do not get on. Generally we come round here by steam from Detroit; but I could not wait after I had seen and talked with the Ellises, and tried coming across, which I have

never done before. I probably chose my route wrong, as it proved, but it is all guess-work. I took the rail to Dexter, and then came across country, over, under, through mud and corduroy such as you cannot dream of. Really I could have walked as fast as we came; but, after forty-five miles of such walking one day, I should not have cared to take forty-five the next. Nor did I care to take so much riding in the "mail," — the mail a canvas-top wagon with one seat behind the driver, — changing horses when it listed. But I had to. And then, St. Leger, when the ninety miles were over, did not I wish for you? I struck the river at Petit Pré, and there the mail-carrier's labors ceased. Our mail, in a state of nature, would have waited there for eleven days. It did not have to wait so long this time. I saw my old friend Dundas at once, the first man I had seen who knew any thing of what had passed here. You can guess if I pumped him for news. I borrowed his canoe, and floated and paddled down the long lovely reaches which make the twenty miles from Petit Pré here. I have done it a hundred times, taking or bringing the mail, but it never seemed so beautiful. How I wished I had you or Horace in the boat! I think it would have knocked you. The sun went down when I had been on the water an hour. Then such a sunset, moon-rise, and star-light! and the water and the woods so still! It was eleven o'clock Saturday night when I got in. I was only nine whole days from Boston, including my necessary stops at New York and Detroit. My uncle never did it in so short time. It shows what a science travelling is reduced to.

Now you want to know what I find

and how I feel. Dear St. Leger, I find nothing; and I do not know how I feel. As I tell you, my poor aunt is wholly prostrated. All the people in the house are wellnigh panic-struck. They have had nearly three weeks of uncertainty and depression since the fire; and though Hazlitt and John Water have done their best in putting a good front on things, and have kept the different hands here at work in trying to reduce the wreck to some order, there is, after all, but little front to put; and the wreck is of no great account to one who has known the place in its growing activity. There was absolutely nothing here but my uncle's wharves, — which are gone; his warehouse, which is gone; his own house, and a few frame-houses and log-cabins that the work-people lived in. These last are still standing, but poor Andrew did not save his "north warf." Every thing that would burn burned to the water's edge. When I reflect that at eight and twenty my uncle came here and struck the first tree which white man struck here, with his own axe, — that he saw all that was here grow up under his own eye, — I ask myself why, at one and twenty, I hesitate about starting on this ruin to rebuild what my own eyes have seen here. But to this the answer is, first, that the wilder-

ness was his, and the ruin is not mine; second, that my first duty is to care for my aunt, for whom it is very difficult to care in such a corner of the world; third, that at twenty-one, with the "best education, &c.," I am not what he was at eight and twenty. That is a hard confession to make, but I have to make it. At Detroit I spent the day with his counsel, talking about administration on his estate, and all that. I went so far as to ask whether the people interested would possibly appoint me administrator, or ask for my appointment. But it was quite clear that Mr. Ellis thought that a Harvard graduate was not the man to know about these lumber-men and logging rights; he was civil enough, but I saw that I must drop that dream, for which I am sorry, for I know that nobody really understands Uncle John's plans as I do. I have not the slightest fear that the estate will not pay every demand. He was too far-sighted and too honest to die a bankrupt. I hope my aunt may have something. At all events, whatever I have, she has. And with this I must close, well aware that I have told you nothing. Tell the fellows they must all write; and do not think I am down-hearted. Always yours, J. R.

[To be continued.]



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

### WARWICK CASTLE.

**A**MONG the chief objects of interest with which "merrie England" abounds, are its "stately homes,"

"Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land."

Viewing their magnificent grounds, setting off to advantage their grand proportions, we are apt to think only of their romantic associations and by-gone splendors, losing sight entirely of all to which Tennyson alludes in his keen, forcible lines:

"To make old baseness picturesque,  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower."

Certainly, on entering for the first time one of the most beautiful regions of Warwickshire, and beholding its noblest landmark, Warwick Castle, we would find it very difficult to believe that here had ever been known aught but peace. Gazing from the main road, as it crosses a bridge spanning a narrow stream,

beyond the waters of the Avon, rendered far more famous by their aforesaid proximity to a grand, sweet soul than ever to a huge pile of stone, we may see the walls gray with age, and the frowning towers and battlements, half-hidden and made graceful, instead of terrible, by the gigantic chestnuts and cedars, and the luxuriant abundance of lichens and ivy.

We approach the castle, rising from the summit of a steep hill, through a passage cut out of the solid rock centuries ago—and gloomy still it remains, though wondrously softened by a later growth of vines and wild-flowers. Passing the same porter's lodge and portcullis that echoed to the tread of ancient knights and barons, we are suddenly confronted by a line of bold fortifications—Guy's Tower rises proudly on the right, Caesar's on the left, and they are connected by a ponderous wall, in the centre of which is an enormous arched gateway flanked with towers, and succeeded by a second arched gateway, also flanked with towers. The moat is no longer used, and an arch is thrown over it, where of old was



the drawbridge. Beyond these formidable barriers is the inner court-yard; but now, instead of resounding to the hoofs of mailed steeds, all is quiet and peaceful. The castle itself is seen beyond a lovely green lawn, and a picturesque investiture of trees, ivy and evergreen shrubs.

The main entrance is by a flight of stone steps to the Great Hall. This is three hundred and thirty-three feet long, and its walls are decorated with armor of various periods. Among the pieces here displayed are the brass-studded helmet worn by Cromwell, the suit of mail belonging to Montrose, and the doublet in which Lord Broke was slain at Lichfield. On one side of the hall are the state apartments, and on the other the private ones, which last are not shown to visitors. Of all the rooms, however, it may be said that they have little of interest

tains a set of crimson velvet furniture, and hangings of Brussels tapestry, once the property of Queen Anne. The Great Dining-Room is adorned by a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, said to be the best in existence. Throughout there are fine examples of bronzes, china and statuary, with paintings by the most noted artists in addition to those mentioned, including Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa and Andrea del Sarto.

From any of the windows a most magnificent view may be obtained; but especially is this the case from the summit of Guy's Tower. This is reached by a flight of one hundred and thirty-three steps; but one is well repaid for the exertion in mounting them. We may see "the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuck-



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

in themselves, other than might just as well attach to any elegant rooms, for they have all been refurnished according to modern styles, preserving to themselves few of the ancient characteristics as part of the dwelling-place of the Warwicks. So they will be found chiefly attractive on account of some of the famous paintings contained within them.

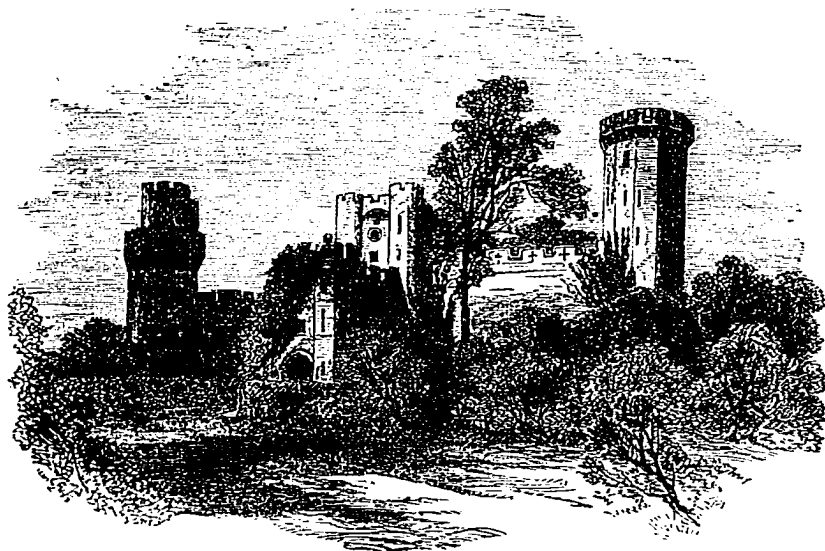
In the Cedar Drawing-Room are "Charles I," by Vandyke; "Circe," by Guido; and some fine Etruscan vases. In the Gilt Drawing-Room are the "Earl of Strafford," "Charles I," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyke; "Ignatius Loyola," by Rubens; and "A Young Girl," by Murillo. In the Boudoir we may find "Henry VIII" and "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; and "A Boar Hunt" and "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens. The State Bed-Room con-

tains a set of crimson velvet furniture, and hangings of Brussels tapestry, once the property of Queen Anne. The Great Dining-Room is adorned by a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, said to be the best in existence. Throughout there are fine examples of bronzes, china and statuary, with paintings by the most noted artists in addition to those mentioned, including Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa and Andrea del Sarto.

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The name of Guy is given to so many objects in and about Warwick, from a cliff and a cave down to a "flesh-fork" and a pair of stirrups, that we can scarce help being interested to know more regarding this doughty warrior; but the stories concerning him

champion is, that after his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he began doing penance as a hermit. While he lived secluded in the neighborhood of his own castle, his wife was mourning for him, and praying for his coming again. It was the

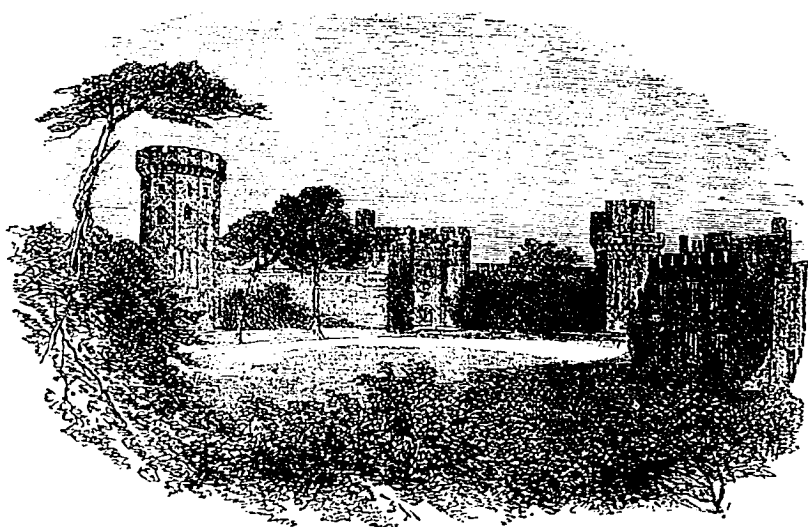


THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.

are so mingled with fable that it seems impossible to learn any truth of him excepting his matchless courage. He is said to have died in the year 929, A. D., aged about seventy years.

The prettiest legend connected with this valorous

lady's daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering and needy, and often unconsciously she gave to her husband among her pensioners. At length he found himself dying, and made himself known to her by sending her a ring. She hastened to his death-



THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.

bed, and survived him but fourteen days, and they were both buried in the cave in which the poor penitent had lived and died.

The history of Warwick Castle itself is lost in obscurity. It is supposed originally to have been a Celtic settlement, converted into a fortress by the Romans. In Anglo-Saxon times, Warwick was included in the kingdom of Mercia, and at that period it "fell under the dominion of Warremund, who rebuilt it, and called it Warrewyke, after his own name." Next it was destroyed by the Danes, and restored by Lady Ethelsled, daughter of King Alfred,

vastation, that in 1315 'it was returned in an inquisition as worth nothing, excepting the herbage on the ditches, valued at 6s. 8d.'" The new building was commenced by Thomas Beauchamp in 1337, and Guy's Tower was added by his second son, of the same name, in 1394. In spite of all subsequent alterations, Warwick Castle retains its ancient grandeur to the present day.

But it has never remained for any great length of time in one family; often has the title of Earl of Warwick been borne by the heir of another house upon the extinction of the preceding one. In this

way, following the Domesday Survey, we find the names of Newburgh, Mauduit, Beauchamp, Nevil, Dudley, Rich and Greville succeeding each other (the last continuing until our own times), interspersed with others—Marchal, Placetus, Plantagenet—in which the honors continued but a short time—perhaps less than one generation. The title, too, has been held in abeyance.

Of the lords of Warwick, many have been rendered illustrious by their own powers, independent of their inherited advantages. The first of these is the half-fabulous hero Morvidus, who lived in the days of King Arthur, and from whom is derived the ancient crest of a bear and a ragged staff. It is said that he, "being a man of valor, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof, he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognisance." Then follows Guy, son of Synard, with his gallant exploits against the Danes, and his slaying of prodigious animals, among them "the dun

cow," "the greatest boar that ever man saw," and "the mighty dragon in Northumberland that destroyed men, women and children." His namesake, Guy de Beauchamp, was renowned for his valor in attending his king in the war with Scotland, and for his brave conduct at the battle of Falkirk he was liberally rewarded with the estates of several conquered Scottish noblemen; he was among those who seized Piers Gaveston, conveying the unfortunate favorite to Warwick Castle, whence he was removed to be executed. Richard is said to have had the most successful career of any Warwick; in addition to his regular titles, he was called the "Father of Courtesye." His son Henry was the last of the



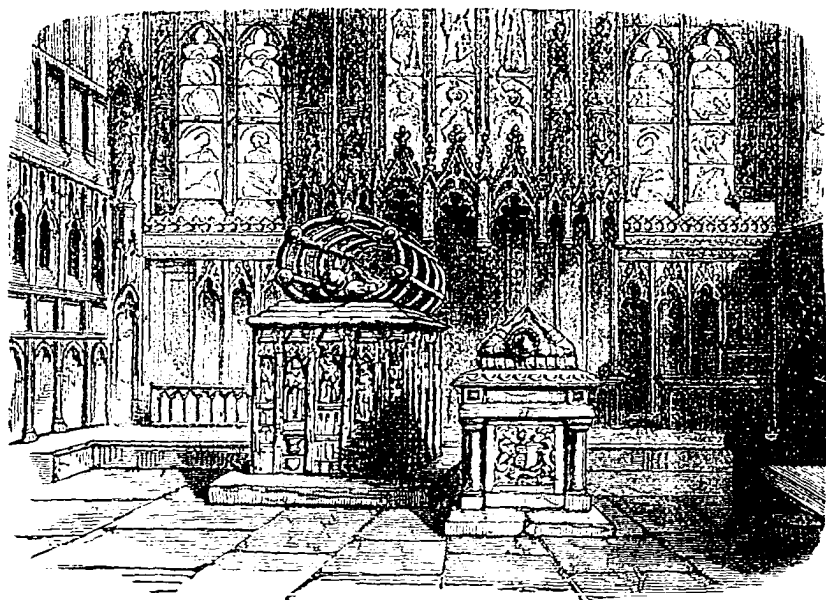
THE KEEP, FROM THE INNER COURT.

being destroyed again by the Danes in 1016. On the accession of William the Conqueror, he gave orders to Turchel, their then owner, to rebuild and fortify the castle and town, subsequently, however, taking them from him, and giving them to Henry de Newburghs.

From this time forward, through several centuries, the annals of the stronghold seem to be little else than a succession of alternate destructions and repairs. It may be interesting to note that, in 1263, "William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick, was surprised by the adherents of Simon de Montfort, then holding Kenilworth, and the walls of the castle were completely destroyed; indeed, so complete was the de-

Beauchamps, dying at the early age of twenty-two, having, however, been previously loaded with honors by his sovereign, being created Premier Earl of England, Duke of Warwick and King of the Isle of Wight, Henry VI himself crowning his favorite.

St. Mary is very old, being mentioned in the Doomsday Book; probably it was built about 1123, though it has been remodeled so often as to be scarce identical with the first church of that name. In the crypt still remains the ducking-stool, recalling the days of



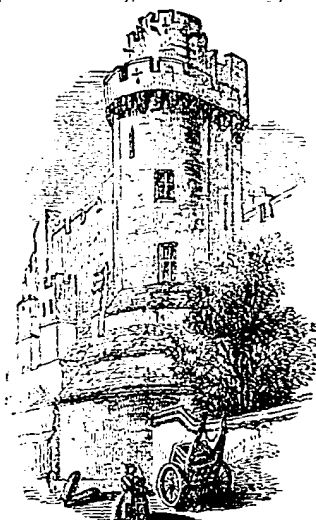
THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL.—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

Warwick then passed into the hands of Richard Nevil, famous in history as the kingmaker, who held the balance between the families of York and Lancaster, involved England in bloodshed and confusion and placed one after the other two kings upon the throne. Nevil's daughter Isabel married George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, who, though showing no great strength of character, has been rendered famous by his misfortunes, being, not long after his creation as Earl of Warwick, attainted of high treason, and drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine in the Tower. His son was not exempt from affliction, being beheaded on Tower Hill.

The successor of the second hapless Duke of Clarence, John Dudley, to whom the title was granted after being held in abeyance, was one of the most active of the noblemen taking part in the conspiracy in behalf of Lady Jane Grey, for which he also was beheaded. Of the family of Rich, we need only mention Robert, Lord High Admiral for the Long Parliament, and his son, who married a daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The Grevilles are chiefly famous as being descended from the illustrious Lord Brooke, or Broke, as it was then written, whose proudest boast, as recorded on his tombstone, was that he was "servant to Quene Elizabeth, Concellor to King James and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

Besides the castle proper, there are many objects of interest in and about Warwick. The Church of

common scolds and witches. Connected with the ancient sanctuary is the Beauchamp Chapel, one of the most exquisite buildings in the country, the carvings



CÆSAR'S TOWER.

and the stained glass being of great beauty. Here rest the remains of Richard Beauchamp, its founder, who died in 1439. His tomb is among the most

magnificent of monuments in England. It consists of an altar-tomb of fine Purbeck marble, upon which is a recumbent figure in armor, made of gilded brass. Around the tomb are niches, in which stand the statues of women "weepers," or mourning friends; between them are smaller niches, containing full-length angels. The image of the earl is protected by an antique "hearse," or a series of hoops of brass, over which was formerly spread a pall "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Within this chapel are also the tombs of several Dudleys.

We need only add further that this superb castle, with its splendid grounds, its magnificent art treasures and its rich historic associations, is, owing to the liberality of its present possessors, freely open to visitors at all times.

M. B. H.

## WHAT MY AUNT BROUGHT HOME FROM PARIS.

**G**UESS what it was! "A doll of course, a beautiful wax-doll, with real buttoned boots and a parasol and a traveling-bag with Marie in gilt letters. And in the bag a brush and comb and a tiny bottle of lavender-water to pour over her hands when she's hot and tired with her journey. And a—"

Oh! stop, stop! It's nothing of these, it's something to play with, not just to look at, as that dolly would be.

"Oh! I know! It's a little terrier dog, a gray terrier with a leather collar round its neck and a bow of pink ribbon between its ears. It isn't alive, only wound up inside like a clock, but it can snap its head from side to side, and growl, and get up and down on its fore-feet."

Oh! dear, no! I like live dogs best and our Fidget is good enough for me. A machine dog is very well to take out in a carriage to make believe with, or to hold on one's lap in a drawing-room, but I'm not a fine lady. I want a dog to run races with, and I don't care if he does make muddy paws on my dress sometimes. No! it isn't a dog.

"And it isn't bon bons? nor balloons?" Well, I'll tell you what it is. A real live little girl; a little girl who says *ja-wohl* to every other word; a little, lost German girl!

"Out of Paris?" Yes, that's the queer part of it. You know that far away in last summer, when it was so hot that we wanted to eat ices and fan ourselves all day long, the French Emperor and the German King marched great armies against each other. And all the while we were fanning, and playing croquet, and going out to the shady woods, the French people and the German soldiers were killing each other as fast as they could. Shooting each other with cannon and chassepots and needle-guns, all through the long summer days.

And when they had been fighting a little while, word was given out in the city of Paris that every German there must leave. French people don't often go to Germany to live, but a great many Germans lived and worked in Paris. So the watch-maker had to come down from his garret and pack off to Germany with his pretty little tools, and the German baker came up from his oven, and the knitting woman from her shop, hurrying off to get out of France. Not that these poor folks would have done any harm, had they stayed. But a great army was coming up to Paris, to make a ring round it and to keep all the French people shut up there till they starved. And the French generals, inside, knew that they would have enough mouths to feed without all these Germans. And as they hoped to break through the ring some day, and drive King William's men away, they gathered in all their cows and sheep and horses, too, to feed upon, and sent away all the people they could.

A great many French people, too, who had to work hard for their living, thought, I suppose, that ruffles and flowers and dresses, the things they made, wouldn't sell very well while the city was full of cannon and soldiers. So they packed up *their* boxes and were off by the train to Brussels. Look on the map and see where Brussels is. Just between the two fighting countries, isn't it? So you see it was the nearest place to get to, to get out of the way.

Well, my aunt, who had been in Paris in the summer time, just before she came home to America, happened to go to Brussels, too. And because she had worn out all her clothes, as people always do when they travel about Europe, she hunted up a dressmaker to make her a gown to wear on ship-board, coming home. She wanted a woman to make her dress, so she didn't go to any of the great shops, where men cut out the ruffles and fit the patterns, but she got a card that had Madame Crépon on it, and hunted up the Madame to do the work. She had to climb to the very top of a five-story house, to find her, and when she got up there, quite out of breath, what a room to live in! What a room to stay in for five minutes, not to speak of the long bright day! It was close and quite dark, for its one window looked out on the wall of a house that was higher still. You could touch that wall with your hand, there was only a slit between the houses to let in light and air to this little room. In one corner stood a small furnace, where in a saucepan, some green stuff and a bone were trying hard to be soup, and two flat-irons were crowding in for their share of the heat. There was a little looking-glass, and an old sofa with a dingy pillow on it. And this was all the furniture except a box or two, and a green wooden chair. But across the sofa and all over the floor were heaps of beautiful velvet and silk, and on the dress-maker's lap was a pink satin petticoat with its long train reaching to the wall. And against the wall, peeping out from the shiny pink folds was a darling little girl, playing with a string of empty spools.

"Is that your little daughter?" asked my aunt, as she stood up gravely to have her dress measured off.

"Oh! no! madame, that is nobody's little daughter, that is lost child, lost little German child; she cannot find her father or her mother."

As my aunt looked down at her and said in German, "Dear little girl," the little thing threw down

her spools and hid her face on the floor under the pink dress.

"How comes she here with you, then?" asked my aunt of Madame Crépon.

"But madame understands we leave Paris in a hurry, all dress-makers come at once to Brussels; boxes lost, trunks lost, everything go wrong on that train. Hours and hours on that train, people get in and out at every stop. Then this little child she came to my seat;—she cry and nobody know where she belong. The conducteur ask all along the train. No German families; some German men, but they smoke and know nothing. Tears come to their eyes, —but they cannot take her, they go to the army. She calls herself Lisa—she belong nowhere! I think to give her to gend'arme when we come to Brussels, he take her to the house for lost children; but Lisa holds tight my hand when we get out, and cling to me. I say one night I will keep her, and to-morrow will give her to the gend'arme; but here is four weeks and I keep her, still. I cannot give her to gend'arme, and yet, —"

My aunt looked at Madame's thin, yellow face and again at the saucepan on the fire, and thought she knew what "and yet" must mean.

"Do you make money since you came to Brussels?" asked my aunt.

"But not much," madame replied. "So many people here work, must work for very little to get anything to do. And then the rents, madame, think of it—this little room three francs by the day. Such a crowd, madame, everywhere; all little places are full, and one must live where lady can come. But when my daughter come back from London, I cannot keep Lisa more."

"Did your daughter go to London?"

"Yes, madame, to seek employment; but she write me that all is full, that she is turned away; so she come back to me when I send her some money. And I work hard for that."

My aunt lifted up the pink petticoat and patted Lisa's head and put a chocolate bon-bon into her little hand. Presently the little hand carried the bon-bon to the little mouth, Lisa still lying in a little heap on the floor. When it was all eaten up, Lisa lifted up her face and looked shyly at the lady. It was an honest little face, my aunt thought, round and rosy, with clear blue eyes and a mouth that smiled prettily enough at sight of another sugar plum.

Then my aunt went away. But she said to her husband when she came to the hotel, "I want to take something home with me that money cannot buy. I want to take a little daughter home with me."

And my uncle, when it was all told to him, said he would like to have little Lisa go home with them, but they must try first to find her father and mother. And they tried and tried all the while they stayed in Brussels. They wrote letters and they saw the Prussian Consul about it, and the Austrian Consul and the French Consul. That is, they saw the men who take care of the French people in Brussels, and the Prussian people and the other Germans.

"Who had lost a little three-year-old daughter?" But nobody knew anything or could do anything. The town was full of poor people who had names and hadn't anything else, but nobody had lost a Lisa. And far and wide and up and down, nobody knew anything of Lisa.

So my aunt left her own name and the place in America where she lived very clear and plain with the French Consul and the Austrian Consul and the Prussian Consul, that if any one should ever search for Lisa they might find her without trouble in her new home. And then she went to Madame Crépon's and took little Lisa away.

And Lisa and her new doll were very glad to go with the kind lady. So this is what my aunt brought home from Paris, a real little girl, with shining brown plaits tied up with blue ribbons, and for everything that we say to her, she answers "*ja-wohl*."

S. C. H.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### A Popular Summer Resort.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

About the middle of May last, I received a letter from my old friend Bill J——, of Vermont, requesting to see me on particular business. I thought I'd go, for I longed to look upon his dear old face again—and he offered to pay my expenses besides.

I found Bill waiting for me at the depot, and glad to see me. The old chap still looks intellectual, and can get away with his three square meals a day in a style that defies competition.

"Well, my boy, what business do you want me on?" said I, as I stretched myself luxuriantly on the door-mat in Bill's elegantly-furnished cellar kitchen, and watched the smoke as it curled lazily upward from my fragrant short-six, which was imported by Bill, directly from Havana, at a dollar and a quarter a hundred.

"It's this," he replied. "You remember that old Tarbox house over to C——, don't you?"

I told him I did.

"Well," he went on, "it was sold at auction last week, and I bought it for a mere song. But I don't know what to do with it, now I've got it. It's a rickety old coop, and leaks like a sieve. Nobody would live there anyhow, for it's close by Cat Swamp. The last family died off in about a year and a half. 'Sposen I fix it up a little, and advertise it as a 'Popular Summer Resort,' setting forth its superior advantages in very large type: 'pure water,' 'invigorating climate,' and all that sort of thing. Do you think 'twould pay?"

"It would," I replied, "if you only charge big prices enough."

"I can put on a cheap piazza," continued Bill, "raise it a story, and double the number of rooms by running a partition through each one. If I remember right, there's an old mill-pond close by. That will do for the 'elegant lake with unrivalled scenery,' and a couple of old pung-boats will furnish the 'numerous facilities for enjoying the rare fishing which abounds in this locality.'"

"But there ain't a fish within twenty miles," said I.

"Of course there ain't—but this is only the advertisement; and now I want you to help me get it up."

So we went to work, and in a short time produced the following:—

#### COUNTRY BOARD.

The famous resort known as

##### TARBOX VILLA,

is now open to the public for the summer season. It has been noted for years for its wonderfully pure air, exquisite landscapes and general healthfulness; can accommodate any number of guests; is seven stories high, and room for more. The hotel is supplied with two marble-topped wash-stands in every room—together with twenty-five pianos, for the use of guests. Every room is carpeted two inches thick, with carpeting manufactured by Mr. Brussels himself. Troupes of French and English servants glide noiselessly about, anticipating the guests' slightest wish. The view from the piazza is exquisitely beautiful, rivalling in gorgeous splendor the far-famed fairy lands of the East, or the transformation scene in the Black Crook. The eye takes in thousands of verdure-clad hills, from whose summits can be seen hundreds of prosperous farms, and thriving villages, with their church spires glistening in the sun.

##### THE FISHING

is immense. At Crystal Lake, within ten minutes' walk of the hotel, thousands of trout gambol slyly about, and by their fascinating wiles tempt the angler from his elegant easy-chair in the gentleman's sitting-room. There are also plenty of other beautiful lakes close by, in whose transparent depths the finny tribe largely congregate.

##### THE BOATING

is unrivalled. In addition to numerous small crafts, the proprietors have lately purchased two superb yachts, which speed the waters like a thing of life, filled with laughing groups of beautiful and accomplished ladies.

##### OTHER AMUSEMENTS

are abundant, including horseback riding. The honest farmers in this locality lend their horses, and refuse to take any pecuniary consideration.

"Now about the healthy climate," said Bill, "don't we want to make that rather strong? A good many people are down on east winds, you know."

"Some like 'em," said I.

"I know it," he replied, "and so I don't know what to say. 'Sposen I say, 'East winds never blow in this climate, except by special request of the guests?'"

But we finally concluded to have it this way:—

The climate here is unusually healthy. The only funeral for the past ten years is the case of a man who fell from a meeting-house steeple, and was instantly killed. There are no east winds here, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a north-east storm.

"Is that all?" inquired Bill.

"No," said I; "you must have in something about its being a resort for invalids. A mineral spring, or patent bath, or something of that sort, would do the business."

"Well," said he, "how's this?"

There is one of the finest mineral springs in the United States close by the house. It has already cured thousands of sufferers, afflicted with every known disease; and some who never drank water at all, now hanker for this.

Large numbers of invalids come here every summer, and go away rejoicing in health restored. Some come fearfully emaciated and hobbling on crutches, who, in a week's time, throw away their crutches, and play leap-frog to take down their fat.

"That will do," I replied. And now let's wind up by—

##### HOW TO GET TO TARBOX VILLA.

All the respectable railroads in the country run, without change of cars, direct to Tarbox Villa, through one of the most imposing landscapes on this continent.

The last time I heard from Bill, his house was full, and he was making money hand over fist. People with elegant, airy mansions in the best portions of our great city, were flocking down to this den of his, because they were humbugged by this newspaper advertisement. Some stay because

they are ashamed to acknowledge it by returning; and others, who stay three or four days to recover from their horrible journey through gulleys and over stumps, are by that time so reduced by the climate, mosquitos, and bedbugs, that they can't get away for a month at least; and when they finally do go they don't expose this, as they'd ought to—for when a person gets humbugged he generally keeps still about it, in hopes others will get humbugged to. But it's too bad, and I'm really sorry that I helped Bill on.—*True Flag.*



## LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Townshend Mayer, S R

*The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature* (1844-1898); Sep 1878; 28, 3; ProQuest  
pg. 284

## LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

"WHAT do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?" asked Vivian Grey.

"Oh, I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but——"

"But what?"

"But I can't exactly make her out."

"Nor I, nor I. She's a dark riddle, and although I am a very Œdipus, I confess I have not yet unravelled it."

Mrs. Felix Lorraine is said to have

been intended for Lady Caroline Lamb; and as it is the fashion to identify the Prime Minister with the opinions of his hero, we may accept this as Lord Beaconsfield's (or rather Mr. Disraeli's) verdict on the wife of one of his predecessors in the premiership. But if Lady Caroline was "a dark riddle" fifty years ago, its solution is not very difficult at the present day.

The direct descendant of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had an heredi-

tary gift of ready wit, a strong, if whimsical, will, Whig prepossessions, undoubted fire of temper, and something akin, if not amounting, to fire of genius. With these qualities Caroline Ponsonby combined warmth of heart, charm of manner, and generosity of disposition, which made her for a time admired by every circle and adored by her own.

But in this "cup of blessing" was one bitter drop which poisoned the whole. For ever in extremes, Lady Caroline held no measure in her likings, knew no restraint to her caprices, so that her very virtues became more mischievous than the vices of self-controlled, prudent people.

Related as she was to all the great Whig families, no child could have entered the world with brighter prospects or more distinguished associations. Her father was third Earl of Besborough, her mother second daughter of the first Earl Spencer. Her eldest brother, Viscount Duncannon, was an excellent Irish landlord, a useful statesman, and "more than a match," says Sir Denis le Marchant, "for Mr. O'Connell." The second brother, Frederick, with indolent manners and a face and disposition of feminine sweetness, became a daring cavalry officer, followed Wellington from the Peninsula to Waterloo (where he received fifteen wounds), and was made K.C.B., Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Malta. William, the third brother, entered the navy, but, marrying a daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury, settled on his estates in Dorsetshire, went into Parliament, and was raised to the peerage as Lord De Mauley.

Caroline—the only daughter—was born in 1785. Three years afterwards her mother had a paralytic stroke, and was ordered to Italy, whither she took the little girl. Lady Besborough rapidly growing so much worse as to be supposed near death, returned to England, leaving her daughter in charge of a servant, with whom the little Lady Caroline remained six years.

This ill-assorted companionship amidst the romance of Italian scenery and people, unconsciously moulded her mind at its most impressionable period, and influenced it for life. At nine years of age, she was sent to Devonshire House, to be educated with her cousins,

and became the "pet of the Duke, admitted to his room when his daughters were excluded, and lisping politics while he toasted his muffin and sipped his tea. Here, too, she devoured Burns' poems, which, she says, "awakened her mind." They are not food for babes, and probably stimulated an imagination already too vivid. Devonshire House was a strange, disorderly establishment, characteristic perhaps of the giddy career of its beautiful mistress.

Though the children were served on silver, they were allowed to carry their plates into the kitchen to be replenished. Lady Georgiana Cavendish's chief amusement was hunting butterflies; Lady Caroline Ponsonby excelled in "breaking in" horses and polishing Derbyshire spar. Their governess does not appear to have imparted to them much of the "useful knowledge" for which her mother, Mrs. Trimmer, was famous. "We had no idea that bread and butter was *made*," says Lady Caroline, "and no doubt that fine horses were fed on beef." They also thought the world was divided into paupers and nobles, and that the money of the latter knew no limit, an illusion which clung to her through life. In about a year Lady Spencer took charge of her granddaughter, and was so alarmed by her waywardness and eccentricity that eminent doctors were consulted as to her state of mind. They said she had been overtaxed by her governess, and overindulged by her parents: "she was not mad, but might be made so"; and to avert the danger, the over-active brain was ordered to rest for some years. To debar so quick a child from study and discipline, and never contradict her for fear of outbursts of passion which might injure her health, was a decision of doubtful wisdom.

At thirteen, Lady Caroline, a precocious politician, sentimentalist, and poetess, drank Fox's health and confusion to the Tories in bumpers of milk, and fell in love with the idea of William Lamb, whom she had never seen, because he was "a friend of liberty." And "when I did see him," she asks, "could I change? No; I was more attached than ever. He was beautiful, far the cleverest person then about, the most daring in his opinions and inde-

pendence. He thought of me but as a child, yet he liked me much." They first met when Lady Caroline accompanied her cousins on a visit to Lady Melbourne at Brocket Hall; and William Lamb exclaimed: "Of all the Devonshire House girls, that is the one for me." The strange fellowship between the undisciplined enthusiast of thirteen and the calm, cultivated, elegant youth of twenty ripened into a passion as profound on his side as it was intense on hers, which ought to have been the blessing of both lives, but which it was her unhappy destiny to turn into a curse.

William Lamb was a younger son, a barrister who *once* had the delightful sensation (not equalled, he said in after life, by that of being made Prime Minister) of seeing his name on the back of a brief. His prospects of marriage, therefore, were rather remote. Peniston Lamb's death in 1805 making him heir to the Melbourne title and estates, he hastened to lay his brighter fortunes at Lady Caroline's feet. To his amazement she refused him, alleging that she feared her violent temper would wreck their happiness. But to his still greater amazement she added a wish to accompany him in boy's clothes and act as his secretary. Lady Caroline was then nineteen, slender and graceful in figure, with small regular features, a pale complexion, dark expressive eyes in striking contrast with short thick golden hair, a grave look which emphasised her odd sparkling talk, and a voice whose low tones had such unusual sweetness that they captivated the indifferent and "disarmed even her enemies." Byron, when at Pisa, told Medwin that she "had scarcely any personal attractions to recommend her. Her figure, though genteel, was too thin to be good, and wanted that roundness which elegance and grace would vainly supply." But Byron's preference was always for a substantial order of beauty, with more flesh and blood than intellect, and none of the "nonsense of your stone ideal." William Lamb described her "as small, slight, and perfectly formed."

She was fond of saying startling things, to which a slight lisp gave additional piquancy. William Harness was dancing with her at a great ball, when she confounded him by demanding: "Gueth

how many pairth of thilk stockineth I have on?" His wit not being equal to the divination, she raised her skirts above a pretty ankle;—and, pointing to a little foot, said, "Thix." When old enough to disregard the doctors' embargo on study, Lady Caroline had learnt with avidity, though without system. She soon acquired French and Italian, music and painting, could write an ode of Sappho, or dash off a spirited caricature. She rode and wrote as fearlessly as she talked. No wonder William Lamb, once attracted by a girl so bewitching and original, found all others commonplace. He again proposed, and unhappily, he was *not* again refused—"because," she says, "I adored him." The bridegroom soon had cause to admit how reasonable were the grounds on which his first offer had been rejected. Although marriage was her absolutely free choice, the bride, according to her own account, was seized during the ceremony with one of her ungovernable fits of passion. "I stormed at the bishop," she says, "tore my valuable dress to pieces, and was carried nearly insensible to the carriage which was to convey me for ever from my home."

This storm apparently cleared the atmosphere. The honeymoon passed peacefully. The young couple rode and read together, and she used to refer to that quiet time, when "William taught me all I knew," as the happiest of her life. On their return to London, Lady Caroline at once became "the rage"; or, in Hepworth Dixon's words—the "bellé of her season, toast of her set, star of her firmament." The Prince of Wales, a constant visitor at Melbourne House, stood sponsor to her first child, who was named after him. The flattery she received was enough to turn a steadier brain, but love and admiration for her husband kept her safe. They sympathised in literary tastes—till Lady Caroline fell under the evil influence of the "Satanic School," whose manufactured melancholy her husband ridiculed—and in seeking the society of literary people. Jerdan describes an evening party winding up with a game at forfeits which he, kneeling blindfold before Lady Caroline, had to cry. Being asked what he would do if an injured ghost assaulted him for wrongs done in the flesh—

"I was about to reply," he says, "when a smart cuff on the head proved that it was no ghost story. I pulled off the silken bandage, and, looking up from his laughing lady's knee, saw William Lamb, just returned from the Commons, and come to take his wife home."

Rogers, Moore, and Spencer "were all my lovers," she tells Lady Morgan, "and wrote me up to the skies. I was in the clouds." Moore, devoted to his quiet Bessy, and Rogers to his cynical bachelorhood, would have smiled at this assertion. While she was still "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," Byron—called by Hepworth Dixon "beautiful and deadly as nightshade"—returned from Italy. The manuscript of 'Childe Harold' was lent to Lady Caroline by Rogers, and she became crazy to see the poet. "He has a club-foot, and bites his nails," said Rogers. "If he is ugly as Æsop, I must know him," she answered. Lady Westmoreland offered to introduce them at a ball, but with an impulse of aversion Lady Caroline turned away, noting him in her diary as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." She changed her opinion when, on Byron's first call at Melbourne House, he held her sleeping child on his knee for more than an hour, lest by moving he should wake him. For nearly a year his visits were incessant. He had a real regard for Lady Melbourne, whom he called "the best friend he ever had—a second mother"—yet played at being in love with her daughter-in-law. On Lady Caroline's part it was not play, but lamentable earnest. There was much gratified vanity at first on both sides. Rank and *ton* had an irresistible charm for Byron. To win the unconcealed devotion of a woman brilliant and beloved, whose wildest follies had never compromised her before, was a triumph even for the fashionable Apollo whom "the women suffocated."

But it was a triumph of which he speedily tired. "These violent delights have violent ends." Real thunder and lightning soon issued from the atmosphere of artificial gloom both revelled in. Their frantic despairs, vows, jealousies, have been ludicrously likened to the parody on the woes of Mr. and Mrs. Haller :

"She, seeing him, screamed, and was carried out kicking ;

While he banged his head 'gainst the opposite door."

But the misery brought by this extravagance on her husband and herself was only too genuine. Byron, with his mock-madness and callous heart, could pass unscathed through many such entanglements ; at the root of Lady Caroline's follies lay the germ of real insanity and the misguided fervor of a loving nature. Byron, in after-years, with his customary cynicism, deliberately misstated facts in order somewhat to exonerate his own conduct. He said to Medwin :

"She possessed an infinite vivacity, and an imagination heated by novel-reading, which made her fancy herself a heroine of romance, and led her into all sorts of eccentricities. She was married, but it was a match of *convenance*, and no couple could be more fashionably indifferent to or independent of one another than she and her husband."

As regards her actual criminality with Byron, out of their own mouths we might indeed judge them guilty ; for the exaggerated self-condemnation in which both so morbidly indulged cannot be forgotten. Rogers—never suspected of too lenient judgments—though describing how Lady Caroline "absolutely besieged" Byron, offering him in her first letter "all her jewels" if he were in want of money, and whenever practicable going to and from parties in his carriage, or, if he went where she was not invited, waiting in the street for his return—declares, "in spite of all this absurdity," his firm belief in their innocence. And it has been shrewdly remarked that where so much was on the surface friends did not suspect anything beneath. Nevertheless, a hundred strange stories were current about this strange *liaison*. When Charles Kemble and his wife visited Paris they met William Lamb and Lady Caroline at a dinner given by Lord Holland. It had been settled that the Lambs were to return to England on the following day, but a rumor of Byron's probable arrival being mentioned at table, Lady Caroline created a sensation among the guests by emphatically announcing her intention of remaining in Paris. William Lamb took the matter quietly, as was his wont, but it may have had something to do with the scene which followed. Both the Lambs and

Kembles occupied rooms in the Hôtel Meurice, and as the carriages which took them home drew up at the same time, the latter saw William Lamb jump out, lift his wife's girlish figure in his arms, and carry her into the hotel, to avoid the deep gutter dividing the road from the *trottoir*. "I," growled Kemble, as he watched this piece of gallantry, "should have put your ladyship in the gutter." On reaching their respective sitting-rooms, which had facing windows, uncurtained and brilliantly lighted, the Kembles saw a curious domestic tableau: Mr. Lamb was seated in an arm-chair; Lady Caroline had placed herself on his knee; that position not expressing sufficient tenderness and humility, she slid to his feet. But some chance word perhaps turned the tide of her feelings, for when her husband rose, she sprang to her feet, and, rushing round the room, swept down vases, glasses, cups, and saucers—all its breakable ornaments—in a whirlwind of passion, her husband following and vainly endeavoring to soothe her. In the midst of this tragi-comedy down fell the curtain—the window-blind—and the finale was left to the spectators' imagination.

William Lamb, knowing how evanescent were his wife's fancies, and that a revulsion was inevitable, does not seem to have been much troubled by her Byron-worship.

"He cared nothing for my morals," she remarks bitterly in one of her letters; "I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence renders him insensible to everything. When I ride, play, and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me."

Which, being interpreted, probably means that, when she was tolerably reasonable, her husband was happy in her society; but he had not always patience with her rhapsodies. Lady Melbourne, with the perspicacity of a woman of the world, remonstrated with Byron against the growing intimacy, and he replied, in the sublime strain he was fond of assuming: "You need not fear me. I do not pursue pleasure like other men; I labor under an incurable disease and a blighted heart. Believe me, she is safe with me." She was *not* safe from being raised to the

seventh heaven by adulation at one moment, or sunk to that nethermost hell endured by "a woman scorned" at the next. She was not safe from such alternations of rage, jealousy, and tenderness as shook her ill-balanced mind to its foundations.\* Her ostentation of intimacy with Byron irritated him as much as it angered her own family, and led to some outrageous scenes. Francis Jackson, in the bright vivacious 'Bath Archives,' writes to his brother George on the 3rd of July 1813:

"At Lady Heathcote's ball, last week, Lady Caroline Lamb, who had been flirting with Lord Byron, upon some quarrel with him, stabbed herself with a knife at supper, so that the blood flew about her neighbors. She was taken away, and as it was supposed she was faint, a glass of water was brought, when she broke the glass, and struck herself with the pieces. A little discipline will, I suppose, bring these schoolgirl fancies into order."

Fanny Kemble's version of the origin of the quarrel is incredible. "Lady Caroline," she says, "with impertinent disregard of Byron's infirmity, asked him to waltz. He contemptuously replied, 'I cannot, and you nor any other woman ought not.'" Whereupon the impetuous woman rushed into the dressing-room, threw up the window, exclaiming with St. Preux, "*La roche est escarpée; l'eau est profonde!*" and was about to fling herself out, when a friendly grasp on her petticoats restrained her. She then asked for some water, and, biting a piece out of the glass, endeavored to stab herself with it, but was persuaded to go home to bed. Byron's own history of the affair is thus given by Medwin:

"I am easily governed by women, and she [Lady Caroline] gained an ascendancy over me that I could not easily shake off. I submitted to this thralldom long, for I hate scenes, and am of an indolent disposition, but I was forced to snap the knot rather rudely at last. Like all lovers, we had several quarrels before we came to an open rupture. . . . Even during our intimacy, I was not at all constant to this fair one, and she suspected as much. In order to detect my intrigues, she watched me, and earthed a lady into my lodgings—and came herself, terrier-like, in the disguise of a carman. My valet, who did not see through the

\* Rogers says: "They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, on coming home, I have found Lady C. walking in the garden [in St. James's Place] waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them."

masquerade, let her in : when, to the despair of Fletcher, she put off the man, and put on the woman. Imagine the scene ! It was worthy of Faublas ! Her after conduct was unaccountable madness—a combination of spite and jealousy. It was perfectly agreed and understood that we were to meet as strangers. We were at a ball, she came up and asked me if she might waltz. I thought it perfectly indifferent whether she waltzed or not, and with whom, and told her so, in different terms, but with much coolness. After she had finished, a scene occurred, which was in the mouths of every one."

Then follow several lines of stars ; doubtless representing an account of the attempt to kill herself, which Medwin or his publisher thought it wise to omit. That Byron's statements were colored by the bitterness of "disappointed desires" as time went on, or that he was a consummate dissembler in his relations with Lady Caroline, is proved by his "farewell" letter on her leaving London for Ireland with her mother. This letter is equally irreconcilable with his sneers to Medwin and a criminal view of the intimacy :

"MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—If tears, which you saw, and know I am not apt to shed ; if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which, you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence till the moment of leaving you approached—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my feelings are, and must ever be, towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows I never knew till this moment the madness of my dearest and most beloved friend. I cannot express myself, this is no time for words—but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out, with a heavy heart, for my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the spite of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* that I am cold and stern and wilful ? Will ever others think so ? Will your mother ever ? That mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much more, much more on my part than she shall ever know, or can imagine. 'Promise not to love you ?' Ah, Caroline, it is past promising ! But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than ever can be known, but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God forgive, protect, and bless you ever and ever, more than ever.

"Your most attached,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—These taunts have driven you to this, my dearest Caroline, and were it not for your mother, and the kindness of your con-

nections, is there anything in heaven or earth that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago ? And not less *now* than *then*, but more than ever at *this time*. God knows I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other, in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections which is and shall be sacred to you till I am nothing. You know I would with pleasure give up all here or beyond the grave for you ; and in refraining from this, must my motives be misunderstood ? I care not who knows this, what use is made of it—it is to you, and to you only *yourself*. I was, and am yours, freely and entirely, to obey, to honor, love, and fly with you, *when, where, and how* yourself might and may determine."

This letter was followed by others, "the most tender and most amusing," says Lady Caroline. But Byron's vanity leading him to fix his matrimonial choice on Miss Milbanke—chiefly because she had already refused him and "half a dozen of his intimate friends"—it was undesirable that the intimacy with Lady Caroline should be renewed ; and on hearing of her approaching return to England, he wrote what she called the "cruel letter" given in 'Glenarvon,' and declared by Byron to be the only true thing in that book :

"Lady Avondale,—I am no longer your lover ; and since you oblige me to confess it by this truly unfeminine persecution, learn that I am attached to another, whose name it would of course be dishonest to mention. I shall ever remember with gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection you have shown in my favor. I shall ever continue your friend, if your ladyship will permit me so to style myself. And as a first proof of my regard, I offer you this advice : correct your vanity, which is ridiculous ; exert your absurd caprices on others ; and leave me in peace. Your most obedient servant,

"GLENARVON."

If substantially true, such a letter was capable of turning to frenzy the latent "madness" of his "beloved friend," especially as it bore the coronet and initials of Lady Oxford, whom she considered her rival. Its receipt threw her into a brain fever, through which her mother nursed her at a little Irish inn. Amidst all her infatuation for Byron, her husband retained the first place in her admiration. At a Parisian dinner-party she asked her neighbor whom he supposed she thought the most distinguished man she ever knew, "in mind and per-

son, refinement, cultivation, sensibility, and thought." "Byron," was the natural reply. "No," she said, "my own husband, William Lamb." Lady Morgan called her friend's taste in dress "perfect," and Mr. Torrens says, "she dressed as she painted and played, picturesquely; indifferent to opinion, and never exactly in the mode." According to Madame d'Arblay, her costume in 1815, however "picturesque," was by no means "perfect":

"At Madame de la Tour du Pin's party, I just missed meeting the famous Lady C. L., who had been there to dinner, and whom I saw crossing the Place Royale [Brussels] to the Grand Hôtel, dressed, or rather *not* dressed, so as to attract universal attention, and authorise every boldness of staring among the military groups constantly parading La Place, for she had one shoulder, half her back, and all her throat and neck displayed as if at the call of some statuety for modelling a heathen goddess. A slight scarf hung over the other shoulder, and the rest of her attire was of accordant lightness. As her ladyship was not then considered as one apart from being known as an eccentric authoress, this demeanor excited something beyond surprise, and provoked censure upon the whole English nation."

It was from this period that her eccentricities in every direction became more marked and irritating. She had a mischievous page who used to throw detonating balls into the fire, for which Lord Melbourne scolded Lady Caroline, and Lady Caroline scolded the page. One day when she was playing at ball with him, he threw a squib into the fire; she threw the ball at his head—it drew blood, and he cried out, "Oh, my lady, you have killed me!" She rushed into the hall screaming, "Oh, God! I have murdered the page!" The report spread like wildfire; people in the street took up the cry, and the "horrible tragedy" at Melbourne House was in everybody's mouth. The family would no longer tolerate such escapades.

Who could tell what scandal she might not bring upon them next? A separation was inevitable. To this William Lamb reluctantly agreed. While the deeds were being drawn, Lady Caroline occupied herself with writing 'Glenarvon,' in which she figured as the heroine Calantha, and Byron as the hero. She says that she wrote the book in a month. When about to dispose of the manuscript, she, with her uncontrollable love

of mystification and romance, elegantly dressed her companion, Miss Walsh, and placed her at a harp to personate "Lady Caroline," while she herself in boy's clothes sat writing at a distant table as "the author." Next time the "man of business" called, he was informed that the boy-novelist, "William Osmand," was dead, but that Lady Caroline was still resolved the book should be published. This masquerade served no purpose, as the identification of the author and chief characters—rather encouraged than sought to be disguised—constituted its sole claim to a fleeting notoriety. It is stagey and spasmodic, with an involved plot, in which Italians, begums, nuns, gipsies, white boys, sybils, and guilty countesses, whose angel faces are distorted by demon passions, twist and twirl in a bewildering manner. Here and there are gleams of eloquence and feeling run wild, and bits of shrewd self-knowledge.

"Calantha's motives appeared the very best, but the actions resulting from them were absurd and exaggerated. Thoughts swift as lightning hurried through her brain—projects seducing, but visionary, crowded upon her view. Without a curb she followed the impulse of her feelings, and those feelings varied with every varying interest and impression."

The one respectable character in the book is "Lord Avondale" (William Lamb), who,

"with an utter contempt for all hypocrisy in word and act, with a frankness and simplicity of character sometimes observed in men of extraordinary abilities, but never attendant on the ordinary or the corrupted mind, appeared to the world as he really felt, and never thought nor studied whether such opinion were agreeable to his own vanity or the taste of his companions, for whom, however, he was at all times ready to sacrifice his time, his money, and all on earth but his honor and integrity."

He and Calantha fell desperately in love with each other, and, after some misunderstandings,

"Lord Avondale sought and won that strange uncertain being for whom he was about to sacrifice so much. He considered not the lengthened journey of life, the varied scenes through which they were to pass; where all the qualities in which she was deficient would be so often and so absolutely required—discretion, prudence, firm and steady principle, obedience, humility."

In spite of sundry wild flights on Lady Avondale's part, the young couple have some prospect of happiness, till Glenar-

von, "the spirit of evil," appears on the scene.

"Never did the hand of the sculptor, in the full power of his art, produce a form and face more finely wrought—so full of soul, so ever-varying in expression."

He had been heralded by rumors of crime and captivation which prepared the fashionable world to receive him with open arms. But

"a studied courtesy in his manner, a proud humility, mingled with a certain cold reserve, amazed and repressed the enthusiasm his youth and misfortunes had excited."

He exerts all his powers to dazzle and beguile Calantha, so successfully that they are twice on the verge of elopement, but the thought of her husband and children keeps her back, and the lovers part, after swearing to be wickedly true to each other, in a scene absurdly reminiscent of the "Veiled Prophet." Calantha's heart is still bleeding from the wounds thus inflicted when she receives, in answer to several tender inquiries, the "cruel letter" we have already quoted.

Just as 'Glenarvon' appeared, the lawyer with some of the Ponsonby family arrived at Melbourne House to attest the signatures of the two principals to the deed of separation. They were received by William Lamb, who left the room to fetch Lady Caroline. After some impatient waiting, her brother went in search of the semi-attached couple—and found the lady sitting on her husband's knee feeding him with bread and butter! Of course the lawyer put his deeds in his pocket, and walked away. Lady Caroline attributed the change of situation to delight at reading 'Glenarvon.' But William Lamb must have been a peculiarly constituted husband if that book did not rather exasperate than soothe him. Possibly, however, he found in its incoherence an excuse for treating her follies as those of a scarcely responsible being.

When Madame de Staël coolly asked Byron at Coppet if the description of himself was accurate, he replied: "The portrait cannot be like; I did not sit long enough." To Murray, Moore, and every one for whose opinion he cared, Byron repeated the same contemptuous disavowal. Lady Caroline, hearing at Brocket some of the bitter things he said, made a funeral pyre of his letters, put his

miniature on the top, and had a number of young girls dressed in white to dance round, singing a dirge written for the occasion, beginning "Burn, burn"; but they were only *copies*, and, says Irving, "what made the ridiculousness complete was that there was no one present to be taken in by it but herself, and she was in the secret." The sort of impression she expected 'Glenarvon' to make on Byron, it is hard to guess. She had a copy splendidly bound for him, with his coronet and initials on the cover, and a key to the characters in her handwriting on the fly-leaf. Of course it was never sent. Byron, when asked the meaning of the line in Beppo, "Some play the devil and then write a novel," replied that it alluded to a book which had some fame from being considered a history of his "life and adventures, character, and exploits." "Shelley," he continued, "told me he was offered by a bookseller in Bond Street no small sum to compile the notes of that book into a novel, but he declined"; adding hypocritically, "*If I know the authoress*, I have seen letters of hers much better written than any part of that novel."

After Byron had left England, Lady Caroline called once on her cousin, Lady Byron, who received her with "I know all, Lady Caroline. He has told me all, and you could have saved me from all my misery." What bearing this enigmatical remark had on the causes of Byron's separation, Lord Broughton's Memoirs—to be published twenty-two years hence—may determine. In 1817, Lady Caroline had a fall from her horse, followed by a nervous fever;

"When I believe I died," she wrote. "For assuredly a new Lady Caroline has arisen from this death. I seem to have buried my sins, grief, melancholy . . . and never mean to answer any questions further back than the fifteenth of this month; that being the date of the new Lady Caroline's birth. I hate the old one. She had her good qualities; but she had grown into a sort of female Timon—bitter, and always going over old past scenes."

The new Lady Caroline, however proved to be uncommonly like the old. George Lamb contested Westminster in 1819, and she canvassed for him busily. Amongst others, she sought the acquaintance of Godwin, but did not succeed in obtaining his vote. His courteous answer to her appeal led to a cor-



resurgence given in Mr. Kegan Paul's excellent biography of Godwin. It was Lady Caroline's unflinching habit to pour her woes into any ready ear, and it would have been well if she had never made a more objectionable confidant than the author of 'Political Justice,' who could hardly have been prepared for the full tide of sentiment and confession about to descend on him. Her topics were diverse as her mind was unstable, a prominent one being her "dear, yet misguided and misleading Byron." She asks Godwin what he thinks of 'The Doge of Venice,' saying in the same breath that Cobbett writes "better to her fancy than almost any one." She compares herself to the wreck of "a little merry boat," and, lamenting the friends she has lost by her own fault, adds—"Now I have one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother . . . but all else is gone." In a later letter, she asks, "Pray tell me what you have done about my journal?"—a chronicle of her wishes, thoughts, good resolves, and frequent shortcomings during many years, interspersed with recollections of friends and foes—submitted to Godwin for revision, possibly with some idea of publication. After her death it was destroyed, no doubt wisely, though, as with Byron's Memoirs, one regrets the sacrifice. In recognition of the pains Godwin took with her manuscript, Lady Caroline sent him a diamond ring given her by Byron and a bottle of otto of roses which had belonged to Ali Pacha!—surely the oddest offerings ever made by a spoilt favorite of fashion to a stoic philosopher in difficulties. Her only surviving child was a source of deep anxiety. He was amiable and handsome, but his mind had not developed in proportion to his body, and she consulted Godwin—an expert in the science of education—who visited Brocket to see the boy, but could suggest no method of stimulating his dormant intellect. He survived his mother eight years, but his only gleam of spontaneous intelligence came a few hours before death.

In another letter Lady Caroline introduced "Mr. Bulwer Lytton, a very young man and an enthusiast." Bulwer's first volume of poems contains one "To Caroline," who was his con-

fidante in his love-affair with Rosina Wheeler, and is said to have "made" that marriage—which was almost as disastrous as her own. Mrs. S. C. Hall, describing one of the "blue" parties of "little Miss Spence," says that—

"Lady Caroline was present, enveloped in the folds of an ermine cloak, which she called a cat-skin; that she talked a great deal about a periodical she wished to get up, to be called the *Tabby's Magazine*, and that with her was an exceedingly haughty, brilliant, and beautiful girl, Rosina Wheeler, who sat rather impatiently at the feet of her eccentric Gamaliel."

Her "eccentricities" took a hundred shapes, which would have been vulgar, but for the saving grace of a natural refinement—such as her going to Astley's, to teach the youth who figured as champion at George the Fourth's coronation how to ride, being herself fearless as an Arab. At Brocket, she is said to have ridden barebacked horses about the park at frantic speed. As a girl, she had the ideas of a duchess; as a married woman, she deserved the title, "her lavishship," bestowed by her father-in-law, the old viscount. But she had fits of penitence for the profusion which helped to embarrass her husband. "Would I could be useful!" she says to Lady Morgan. "I did write a book upon stables and domestic economy, on a new and beautiful plan, but unless some one saw it and thought it good, I would not venture to publish it." But she published a second novel in 1822, 'Graham Hamilton,' suggested to her by Ugo Foscolo, as a corrective to 'Glenarvon,' for, he said, "women cannot afford to shock." Her family vainly besought her to wipe her pens and cork up her ink-bottle.

"I ask you," she indignantly wrote, "if one descended in a right line from Spenser, not to speak of the Duke of Marlborough, with all the Cavendish and Ponsonby blood to boot, which was always rebellious, should feel a little strongly upon any occasion, and burst forth, and yet be told to hold one's tongue, and not write—what is to happen?"

'Ada Reis,' Lady Caroline's third, sometimes called her best, novel, happened, at all events; and a very "high fantastic" flowery performance it is, though exhibiting some power and only too much imagination. The "Good Spirit" she afterwards declared was intended for Bulwer; adding, "I fear he is not so good now." In July 1824, she

and her husband, riding in the neighborhood of Brocket, met a long funeral procession. On being told that it was that of Byron, she became insensible, and a long illness supervening left her brain more unsettled, and her temper more ungovernable than ever. She was alternately irritable without cause, or affectionate without measure; even her husband's patience found a limit. One day she became so petulant and affronting while dining at Melbourne House, says Mr. Torrens, that William Lamb left the table and drove off to Brocket. He had not long reached his room when a noise in the corridor disturbed him; opening the door, he saw his wife lying across the threshold, convulsed with grief. She had ridden after him through the night, in a stormy reaction of feeling; unfortunately next morning she was ready to quarrel again, as violently and as causelessly. These vagaries, partly due to a fatal habit, then not infrequent among fashionable women, of drinking laudanum sometimes mixed with brandy, reached such a pitch that in 1825 a separation was again mooted. No one could tell what her next freak might be. At all times she constituted herself Byron's passionate champion. Her brother remonstrated with her in vain. "How strange it is I love Lord Byron so much in my old age, despite of all he is said to have said," she wrote to Godwin; "and I love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part." Every one, well-known or unknown, who "took Byron's part" became a favorite. Nathan, the composer, with no claim on the score of education or discretion to a lady's favor, was patronised, chiefly because he set to music Byron's "Hebrew Melodies," and used to sing them to her when she was low-spirited or ill. She became godmother to one of his children, and wrote sundry sentimental songs for him. She also sent him a specimen of her verse in a style so astonishing as to be worth quoting:

"Yes, I adore thee, William Lamb;  
But hate to hear thee say, 'God damn!'  
Frenchmen say English cry, 'Damn, damn!'  
But why swear'st thou?—thou art a *Lamb*."

Nathan, in his 'Reminiscences,' gives a poem, 'The Brocket Festival,' describing how Lady Caroline used to celebrate the anniversary of her wedding,

and written by a "rising poet," introduced to her while arrangements for her separation were pending. He was summoned to her presence late one evening, one page conducting him to a dimly lighted room, where a lady was apparently sleeping on an ottoman in the centre, while another page in a distant corner sang, "Farewell, my trim-built wherry," to a violin accompaniment. As the poet took the chair placed for him beside the ottoman, the lady started up, seized his hand, and recited eight stanzas from his then recently published "Lament for Childe Harold." Almost without a pause, Lady Caroline poured her own sad story into his sympathetic ears, hinting that pressure was being used to induce her to sign the articles of separation. She was sent to Coventry by the family; her meals were served in her own rooms, and her letters opened. But the life she led compelled the surveillance\* she found so irksome. One day her visitors would find her in bed, the room darkened, and a huge fire burning (even in the dog-days), while her unfortunate musical page, his voice hoarse and his fingers blistered, soothed her for hours with "slow music." The next she would be up, dressed in fur cap, riding habit and trousers (in those days a startling innovation), and flying across the Park on her black mare. Once she invited her young poet to "turtle and music," the page who carried her note being mounted on a pony, with a copper kettle slung before him to hold the dainty he was on his way to fetch from the London Tavern. The soup proved excellent, but the hostess, overwhelmed with melancholy, could not eat, and summoned the musicians.

"Judge of my astonishment," says the narrator, "when I beheld those itinerants whom I had that very evening heard singing in St. Martin's Lane, and with whom Lady Caroline appeared on quite a friendly footing, inquiring solicitously after their wives, mothers, &c. They executed some pieces tolerably, but then unfortunately treated us to 'There's nae luck about the house,' which seemed to vibrate on her heartstrings. She burst into tears, ordered them a sovereign, and bade them depart."

At Brocket Hall the contents of her room were emblematic of her mind.

\* In the same strain she wrote to Lady Morgan—"They have broken my heart, not my spirit; and if I will but sign a paper, all my rich relations will protect me, and I shall no doubt go with an Almacks' ticket to heaven."

Valuable things half buried in a heap of rubbish were robbed of their beauty by incongruous surroundings. The chintz curtains of the bed and windows were full of holes; two antique cabinets, each surmounted by an elegant crucifix, with a piece of embroidery and point lace (said to have been part of a petticoat belonging to Mary Stuart) spread beneath as an altar-cloth, stood at one end of the apartment. One set of shelves contained presentation volumes from nearly all her literary contemporaries; another set was covered with medals, models, medicine bottles, and pieces of plumcake. On the walls hung portraits of her husband and son, a water-color sketch representing Death snatching her lost children from her arms, and two miniatures of Byron painted by herself. On a centre-table might be seen a prayer-book, some of Dibdin's music, a flask of cognac, a basin of cold gruel, eggs, a bottle of lavender-water, and a piece of pickled salmon. It is not surprising that such a heterogeneous collection in a lady's apartment should create suspicion of her sanity. While at Brocket, Lady Caroline was sometimes placed under the care of two female keepers, superintended by a medical man, whose watch she smashed in a fit of rage. She delighted to play Lady Bountiful, to assemble the tenants and laborers, feast them on beef and beer, kiss and romp with their rosy children, and join in their songs and dances. The old viscount, who also lived at Brocket, and did not approve of so much noisy revelry, once, when a fête was threatened, ordered the housekeeper to lock up the pantry, and the steward to fasten the ale-cellar. These injunctions obeyed, the latter official departed on business, and after an hour's absence was amazed to see his mistress dancing in the park amidst a joyous throng of smock-frocks and cotton-gowns; barrels of ale and baskets of bread and beef standing on the turf—Lady Caroline having ordered the locked doors to be broken open. After signing the deed of separation, she determined to go abroad, and to give her humble friends a farewell fête *on the anniversary of her wedding*. Dressed with all the elegance of happier days, she received her guests. A troop of girls in May-day finery, headed by a fiddler and a boy playing a tabor and

triangle, were followed by the Welwyn band and troops of rustics. After a dance under Lady Caroline's windows, the girls went through a performance she had invented, called the "Prussian exercise," which ended with their all falling sideways on the grass like a pack of cards. The visitors then adjourned to a plentiful meal, with copious libations of good ale, after which dancing and other amusements were kept up till midnight, the spacious ball-room being profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. Lady Caroline, bent on leaving, paid as well as received parting visits. With the blacksmith's wife she promised to dine, and arrived at the cottage in a carriage and four, carrying a bottle of wine with her. The repast has been thus celebrated by her "rising poet":

"Still condescending, Caroline, her presence  
deigns to lend,  
Nor will refuse the boon to dine, and grace  
her humble friend.  
But to a strange mishap it led, though meant  
the guest to cram,  
For who could think a *baked sheep's head*  
could please a dainty *Lamb*?"

The dainty Lamb ate a slice, however, and left a sovereign under her plate when she departed.

It was her own choice to leave Brock-et, as she wrote energetically, "If am sent to live by myself, dread the violence of my despair. Better far go away; every tree, every flower, will awaken bitter recollections." By desire of her husband, who was careful that no scandal should attach to the change in their domestic arrangements, Lady Caroline went first to Melbourne House, and mixed freely in society. She appeared at the opera in Lady Cowper's box, where she was kindly noticed by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. And, writing to ask for a visit from Lady Morgan, she says: "William wishes me to see every one. I shall therefore shake hands with the whole *Court Guide* before I go." She had three novels in hand, without an idea as to how any one of them was to be concluded, and could not go abroad with such a weight on her mind. Accordingly, she sent for the rising poet, who had occasionally acted as her secretary, and confided the manuscripts to him for completion—undertaking to pay a certain sum when they were ready for the

press. In a few days he finished one, and took it to Melbourne House, where he learned that his erratic patroness had started on a three years' continental tour. In the state of his finances, three years seemed an eternity. So he wrote to Mr. Colbourn, who agreed to take the novels off his hands for a trifling sum. But no sooner had Mr. Colbourn obtained possession of them than he announced that he had already advanced Lady Caroline more than a hundred pounds on their security, and her promise to finish them!

Lady Caroline was never intentionally ungenerous, but she had the vaguest ideas about money and could not realise that it would be more inconvenient to any one to wait three years than three days for it. To complicate matters, she actually returned within three months, and one of her first thoughts was to require Mr. Fleming's report on her novels. He called on her at Lady Gresley's in Conduit Street. She was dressed for the Park, her horse and groom waiting at the door. The interview was stormy, and the poet left the house in high wrath. No sooner had the door closed than Lady Caroline's kindness of heart returned. The indignant poet had only reached Bond Street when he heard her well-known voice, as she pursued him at full speed, "and I am sure," he adds, "that no fewer than a hundred persons witnessed our reconciliation."

Henceforth Lady Caroline spent most of her time at Brocket, with her father-in-law and her son. They formed a melancholy group—the old viscount, who had survived all interests and occupations; the handsome, amiable, grown-up child, who had never been capable of any; and the once-worshipped, dazzling woman, who had possessed every earthly blessing, and had wilfully thrown all away. The monotony of their life was frequently brightened by the sunshine of William Lamb's cordial manners, genial temper, and handsome presence—"the beau-ideal of an Epicurean philosopher blended with an English statesman." Lady Caroline corresponded with him regularly and affectionately, and also wrote frequently to Lady Morgan letters full of self-upbraiding, lightened by flashes of the old audacious humor: as where, after declaring "I was and am religious," she says:

"I fear nobody except the devil, who certainly has all along been very particular in his attentions to me, and has sent me as many baits as he did Job."

But through all this mixture of remorse and mournful jesting, she was constant in grateful admiration for her husband:

"I have wandered from right and been punished; I have suffered what you can hardly believe. . . . I am on my deathbed. Say, I might have died by a diamond, I now die by a brickbat. But remember, the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb. He is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore."

During her last illness, Lady Caroline was removed to Melbourne House for better advice, and tenderly nursed by both families. Her husband (Chief Secretary for Ireland) was then in Dublin; and her one desire was to live long enough to see him again. This was gratified, and on his arrival she was, according to her favorite brother, William, "able to converse with him and enjoy his society." Perfectly resigned, "calm, patient, and affectionate," she died of dropsy, on January 26, 1828, in her forty-second year. William Lamb contributed a biographical sketch of Lady Caroline to the *Literary Gazette* for February 16, 1828, in the course of which he said:

"There are many yet living who drew from the opening years of this gifted and warm-hearted being hopes which her maturity was not fated to realise. To these it will be some consolation to reflect that her end at least was what the best of us might envy, and the harshest of us approve. . . . Her character it is difficult to analyse, because, owing to the extreme susceptibility of her imagination, and the unhesitating and rapid manner in which she followed its impulses, her conduct was one perpetual kaleidoscope of change. . . . To the poor she was invariably charitable—she was more: in spite of her ordinary thoughtlessness of self, for them she had consideration as well as generosity, and delicacy no less than relief. For her friends she had a ready and active love: for her enemies no hatred: never perhaps was there a human being who had less malevolence: as all her errors hurt only herself, so against herself only were levelled her accusations and reproach. . . . Her manners, though somewhat eccentric, and apparently, not really, affected, had a fascination which it is difficult for any who never encountered their effect to conceive."

Her conversation was playful and animated, pregnant with humor and vivacity, and remarkable for the common-sense of the opinions it expressed. "She who disdained all worldly advice was

the most sagacious of worldly advisers." In her grave all her faults and follies were buried, and only the interest and love she had inspired survived. To the last of his own long and distinguished life, her husband seldom spoke of her

without tears ; and her words in ' Glen-arvon ' were prophetic : though he might meet with many more talented or more beautiful—"none could ever be so dear to Avondale's heart as was Calantha."—*Temple Bar.*

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## LITERATURE AND ART ABROAD.

MONTHLY NOTES PREPARED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

— A NOTABLE feature of the English literary journals, which certainly will not diminish their interest for readers on this side of the Atlantic, is the increasing space which they devote to notices of American works. This is a necessary result, not only of the greater practical nearness of the two countries, but also of the growth of their mutual acquaintance, in the best intellectual sense. Perhaps the publishing arrangements which have been established, perforce, through the absence of any international copyright, have further conduced to give the two kindred literatures a common field of circulation. The result, imperfectly as it is still manifested, is one to which no author of either country can be indifferent. There is nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, much to be gained on both sides, through the contrast and reciprocal study of contemporaneous thought and modes of expression. Intelligent criticism is valuable in proportion as it is impersonal, and perhaps the writers to whom the material and tone of a work is most foreign are best qualified to judge of its artistic merits. The difference between the higher literary culture of the two countries is one of quantity rather than of quality, and their mutual criticism will tend towards the better development of each, without affecting that individuality which is based upon the diverging life of the people.

We find a notice of General Lee's edition of his grandfather's book in the *Saturday Review*, wherein the following curious sentence occurs: "The honest family pride displayed in the account of the ancestry of the Lees, . . . and which incidentally vindicates against Northern sneers the claims of the leading families of Virginia to an illustrious origin, is an interesting trait in a character so perfectly free from personal vanity or ambition!" The same journal asserts that the novel of "Fair Harvard" is "as far superior to Verdant Green in one way as to Tom Brown in another," though it seems, singularly enough, to consider both the athletic sports and the fagging system of Harvard as much more brutal than any thing

known to the students of English universities. Further, the reviewer, in speaking of Mr. Bryant's "Letters from the East," claims that the charge of "coldness, polish, and severity," made against the author in America, is a proof of his literary excellence. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* has a good-natured though sharp review of Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto," showing (what many reviews do not) an actual acquaintance with the work and a careful estimate of its merits and blemishes. It is a good specimen of the manner in which a writer may be honestly and gently castigated, without showing ill-humor or prejudice. The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott is taken to task by the same journal for having, in his "Romance of Spanish History," made Don John of Austria Prime Minister of Spain in 1677, or 131 years after he was born. The *Athenæum* heartily commends Hans Breitmann's new volume, and reviews at some length Mr. Noyes' "History of American Socialisms," *apropos* of which it says: "The story of American failures in communism is a melancholy and yet suggestive narrative of human presumption and imbecility." Low & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin* publishes a highly complimentary letter from the late Dean Milman to Mr. H. C. Lea, of Philadelphia, whose "Studies in Church History" has just appeared.

— Gustave Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary" and "Salamambo," has just published a new romance—"L'Education Sentimentale." The story is absolutely nothing, being simply a record of the transition by which a sentimental French youth, with some cleverness, much power of sensation, and no principle, passes from his early innocence to a state of complete *ennui* and indifference. To our race, such a character is despicable; to the French reader, we suppose, it must present some kind of psychological interest. M. Flaubert seems to be a disciple of Balzac, with one of the latter's peculiar talents—he is an unrivalled word-painter of external life. Before writing "Salamambo" he went to Tunis to study the scenery around ancient Carthage, and the clearness, precision, and fulness of his de-

scriptions, in that work, is almost painful. This last romance has the same merits, which—so highly is the French taste developed in regard to style, without reference to sentiment—are quite enough to insure its popularity.

— The life of Alexander Herten, whose death has been recently announced, is intimately connected with the intellectual development of Russia, and belongs, in some measure, to the history of that Empire. He was born in Moscow, in 1812, of a Russian father and a German mother. As a student the expression of liberal views brought upon him a temporary banishment to Siberia, after which he entered the Russian civil service. In 1842 he received permission to travel, and in the same year published his first work, which was soon followed by two novels of Russian society, "Doctor Crupow" and "Whose is the Guilt?" He then settled in London, established a printing-office for the Russian language, and commenced the publication of his celebrated journal, *Kolokol* (The Bell), the success of which was phenomenal. Although prohibited, it was smuggled by thousands in Russia, read everywhere, and supported by such powerful friends, that every secret of the Russian Court was betrayed to its editor, yet all attempts either to suppress it, or to detect its sources of information, were powerless. For many years, the *Kolokol* was a power in Russia: it is difficult to say how much of the recent development of the nation is not justly due to Alexander Herten. As the Russian press became free, the influence of his journal diminished, and it gradually passed out of existence. Herten then retired to Paris, where he died.

— Gustav Freytag's last work is the "Biography of Karl Mathy," a statesman of Baden, whose life was none the less important for Germany from the fact that his field of activity was limited, but whose name and history are hardly known except to those of his own race and language. The biography has excited much interest (of a political nature) in Germany. With regard to its literary character there can be but one opinion: no living author writes better German prose than Freytag.

— The German papers state that the historian Gregorovius has recently discovered, among the archives of the house of Este in Modena, many valuable documents which throw new light on the history of the Borgia family. His "History of Rome in the Middle

Ages" has been so enriched by his recent researches that he has already projected an additional volume—the eighth. Six volumes have appeared, and have passed to a second edition, before the publication of the seventh. New editions of the Italian sketches of Gregorovius—exquisite prose idyls—are also about to appear.

— Mr. William Morris has a foreign rival in Paul Heyse, whose romances in verse have just been published in Berlin. They consist of detached stories, not connected by a common thread of narrative, like those of the English poet. The titles are "The Bride of Cyprus," "Urica," "King and Musician," "Michel Angelo," "Raphael," "Syritha," etc. Some are Italian, some Chinese, and some Scandinavian. It seems impossible to exhaust the productive power of the modern German poets. The last number of the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* brings us reviews of nine new dramatic poems, besides a volume belonging to the class which Tennyson would style "Experiments"—an attempt to rhyme the ancient classic metres. Some of the specimens quoted are not wholly unsuccessful. The Sapphic and the Alcaic measures, in particular, adapt themselves easily to rhyme; but we cannot say that they are an acquisition of much value. In English, we must first naturalize the hexameter, before we can make any such doubtful ventures.

— The last representative of the first literary period of Russia died recently in Moscow, at the age of eighty. As Ivan Ivanowitch Lashetchnikoff, his name is better known at home than abroad. He was born at Kolomna, in the interior of Russia, fought in the war of 1812, afterwards devoted himself to literature, but produced nothing before his thirty-fifth year. His first work was an historical novel, "The Conquest of Livonia," followed by a second, "The Palace of Ice," both of which established his reputation. He afterwards wrote other historical romances, and dramas which were less successful. As the intimate friend of Pushkin, Belinsky, and the other great poets and critics of the last generation, he will be greatly missed by the present, which has only the names of Turgenieff, Zagoskin, and a very few others, as the inadequate successors of the classic period.

— In the little city of Oldenburg, the four historical dramas of Shakespeare, Richard III., Henry IV., Parts I. and II., and Henry

V., were performed, not long since, on four successive evenings. This experiment, the result of which might not be so certain in New York, was brilliantly successful in Oldenburg.

— The first newspaper in Central Asia has just been issued in the city of Tashkend, in Turkestan. It is called the *Türkistanskaja Vjedomosti* (Turkestan News), and will contain articles in three Tartar dialects, as well as in the Russian language.

— Four Greek letters of the Emperor Frederick II. accidentally discovered in the Laurentian Library at Florence, have been published in Naples. They were apparently written during the last year of the Emperor's reign, and have a biographical if not an historical value.

#### ART.

— THE Museum of the Louvre has lately recovered a work of art to which a singular history is attached. It is a group of "Venus, fettered by Cupid," executed by a French sculptor in the seventeenth century. Louis XIV. gave it to a French ambassador to China, as a present to the Emperor. For two centuries it stood in the Summer Palace at Peking, and finally became part of the booty of a French soldier, at the taking of the Palace, a few years ago. An officer purchased it for a hundred francs, sold it for five thousand, and it has now been purchased for the Louvre for thirty-five thousand.

— Castellani the younger, in Naples, whose private museum of antique gold, glass, and porcelain (commenced by his father in Rome) is unique among European collections, has recently undertaken to reproduce the art of majolica painting. A careful study of the splendid specimens in his possession has already enabled him to attain the same brilliancy, and apparent permanence, of color.

— The City Hall at Crefeld is to be decorated with historical fresco-painting. A prize of 200 thalers was offered for the best design, the judges to be—whom does the American reader think? The City Council of Crefeld? A committee of private gentlemen? Or perhaps the North-German Parliament? Not at all:—a Committee chosen by the *Art Union* of Westphalia and the Rhine! They have a curious way of managing such matters in Germany: these subjects "of the despot and the tyrant" consider that those who select painting or sculpture for the adornment of public edifices, should know something of Art! The consequence was, they

gave the prize to the best design: the lucky artist, Jansen, is further to receive 6,000 thalers for the execution of his cartoons in fresco, the subject being the history of Hermann, the deliverer of Northern Germany from Rome.

— A Vienna journal gives the details of a regular system of manufacturing antique furniture, weapons, jewelry, fayence, and majolica, which, we imagine, will carry grief to the hearts of many American collectors. It seems that in Cologne, Paris, Brussels, Venice, and other cities, there are permanent manufactories for the production of these articles, employing a great number, not only of ordinary workmen, but also of second-rate artists. The wood for the ancient furniture is carefully chosen and carved, the worm-holes artificially produced by puncture, the corners and sharp outlines rubbed with sand-paper, dented, bruised, and chipped, a rich, dark color added, and then dust thrown into all the sunken parts. Frequently a genuine piece of old furniture is taken, divided into many parts, and each part made the foundation for an artificial reproduction of the whole. The effect, of course, is exactly the same, and for all practical purposes, the furniture is as good as the genuine,—but, then, there's the price that one pays!

— Johanna Codecassa, *née* Saller, who sang the part of *Zerlina* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," when the great composer first produced that opera in Prague (about the year 1788 or '90), died in Milan, last November, aged 100 years. Lorenzo Da Ponte, well known in New York, who wrote the libretto of the opera, was also almost a centenarian at the time of his death. The composer, only, was loved of the gods.

— The venerable sculptor Tenerani, who recently died in Rome, is one of the few artists of his day, who had both the intelligence and the courage to dispute the assumed dictatorship of Canova. He left that master as a young man, and attached himself to Thorwaldsen, whose purer influence is manifest in all his works. Taste, harmony, and a fine appreciation of classic art, rather than originality of genius, characterize Tenerani's sculpture. He deserves to be remembered for his admirable arrangement of the statues in the Roman museums, and his careful restoration of imperfect antiques.

— The English residents of Simla—a sanitarium in the Himalayas, on the borders of Cashmere—have recently held an art exhibition, the artists being the officers of the



post, the civilian residents, and their wives. Both the oil and water-color schools were represented, and some of the pictures exhibited genuine artistic merit. But fancy the result, if the guests at Long Branch, Saratoga, or Newport, during the season, were to attempt the same thing!

— The famous church of Santa Croce, in Florence, is now almost completely renovated. All the old whitewash and dust of centuries has been scraped away, and the original face of the walls brought to light, in which process many interesting discoveries have been made. In a chapel of the right transept, a series of frescoes, dating from the fourteenth century, and supposed to have been painted by the pupils of Giotto, is now revealed. Everywhere in Italy, there seems to be a renaissance of the spirit of restoration and research. Societies have been formed for carrying on excavations in hitherto neglected localities, money is subscribed, and the assistance of the Italian Government has been secured. Great as are the treasures which the soil of Italy has already yielded, they are probably but a small proportion of those which may yet be recovered.

— The great Cathedral of Cologne is steadily approaching completion. During the year 1869, the southern tower grew thirty, and the northern twenty, feet in height. It is believed that by the end of 1871, both towers will have reached the base of the pointed octagonal lanterns, after which the labor will be greatly diminished. In the meantime the decoration of the interior and the growth of the immense main portal have not been neglected.

— A curious form of religious intolerance has recently been manifested in Munich. The painter Kaulbach exhibited a new picture, representing the inquisitor Peter Arbues, in the act of sentencing a heretical family to be burned. He immediately received threatening letters, to which he at first paid no attention, but the indications soon became so strong that the picture would be destroyed unless it were withdrawn from exhibition, that Kaulbach was finally compelled to remove it. This is another triumph of that spirit which canonized certain inquisitors a few years ago, and would now restore the Inquisition, were such a thing possible.

— This year is to witness a renewal of the celebrated Miracle-Plays, at Ammergau, in Bavaria, the last exhibition (which was attended by an immense crowd of foreign tourists) having occurred in 1860. The plays, representing the Creation, the Life of Christ, and various other Mediæval mysteries, will be given at intervals, lasting from May until September. Arrangements have been made to entertain an immense number of strangers.

— The literary and artistic journals of Germany give prominent reports of the steps taken towards the foundation of a Metropolitan Art-Museum in New York. The progress of the undertaking is followed with the deepest interest, and probably no other movement in the direction of a higher culture would awaken such a hearty sympathy abroad.

— The destruction of ancient monuments in Turkey goes on at a rate that awakes the lamentations of civilized Europe. That the old walls of Constantinople should be torn down, is perhaps inevitable; but when we hear that the so-called "Palace of Priam" at Assos is nearly destroyed for the sake of building-stone, and that the aqueducts of Ephesus have been levelled to make a railroad, the impression is not favorable either to the Turkish Government or its foreign advisers. When all of Asia Minor is opened to travel by the railways now projected, the doom of the ancient cities will be sealed.

— A very interesting discovery has been made near Gythion (Sparta). It is a square-hewn stone, on the top of which five conical holes have been carefully cut. Each of these holes is of different capacity, and each has engraved near it the name of the liquid measure, for which it furnished a normal standard. This, we believe, is the first instance of the actual liquid measure of the Greeks having been restored.

— The Swiss archaeologists are excited over the discovery of a Druid altar in Canton Zurich. A careful inspection of this and other Druidical stones in the neighborhood has led to the discovery of about 60 hieroglyphical figures, which have not been deciphered. Without doubt these remains date from the ante-Roman times.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
FIFINE: A STORY OF MALINES.  
IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

V.

Two days passed; Fifine went about her work, flushed, and with red swollen eyelids; but when she came into the sitting-room to her mother she contrived to look bright and cheerful. La mère Jacqueline watched the girl silently. Monsieur Dusecq's name had not been spoken between them since his visit, for Fifine contrived to avoid being alone with her mother, and feigned to fall asleep as soon as she was in bed. But La mère Jacqueline slept lightly, and as she lay awake thinking of this marriage of Fifine's, it seemed to her that the child was restless and moaned in her sleep.

The third day was a jour de fête: it was long since the crippled woman had been to hear mass, and Madame proposed that Fifine should get a chair and go with her mother to the Grande Masse at eleven o'clock.

In her heart Madame Popot thought this would be a good opportunity of meeting Monsieur Dusecq; it seemed to the good woman that the courtship made slow progress.

"Ma foi," she said to herself, as she went to the Cathedral,—Madame was much too good a Catholic to wash on a festival of the Church,—"love-making is altered since my time. One would have thought a man would like to look at the woman he means to marry."

She wronged Monsieur Dusecq. He had been charmed with his pretty, blushing fiancée; but, alas! a public dinner was to be held at the Hotel de Grue, and ever since Sunday the chef's brain had been actively at work in the preparation and contriving of certain new dishes to grace the feast.

The nave of the Cathedral was already full, but Madame Popot elbowed her way till she found a vacant chair within view of the high altar. Fifine and her mother had gone in by a small door opening into one of the transepts; there was more space here, and they got two chairs in front of the side altar.

Fifine was sorry when the service came to an end. She had never found so much happiness in church as she had lately found there, though her mother had trained her to be devout. She had been too much absorbed to look round her; but La mère Jacqueline, sitting a little behind—sitting, too, when others knelt—had been observ-

ant of troubled glances cast on her daughter by a tall, dark-eyed man in the garb of a fisherman. The mass was over, and they came out into the porch; while Fifine was slowly helping her mother into the chair again, the stranger pushed out of the crowd, and offered his services. La mère Jacqueline looked quickly at her daughter, but Fifine hung down her head.

The bearers trotted on with the chair, a queer, clumsy contrivance, and Michel followed side by side with Fifine.

"Does your mother know who I am?" he asked.

"I have not told her anything, and no more has been said about the marriage."

"Bon!"—Michel looked smiling—"Allons, my child! I have a sure hope all will go well. I want to speak to thee of our future. Thou hast shown a true woman's faith in loving me, my Fifine; for what dost thou know of me except that I catch fish in the river? Allons!"—the colour rose in his face—"I may as well confess at once that I am an idle fellow, a good-for-nothing."

Fifine looked at him with wide wondering eyes, and Michel smiled.

"Not as thou thinkest, little one. I worked hard enough once. I was a sailor; but in a storm I got entangled when the mast fell, and this arm"—he touched his left sleeve—"is almost useless in respect of strength. I came home to Louvain, and was nursed by some good Sœurs there—I have no mother or sisters, Fifine. It was a long, tedious illness, for my shoulder was also injured, and it seemed to make an idle fellow of me. I have been well for a year, and yet I have never troubled to work except just to earn the few sous I need by catching fish in the river. Now, Fifine, what do you think of me? Will you give me up for Monsieur Dusecq?"

They walked along discreetly side by side behind the chair, but Fifine gave her lover a look which satisfied him.

"I can't make it out," he said. "I used to be hard-working, but then I had my mother to help. If I had a wife, Fifine, I feel I should work again; but I must first make a home for her. Is it not so?"

Fifine's eyes were full of love and trust as she looked up at her lover. The heavy cloud that had made all her future look so grey and dim lifted. A warm flood of sunshine came pouring into her heart, it sparkled through her pulses. The strong hopefulness of his words and his voice buoyed her up in her implicit faith; and, like the child beside the river who fancies that because the water floats the weeds that

star its surface, it will float him too, so it seemed to Fifine that Michel's confidence must influence her aunt and her mother also. Poor little trusting Fifine! she had yet to learn how much love has to do with trust.

When they reached the bridge, Fifine paused. "Good-bye now," she said; "it is best to part here."

Michel raised his cap. There were people coming and going across the bridge, and he would not expose Fifine to remark by a more lover-like farewell.

"Adieu, my well-beloved!" he said. "I have a project, but I will not speak of it till its success is certain." There was a wistful tenderness in his eyes that made Fifine sad in spite of herself.

Every step she took along the quay increased this sadness. It is always difficult to keep up hopefulness in which there is an amount of unreality when surrounded by the associations of daily life. There were the heaps of coal and the vermilion tiles — there was the old crane, and the brown-sailed barge that had come up the canal yesterday. And when Aunt Popot came out under the archway, and asked them if they had seen Monsieur Dusecq at the Cathedral, a pall seemed to be flung over Fifine's hope of deliverance, and she shuddered at the living grave which her life seemed destined to fill.

La mère Jacqueline was seldom talkative, but to-day she was more silent than ever. Madame Popot rolled in and out during the afternoon, now setting a chair in its place, now pulling some yellow leaves off the fuchsias and geraniums in the window. She was expecting a visitor.

The table d'hôte at La Grue was at five o'clock, and when the chimes went three-quarters past four, Madame Popot gave up expecting; she went upstairs and came down again in cloak and hood, her spotless white cap-strings drawn into the largest of starched bows, and announced her intention of paying a visit to the sick child of La grosse Margotin.

La mère Jacqueline drew a deep breath. Margotin lived as far as the Porte des Capucins, and Sister Popot's walking powers were of the slowest. The poor crippled woman rejoiced; she was longing for a talk with her darling.

## VI.

LA MÈRE JACQUILINE sat crouched up in her usual corner, but not in the patient, uncomplaining attitude that had grown so

habitual. She was rocking herself backwards and forwards, wringing the feeble hands that lay on her lap.

"Oh, my child! my child!" the poor woman murmured; "and to think that I have asked of thee so hard a sacrifice!"

For, in the artless confession that she had drawn from Fifine, the mother had seen plainly the motive of her child's consent to the marriage with Monsieur Dusecq.

"It must not be," said La mère Jacqueline. It would be sin to marry this old man while she loves the young one; she must not be sacrificed for my sake; and yet what can I do? I cannot go against Elise; and who is to say what this Michel Van Oorst may be? He may only be trilling with my poor Fifine."

But formidable as it seemed to the timid woman to appeal to her strong-willed, strong-voiced sister, it must be done; and she sat waiting with a beating heart the return of Madame Popot.

She came sooner than La mère Jacqueline expected. Margotin had presented her employer with an immense bunch of marigolds from her little garden, and the portly laundress buried her pink cheeks in this, and gave a prodigious sniff before she so much as looked at La mère Jacqueline. When she did look up, her sister saw something was amiss, and she felt more timid than ever. She must speak all the same — she must appeal to Elise, and see if she would not find some means to break off the marriage before Monsieur Dusecq came again to see Fifine.

"Bah!" Madame Popot unhooked her cloak and flung it on a chair, and then she flung herself into another chair, which squeaked and groaned at the sudden weight. "I am exhausted — Bah, see what comes of having too good a heart. I go to see a sick child, and in return I get destroyed with fatigue and vexed also."

"What has vexed thee, my sister?" La mère Jacqueline spoke in a soothing voice, but it seemed to irritate Madame Popot.

"Aha, Jacqueline, that is not for thee to know all at once." The fat woman spoke angrily; she felt she had been ill-used.

"Where then is la petite?"

"She is in her bedroom; but stay, Elise —"

Madame Popot was half-way to the door; she looked wrathfully over her shoulder — "Why should I stay? I have something to question Fifine about, and the sooner the better."

"Elise." There was something so solemn and yet so beseeching in the tone that Madame Popot faced round towards her

— she was not mollified, but she was restrained.

"I want you to sit down and listen," said La mère Jacqueline.

Madame Popot puffed out her pink cheeks, and sat down with her plump hands folded on the slant where her lap should have been.

"Eh bien!" she said with a sharpness quite at variance with the repose of her attitude — and La mère Jacqueline's heart grew heavier still.

"You must not be angry, Elise; at least, I hope you will not," — her voice was quavering and timid, and fear is about the most irritating quality that can be brought to bear on the nerves of an angry woman; "but I am afraid it will not be right that this marriage should go on."

"This marriage — not go on" — came out in two gasps, and then Madame Popot fell back in her chair — she was almost choked.

"Fifine does not like Monsieur Dusecq, and he is too old; and, besides, Elise, the child loves another person."

The poor woman pressed her weak hands together; she hardly knew how she got the words out, the room and the flowers on the window-sill, and the great orange-coloured bouquet on the table, all seemed to be going round and round, for La mère Jacqueline knew her sister's anger of old, and shrank from it.

Madame Popot rose. She seemed to dilate as she drew herself stiffly out of her chair.

"Jacqueline, thou art an imbecile," she stopped and took breath: "this marriage is none of thy making; thou hast, therefore, no power to unmake it. Listen, foolish woman: how canst thou, feeble as thou art, watch over the goings and comings of a girl so artful as Fifine? Aha, thou mayest shake thy head, but artful is the word which truly describes Fifine. She must have a husband, and that quickly; a sober, discreet man, who will watch her goings and comings. It is much if we keep the matter from M. Dusecq's ears, and so avoid the risk of his refusing to fulfil his part. Ma foi, when I think how I have been blinded, I have not patience to speak. Fifine is a child, is she, my sister? An innocent, artless child, truly, who goes down to the river-side to beat linen there, and stands talking to her lover under the poplar-trees. Aha, what sayst thou now, La mère Jacqueline?"

The mother's heart felt lightened. Madame Popot's words had conjured up at first dim phantoms of doubt.

"That is the person of whom I spoke," she said eagerly: "she loves him; how then can she marry Monsieur Dusecq?"

"Thou art imbecile, Jacqueline." Madame Popot stretched out her hand to impose silence. "This lover is a vaurien, — a man who, doubtless, meets others besides Fifine under the trees," and Madame Popot's anger grew hot again. "Thou art willing to let this girl lose the only chance of a reputable marriage that will ever fall to her lot, while she throws away her reputation with an idle vagabond who does not earn a farthing. But I also am imbecile to waste words," exclaimed Madame, grasping a cap-string in each hand. "I tell thee, Jacqueline, Fifine shall marry Monsieur Dusecq, or she never comes inside this door again — never."

She stamped her feet hard, but her sister did not look so frightened now.

"I cannot live without my child," the mother said coldly; "if thou turnest her out to starve, Elise, I go along with her."

Madame's face twitched, but she was not to be conquered.

"I do not want to see thee suffer, Jacqueline, but I keep to my word. Fifine must keep her promise to Monsieur Dusecq. I give her two days, and then she must go away."

## VII.

THAT night neither the mother nor daughter got any settled sleep. Her aunt had overwhelmed Fifine with reproaches, and then the girl had sat weeping silently till bed-time. It was so hard to know how to act, and while she pondered, the words of the preacher came back. Surely it was better to give up her own happiness than to risk her mother's comfort and welfare! But then it was also the happiness of Michel: and he loved her so: "but perhaps men are different: he will be sorry at first; but after that he will be consoled; he will see many girls who will make him as happy as I could," sobbed poor Fifine; but her heart seemed unwilling to consent to her words.

When Fifine rose next morning, Madame Popot was absent. The girl got down the pewter jug in which she fetched the milk, and took her way to the little dairy beyond the bridge. Everything looked so pitilessly full of blithe sunshine. A woman on a barge opposite the crane sat singing to the baby on her knees; her husband lay a little farther off in a heap of carrots and turnips, smoking his pipe and watching with delight the crowing movements of the infant.

Farther on she came to a great heap of stones shot down on the quay for the purpose of mending it, and here was a group of ragged boys at play, a merry red-capped rascal a-top, defending his position against the assaults of several younger urchins.

Their peals of happy laughter made Fifine hurry on.

Just as she reached the bridge, she had to step aside out of the path: two children in blue round pinafores and white skull-caps sat munching a huge piece of bread, uttering shrieks of delight as each made a larger hole in the slice than the bite which had gone before.

"Oh, how happy to be like them!" sighed Fifine; "a month ago I, too, was a baby."

Her cheeks flushed brightly under her hood. She saw Michel crossing the bridge; he was close to her in a minute; she thought he looked wild.

"Fifine," his voice had such a strange mournful sound that the girl grew pale at once, "I ought not to have spoken to you; my hopes are at an end. I thought I had got a post on the railway, but I cannot have it. I know no one here, and the applicant for this post must bring a recommendation from two respectable inhabitants. Adieu, Fifine, try and forget all about such a vaurien as I am." He went on fast—he did not dare to stay beside her.

Fifine drew a long deep breath, and looked around her. There was no one in sight but the two little children still at work on their breakfast, and farther on she could still make out the mother and child on the barge. She felt stupefied. She pulled her hood forward; she wanted to shut out the sunshine and the short dream that had made life so intensely bright.

Madame Popot breakfasted between ten and eleven. She had a cup of coffee earlier, but she took this in the washhouse. Fifine was surprised at her aunt's gracious manner this morning. She gave the girl some money, and bade her buy eggs and a melon, and be back quickly.

Fifine was puzzled; there was sausage already. Why was her aunt so prodigal this morning? She went and came back and set the table mechanically, too heavy-hearted to notice anything, or she must have seen that Madame had put on a fresh cap, and that the finest of her mother's fuschias stood in the centre of the table.

She could not realize what had happened, but Michel's words had silenced every hope in the poor child's heart.

"Why should I refuse this satisfaction to my aunt?" she said. "I am nothing to

Michel; he does not want my love. If I marry Monsieur Dusecq, I please her and him too, and I secure my mother's future. Am I then so selfish as to put myself alone against every one?"

The struggle was very sore, it went on all the morning; there was no washing, but there was plenty of work to be done in unsewing lace borders from caps and pocket-handkerchiefs, and tacking them neatly in little folded packets ready for wash-to-morrow. As the chimes went three-quarters past ten Fifine set her mother's bouillon and her aunt's bottle of beer on the table. To her surprise she saw that her aunt too had been busy. The fuschia was flanked on one side by the grand melon, and on the other by a smoking omelette.

Before she could think what all this meant, there was a tap at the door, and her aunt was shaking hands with Monsieur Dusecq.

It came to Fifine at that moment that her fate was clearly ordered for her. There was no use in struggling against the doom which consigned her to Monsieur Dusecq. All the summer of her life was ended—it would be always winter for her.

Michel even willed it so.

Therefore when M. Dusecq came up to her, smiling and bowing, and holding out his hand, Fifine put hers into it without shrinking. She even smiled while Monsieur Dusecq raised it to his lips.

La mère Jacqueline held her breath in wonder, but Madame Popot grew flushed and radiant. She placed a flask of Macon on the table, and poured a whole glassful out for Fifine.

The girl tried to listen to her enamoured suitor, tried to smile at his jokes, but her head grew hotter and heavier, and her hands and feet were cold as ice. If her mother would only smile and seem happy too, she could bear it, but La mère Jacqueline does not speak or eat; she seems scarcely able to swallow her broth.

Monsieur Dusecq breakfasts on his love, for it cannot be expected that he can eat omelette—he whose omelettes are unrivalled. Nevertheless, he gets through some huge slices of melon, smacks his lips over them too, and has some trouble in wiping off the golden fragments from his overhanging moustache.

He accomplishes this at last, and then he turns to Madame Popot:

"Madame, may I have the honour of a few moments' private conversation?"

"Whatever does the man want now?" says his hostess; "did we not settle this morning that everything was to be arranged

"without further delay? He is as full of fuss and fidget as an old maid." But she only said this to herself. Her bland face wore its roundest smiles, as she led the way into the empty washhouse.

Fifine went up to her mother, and put her arms round her neck.

"My mother, I am willing to marry Monsieur Dusecq; it is all over with Michel, he has said farewell to me. Give me your blessing, mother, and do not look so sad."

She knelt down, but La mère Jacqueline was not satisfied. She questioned Fifine till she knew the story of Michel's disappointed love, and to her too it seemed that this marriage was ordained by Fate.

When the others came back they found the mother and daughter sitting hand-in-hand.

Monsieur walked slowly up to Fifine with his legs very wide apart.

"Mademoiselle." He stopped, and fumbled in his pocket. "Will Mademoiselle deign to accept a little souvenir from me?" And he held out a gold locket in which was a portrait of himself.

"Thank you." But Fifine's hand trembled as she took the locket. Then Monsieur Dusecq stooped a little and kissed her on the forehead.

The warm blood rushed there in a moment, and tears came in her eyes; but this was to be expected in a young modest girl, and Monsieur Dusecq felt triumphant.

He turned to La mère Jacqueline.

"I have reason to believe, Madame, that I may arrange for the marriage on next Saturday."

Fifine's blushes fled. She turned a deadly white. La mère Jacqueline spoke hurriedly:

"So soon? I had not thought it would be so soon."

Monsieur glanced at Madame Popot, and in her face he read encouragement. "Does Mademoiselle think it too soon?" he said to Fifine.

The girl tried to speak, but the words only formed themselves, and then fell unspoken. At last she found voice, but it was forced, not like her own—

"I am ready, Monsieur."

Monsieur Dusecq was so enraptured that he took both her hands in his, and kissed her soundly on each cheek. He would have liked to have taken her in his arms, only something in the manner of La mère Jacqueline restrained him. But, in the discussion that immediately ensued about the time to be fixed for the ceremony, no one saw the flitting colour on the girl's heart-sick face; and when the arrangement

came to an end Monsieur Dusecq departed. Madame Popot followed him to the door, but he seemed unconscious of her presence. He turned round and kissed his fingers rapturously to Fifine.

Madame Popot stood under the arch-way, and watched him out of sight.

## VIII.

You are not to suppose that Monsieur Dusecq lived altogether at the Hôtel la Grue on the Grande Place. He was to be found there from early morning till after the evening table d'hôte was served, in his spotless suit of calico and his paper cap, a costume which suited him better than any other; it gave him height, and set off his glossy dark beard.

On the evening of the day which had decided Fifine's fate he left the hotel in a tight blue frock-coat and still tighter salmon-coloured trousers, in which he bore a strong resemblance to a pincushion, and instead of going at once to his snug lodging near the Archbishop's Palace, a quiet shady corner so retired that grass grew in among the stones of the pathway, he betook himself to one of the cafés on the Grande Place, ordered a bottle of Strasburg beer, and set down to play dominoes under the awning in front with a friend.

He played game after game, and still he won. He treated his adversary to some more beer, and went on winning as before.

"It is no use, Pierre Burghaut; luck is against thee, my friend: and luck to-day is for me absolutely in other things than dominoes." He slapped his pockets joyfully, nodded to his friend, and then took his way home.

It has been said that Monsieur Dusecq's lodging was in a shady quiet part of the town. It overlooked a smaller canal from which the houses rose at once without any quay; and although this is a picturesque arrangement, still when all is in deep shadow, and the surface of the water is encrusted with yellow scum, there is a sense of depression in the atmosphere.

Monsieur Dusecq's heart sank, and he drew a deep involuntary sigh.

"Bah! it is only the contrast from the blazing sunshine we had a little while ago."

He stopped at the open door of his lodging. It had been a grand house once; the black marble staircase still remained to bear witness to its change of fortune.

Outside the door a curious old-fashioned chair was standing; its bearers had seemingly deserted it, but in reality they were just round the angle of Monsieur's lodging

playing at marbles, for the chair was the property of Madame Popot, and when it was used the good laundress usually secured the services of a couple of gamins from the quay.

But Monsieur Dusecq hardly remarked the chair, he was troubled by his increasing depression.

"Ma foi!" and he laid his hand on his chest, "it is perhaps the melon."

This idea having cheered him marvellously, he went up the flight of stone steps to the old-fashioned hooded doorway, flourishing his cane as he went. He started back in stupefied astonishment; sitting on the horse-hair bench at the foot of the black marble staircase was the mother of Fifine, the woman he had looked on as an immovable cripple!

"Madame," he bowed and then he stammered, for there was no use in asking his future mother-in-law to walk up stairs to his rooms. It was possible that she had no legs, and he might be expected to carry her.

His forehead grew clammy at this, but La mère Jacqueline helped his perplexity.

"Monsieur,"—her sweet faint voice thrilled through even Monsieur Dusecq,— "I hope you will pardon me: I want to speak to you very much, and I got myself carried to your house."

"Then she is carried; I knew it," and the chef rubbed his hands with self-complacency.

"But I cannot carry her." He made a grimace. "She must not stay here." He smiled. "Madame, I am your most devoted."

He had been standing hat in hand, but he waved it gracefully to and fro, as if thereby signifying his willingness to fly all over Belgium if Madame required such a service.

"Monsieur," said La mère Jacqueline, in an uncertain fluttered voice, "my daughter cannot marry you."

Monsieur Dusecq's hat paused in its gyrations, and then fell on the floor, describing a circle as it rolled round the widely set feet of its owner.

But Monsieur Dusecq had lived too long in the world to be daunted by a crippled woman—a woman he strongly suspected of being the dependant of her sister Madame Popot, and the wisdom his world had taught Monsieur Dusecq was that dependants should be sent to the wall.

"Plait-il, Madame?" He had put his head on one side and his hands in the pockets of the salmon-coloured trousers.

La mère Jacqueline flushed. This man

had seemed so kind and good-natured at her sister's that she had not counted on resistance. She looked up in his face; there was an expression in his puckered-up lips and drawn-down eyebrows near akin to contempt.

"My daughter Fifine cannot marry you, Monsieur," she repeated slowly; "and when I have told you why, I think you will not care to marry her—she loves some one else."

The change in Monsieur's face resembled the change in one of those transformation pictures where a pull of the string works wonders.

Down came his lips and parted into a round O; his eyebrows got out of their slant at once and knitted savagely.

"Loves—some—one—else!" his words sounded as if they had come some distance and were out of breath. "Bah, Madame, what are the fancies of a young girl? Nothing. Console yourself, Madame, I shall marry your daughter on Saturday."

La mère Jacqueline shook her head: she was no longer nervous, she was indignant, and her voice did not flutter this time.

"Monsieur, you are aware that the law requires my consent to this marriage, and you have not asked me for it."

"Madame, your silence implied consent; it is too late to withdraw it."

"I know I should have spoken out sooner, but at first I was ignorant of my daughter's feelings; though from the first, Monsieur, I have thought you too old for Fifine."

"Too old?" and here the chef gave vent to a most unrestrained imprecation. "You will excuse me, Madame, but I am in my prime of vigour. Parbleu! that I, with a beard in which is not one white hair, should be taxed with age! Too old! Ciel!"

He spun round and round like a cockchafer. He had a dim feeling that he should like to toss the poor little cripple up to the ceiling if he could make up his mind to touch her. At last he stood still, planted his legs wider apart than ever, and looked severely at La mère Jacqueline.

"Excuse me, Madame, but I cannot admit your interference; Madame Popot is the arbiter of my destiny, Madame Popot introduced me to your daughter, Madame Popot is her protector and guardian, I receive her as my wife at the hands of Madame Popot."

In the pause La mère Jacqueline had had time to rally her startled wits. Nervous as she was, she was determined to conquer,

and Monsieur Dusecq had unwittingly shown her his weak side.

She forced herself to smile; she saw that any earnest appeal must fall blunted on the man's selfishness. In her long hours of sickness she had thought much, and she had learned among other things that to be too deeply in earnest is to be incomprehensible to worldly hearts.

"Well," she said quietly, "every one to his taste, only I fancied I was doing you a kindness."

Her altered tone struck him with alarm. He drew his hands out of his pockets and pulled up his collar.

"Bon, Madame; I am at a loss to understand how Madame can possess that power. Ciel!" he murmured to himself, "Alphonse Théophile Dusecq, art thou awake or asleep when a woman without legs proposes to do thee a kindness?"

"Yes, Monsieur, a kindness. Fifine is my daughter, and yet I cannot let her be deceived. She has consented to this marriage only because you are rich." Monsieur's cheeks were as red as pæonies. "She abhors you, and says you are an ugly little monster." Here *La mère Jacqueline* smiled.

Monsieur swore and stamped with fury.

But *La mère Jacqueline* made no pause, she went on in the same cheerful tone. "Yes, a monster; she fainted away with disgust this morning after you departed, and when she recovered she took the locket with your portrait and flung it out of window. Ah, Monsieur, I will not have you deceived; it would be shameful not to let you know that my child has a temper when she is roused."

Monsieur stood glaring; he had grown purple with indignation; for some minutes he could not speak.

"Then I am to understand that your sister is leagued in this shameful plot; and that the little hussy her niece would be willing to marry me on Saturday, after flinging my portrait out of window!"

"Monsieur, you can believe me or not, as you choose. I only tell you that my child bade me not interfere: she said, 'My mother, this marriage must go on.' There is the photograph, Monsieur; it is only a little bruised with the fall."

She held out the locket, but Monsieur Dusecq waved it aside.

"Madame," he said, when his usual calmness had returned, "I ask your pardon, and I believe your story, because in this world it is the business of each one to advance his own interest, and it is to your interest that I should marry your daughter.

Madame, I will marry on Saturday, but it shall not be a shallow, unappreciating idiotic girl; no; Madame, I do not intend to ally myself to *Mademoiselle Josephine le Duc*. Madame," his voice grew loud and excited again with the loftiness of his words, — "there is at the *Hôtel de Grue*," — he pointed one fat finger as if to indicate it, — "a *femme de chambre*, whose tenderness is unremitting; that tenderness, Madame, has been slighted for an unworthy rival, but it shall be rewarded. Yes, Madame, your unworthy daughter shall weep over the disappointment of her treacherous scheme. 'An ugly little monster!' Ah *morbleu!*" He put his hand to his side as if he wore a sword there, and had a habit of drawing it on occasion; but encountering only the flap of his coat pocket, he recovered himself, and bowed to *La mère Jacqueline*.

"Madame I have the honour of bidding you adieu; adieu, Madame."

He picked up his hat, set it firmly on his head, thrust both hands in the pockets of his trousers, and walked slowly and majestically up the black marble staircase, whistling the *Brabançaise*.

## IX.

As soon as the grand breakfast was over Madame Popot had gone into Brussels by railway. The good woman wanted to give Fifine a suitable marriage present, and during this unusual absence *La mère Jacqueline* had contrived to plan and carry out her secret visit to Monsieur Dusecq.

It was true that Fifine had fainted, and she had flung the locket out of window, believing herself unnoticed. *La mère Jacqueline* had noted these things silently. She was determined to save her child's happiness.

When the chimes went for five o'clock she sent Fifine out on a distant errand; and when some boys came to play under the archway, she prevailed on them to carry her chair.

Her strength failed before she reached home, and she bade the boys leave her in her chair till Fifine's return.

Fifine was full of loving alarm and anxiety when she found her mother pale and exhausted, almost lifeless. *La mère Jacqueline* was not in a state to answer questions. Fifine could only indulge in a sad wonder as to what had happened.

But when a letter arrived from Monsieur Dusecq. *La mère Jacqueline* revived, the colour came back to her face, she trembled with impatience to know what was inside



the letter. She longed for her sister's return. "Ah ça!" and Madame Popot rolled in and fell exhausted into a chair; "was there ever a city made expressly to torture the feet and ankles like this villainous city of Brussels! I have gone up and down, up and down, all day, till I could not walk straight if I tried. Ciel! what one has to suffer for being benevolent! Out! and here is a letter on the table, a letter for me who never write to any one. Ah! this is too much; read it for me then, Fifine, my eyesight even is exhausted."

Fifine read: "Monsieur Dusecq has the honour to present his compliments to Madame Popot, and he has also the honour of refusing the condescension of an alliance with her niece Mademoiselle Josephine le Duc. He comprehends that he has been sought not for himself but for what he possesses, and this idea is so repugnant to his lofty estimate of marriage that he must request Madame Popot to inform Mademoiselle le Duc that she must for ever give up the hope of becoming the wife of Monsieur Dusecq. He could say much more, but Madame Popot's own reflections will fully explain anything he may have omitted."

Madame hardly waited for the end —

"Ah Fifine, see what thy folly has worked; such a marriage as never again can fall to thee;" and she broke into a torrent of reproaches. She held out her hand for the letter, and read it as carefully as her anger would allow, and then she burst out again —

"Married for himself, the little bloated glutton! He expected it, did he! Aha! I had a suspicion of his insolence when he refused this morning to eat the omelette I had prepared with my own hands for his greasy little stomach. Lofty notions has he, the little stunted ape; and he dares to insinuate that I, Elise Popot, imagined that my niece Fifine would marry him for love, the imbecile butter-tub!"

She embraced the wondering Fifine, and then sat thinking, but the conscience of La mère Jacqueline was troubled; come what would, she must tell sister Popot the truth. "Go upstairs, Fifine," she said. Meekly and faintly at first, but with an earnestness that gave strength to her voice as she proceeded, La Mère Jacqueline related her interview with Monsieur Dusecq. Madame Popot's face grew very red, but when her sister described the chef's anger and repeated his message her lips parted suddenly, and she fell back in her chair in a hearty fit of laughter. She laughed so long and so loud that Fifine came down to see what could have caused the unexpected merriment.

Poor Fifine was in a mood to laugh and cry all at once; her head was in such a whirl that she could not yet realize what had been happening to her.

"The old peacock! Allons, Fifine, my child, I tell thee what we will do; we will be even with this fine prétendu of thine. And besides I have brought thee a wedding present — see here, a watch with a picture on the back. Aha! it is worth being married for, is it not, little one? It is necessary that thou shouldst be married; and now the next thing is to find a husband."

Fifine knelt down before her aunt.

"My aunt, thou hast been all goodness to me, and I would do anything to show my gratitude, but I see now it would be a sin to marry any one but Michel; even Monsieur Dusecq's letter shows me that I cannot only sacrifice myself. I cannot make my husband happy unless I love him."

She rose up pale, but not trembling. Come what would, she knew Madame Popot would never let her mother starve, and for herself it was better to endure any hardship than to commit wilful sin.

Her aunt looked at her steadily. "You were sent upstairs just now, Fifine; I don't know why you came down without leave." Her voice was as sharp as vinegar.

All this while La mère Jacqueline had sat crouched in her corner. She was still sadly exhausted, and Madame Popot's severe voice seemed to end her hopes for Fifine's happiness. Her eyes followed the girl as she went upstairs.

To her surprise, Madame rose up as soon as Fifine was out of sight, and came across the room like a stout snail, holding her chair behind her.

Arrived at La mère Jacqueline, she set the chair down beside her and rolled into it.

"Now then, sister Jacqueline, I have a few words to say to thee, only understand, they are not to be told to the little simpleton upstairs. In the first place, then, la mère, thou hast acted like a heroic fool. Was it thy part to meddle in affairs which I had arranged? And then the risk, ciel! the risk. I may send thee out in a chair with bearers of my own choosing, who are rewarded for their labour, but for thee to trust thyself to gamins who carry for their amusement, ciel! it is a mercy they did not play pitch-and-toss with thee into the canal. Why, thou art trembling from head to foot: ah, ma foi, it is a Quixotism not to be equalled."

And Madame got up out of her chair, and, going to a small imperceptible cupboard, produced thence two petits verres of cognac.

The cognac being drunk after a feeble remonstrance from La mère Jacqueline, Madame Popot carried away the glasses, reseated herself, and putting her lips close to her sister's ear went on with the conversation in whispers.

La mère Jacqueline obeyed her sister's injunction of secrecy, and no one ever knew the purport of Madame's communication.

The results were these: Two days after Madame Popot and her friend the chief grocer in the quaint little town went up to

the railway station, and there solemnly became securitics for the good conduct and sobriety of Michel van Oorst; and a month afterwards, when her mother had recovered from the illness that followed her brave attempt, Fifine, looking prettier than ever in her white muslin, with her gold watch at her side, stood beside Michel Van Oorst in the Cathedral of St. Rumbold, and in the presence of her aunt and La mère Jacqueline promised to take him to her wedded husband till death should them part.

## GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

## PART I.

## BEGINNING.

"Now, Peter!"

"Now Ellie!"

"You *know* I am perfectly satisfied—that I think we are delightfully settled. Why, there isn't another girl of my acquaintance who is better fixed, or so well. Of course"—and as she said it, the pretty wife established herself upon her husband's knee, and pulled his hair by way of emphasis. "Of *course*, I knew all along that none of them had got as nice a husband. I couldn't help thinking this morning, as we were walking to church, how splendid you were in your Sunday clothes."

"You'd like, maybe, to have me wear them all the time?"

"Nonsense! Do you know that is one advantage people like us have over rich ones? We enjoy our holidays and holiday rig. Theirs get to be an old story. One day is just like another, and they're tired to death all the time. I'd rather, by half, go back to the factory. If I did feel sometimes that it was kind of hard to be obliged to go, day in and day out, whether I felt like it or not, it was pleasant enough in some things. Our work was all planned and put into our hands. Our fingers were kept busy, but our heads and, if we did not idle, our tongues, might play as much as we liked. There was no responsibility; no anxiety to bother us out of work-hours. When the six o'clock bell rang, we were free as birds until seven next morning. And on Saturday evening the pay came in, regular as clock-work, all the better worth having because we had earned it. *That's* a pleasure rich ladies can't have."

"You think, then, you wouldn't care to be a fine lady, with nothing to do but count her rings, and order the servants around?" asked

Peter Wells, highly entertained by his bride's talk.

He was not fluent of speech himself, and, like all slow-tongued men, greatly admired women. Ellie's blonde ringlets danced in the energy of her negative gesture.

"I wouldn't be! Upon my word, I consider a fashionable woman the most wretched, useless thing the Lord ever made. There's Mrs. Guy Stuyvesant, now! My cousin, Jane Sharpe, hires with her as nurse and seamstress, and she often tells me she wouldn't exchange places with her for all her money and aristocracy. They think everything of their family, those Stuyvesants do, though I guess they came from Adam as well as we common people did. Jane says there's no end to the vanity and vexation of spirit in that house. *He* is out all day until the six o'clock dinner (think of it! six o'clock! when sensible people eat supper), and oftener than not spends the evening in his library, busy with law papers, or out at some business meeting. It's study, study, work, work, and for what? For victuals and clothes; nothing else. That's the common sense way of looking at it, no matter how much money he has over and above what it costs him to live. They don't *begin* to be as happy and as independent as we are. Why, Jane says Mrs. Stuyvesant never has a moment's rest. It's driving to the dressmaker's, or milliner's, or dry goods stores all day; or receiving calls and paying them; dinner-parties and balls; concerts and operas; dress, folly, and worry, until she hasn't time to sleep, or to play with her own baby. I was in to see Jane a few evenings before we were married, and she sent for me to come up stairs. She has a great many privileges, Jane has. You see these rich people folks have to trust so much to their help; they do anything almost to keep a good girl, and you'd be surprised to hear what they have to submit to sometimes. So, while I was sitting in the nursery, with the baby in my lap—a sweet, pretty child, as any mother would like

to have—and Jane was undressing the next youngest, who was about two-thirds sick with a cold, in comes Mrs. Stuyvesant, all decked out in a white silk dress, with a pink satin bodice and tunic, and such diamonds! They fairly made me wink. Her hair was dressed beautifully, with a white feather and a pink one, but she looked tired and worried enough. She is a tall woman, with black eyes, that go right through you when she speaks, and a thick, white skin, without a speck of color; not a bit handsome, to my eyes, but Jane says she is much admired in society. She frowned when she saw me.

“Who’s this?” says she to Jane.

“My cousin, Ellie Lane, ma’am,” says Jane, bold as brass, for she knew my lady daren’t run the risk of having her leave at a minute’s notice, and wasn’t scared at her high-strung ways.

“Oh!” and she went over to the sick child. ‘How is Guy to-night? More feverish, isn’t he? I wish I didn’t have to go out,’ and I really believe she was anxious, and wanted to stay with him. ‘But I must. Don’t touch my dress, dear!’ for the little fellow stopped fretting to stare at her, and began to play with the shiny silk. ‘You will sell it, darling! I will look in as soon as I come home, Jane, and see how he is getting on. If he shows any signs of croup, send Thomas for the doctor at once. Bathe his feet before he goes to bed, and give him two drops of nitre every hour in a teaspoonful of water until he is in a perspiration. Good-night, my son!’

“She stooped to kiss him, and patted the baby’s face, keeping her dress out of the way of both of them, and sailed off—to enjoy herself! She seemed to think she had done her duty by her child in telling a paid nurse what to do for him when he was sick. Oh, this fashionable life eats women’s hearts out and puts a stone in the place of them. Depend upon it, Peter, dear, I am happier this minute than she is. She is a slave to her riches and position, to society, and her own servants even. What other rich and stylish people do and say is the only law that governs her; the only one that any of her sort care for. Those who are content to live comfortable and plain, and do their own work, are the only real mistresses in the land. What would pay me, I wonder, to have two or three stuck-up women about my house, eating my victuals, and breaking my china, and ruining my nice clothes in the wash, and laying down the law to me as to what they *would* do, and what I *shouldn’t* do, and expecting the highest wages for plaguing the life out of me? I think I see myself at it!”

“You’re a spunky little woman, and a sensible one to-boot. I can’t put what I mean into words as smooth and pretty as you do, Ellie, but I do enjoy my home, and I wouldn’t give my wife for the richest high-flyer in the

land; and I’m glad you’re satisfied. I don’t ask to be rich; only to be able to give you everything you want and would like to have. It would come nigh to breaking my heart, dear, to see you fretting of what I couldn’t get for you.”

Impulsive Ellie stopped his mouth with a sudden kiss.

“I believe you, my darling, every word of it. But I shall never be so unreasonable. I shouldn’t care to live in more style than we do now if you were ever so rich. Where’s the use? Big houses and handsome furniture don’t benefit the people that own them. They’re just intended for others to look at and envy. And we owe other people nothing; can have our own way in everything. I couldn’t but think this morning—with a reverent cadence in her voice—“while the preacher was talking about the emptiness of this world’s pleasures, how much better contentment was than wealth—and how full my cup was—and oh, Peter, I do hope my blessedness will make me a better woman. I do try to thank my Heavenly Father with my whole heart, and in my everyday life as well as on Sundays, for all He has done for me, in giving me you and this sweet, sweet home.”

“She’s hit it now!” cried the admiring Peter, slapping his knee. “That was what I was trying to get out when I commenced talking. It’s been in my mind, in a way, ever since we sat down together after supper. It come to me, all on a sudden like, while I was a-smoking of my pipe and watching you a-clearing off the table and singing to yourself, with that blue dress on, and looking so like a pieter, and the fire a-blazing, and the wind whistling outside, and everything so snug, and altogether—I can’t justly word it—but I felt sort o’ solemn, and says I to myself, ‘I’d ought to be a good man for to show I’m thankful for all o’ this.’”

“We’ll try together, dear!” Ellie laid her cheek to his. “We shouldn’t deserve to be happy if our blessings didn’t draw us closer to Him who sends them.”

They had been married one month, and a week before had taken possession of their home, three rooms in the second story of a modest frame dwelling, in a new street, fully a mile from the extensive machine-shop in which Peter was a workman. Most of his comrades were desirous of living nearer; content to occupy meaner and narrower quarters rather than walk so far night and morning.

“But we’ll be comfortable and healthy, Ellie,” said sensible Peter. “The exercise in the open air won’t harm me. The smell of the coal, the dust, and close air down town will hurt you.”

He was very tender of her, as he might have been of a delicate fragrant blossom he had found blooming in one of the close, ill-smelling streets in which she lived when he first knew her. Her mother was a widow, so poor and so

lowly in her aspirations that she took in gentlemen's washing by the piece and dozen, and did not disdain to bear a helping-hand in the semi-annual house-cleaning of her richer acquaintances. She had a brave spirit in her small body, however, this American woman, and hard as she had to battle with want, kept her four children at school until her neighbors cried out upon her for her folly.

"The law gives 'em schooling free of cost to me," she would say, in reply; "and have it they shall, if I have to work my fingers to the bone for it. They'll pay me well for it some day."

At sixteen Fanny, the eldest, went into the establishment of a fashionable milliner as an apprentice, and a year later Ellie obtained a place in a hosiery factory—clean, easy, and comparatively profitable work. Jasper and James, at fourteen and a half, were bound, each in his turn, to a thriving machinist, the owner of the works aforesaid. The head man in the department to which the boys were assigned was Peter Wells, a good-looking, brawny six-footer, kind of heart as strong of arm. The boys became soon and warmly attached to him, and the friendly interest that repaid their affection led to his introduction to the widow Lane and her daughters. The whole family fell in love with him, and he in love with Ellie. She was twenty-two when they married, after an acquaintanceship of three years, and a betrothal of two. Mrs. Lane no longer took in washing, but kept her children's house, and was supported "quite like a lady," said her friends, by their earnings. They had half a house—two "flats"—to themselves now.

"But it wasn't such a home as this," Ellie had said to her husband, on this, their first evening in their own abode. "The house is dingier, and there is only water in the back-yard, and no drying-place except the roof, and no gas, and the neighborhood is odious! Factories all around, and only tenement-houses in the block; and what with the noise of the streets, and the steam whistles, and machinery, and the smell of the boiled oil, and leather, and soap-boiling—faugh! I wonder we could breathe. This is just Paradise in comparison. That was what mother said when she saw the water in the kitchen, and the gas, and the closets—three in the kitchen, and one in each of the other rooms!"

She drew a long, full breath of satisfaction, and surveyed her new surroundings and belongings with intensest complacency. They sat in their parlor all day on Sundays, and ate there as well. "We won't have a home that is too fine for us to use," was the wise resolve with which they set out.

The ceilings were of a good height; the three apartments of fair proportions, well-ventilated; the wood-work was painted white, and the walls of parlor and bed-chamber covered with

a neat, tasteful paper. Peter had done this at his own cost, and Ellie chosen the pattern. These two rooms were also carpeted with a serviceable Ingrain, the same on both floors.

"It is always economical to get a whole piece," argued the prudent housewife. "It comes cheaper, and, when it is badly worn, you can certainly get one whole carpet out of the best bits."

The Ingrain—fast colors—green ferns, delicately-shaded, upon a tan-colored ground, dotted with red partridge-berries, and here and there a spray of trailing arbutus, showing pinkish-white flowers through the green—went down, and a long breadth was left over for future emergencies, besides a couple of yards for a rug to lie in front of the kitchen dresser. The floor of the third room was painted yellow. The cooking-stove was a bright black, the table and dresser of new deal, and there were buff Holland shades at the windows, not to mention Ellie's thrifty geraniums and canary's cage. It was a blithesome room, altogether, and Peter secretly preferred it to the so-called parlor, Ellie's pride. She had excellent natural taste, and she had showed it by selecting cottage furniture instead of the showy mahogany Fanny and her mother had advised her to buy. The set in the bed-room cost but forty-five dollars, that in the parlor a hundred. The footstools, the table-cover of green cloth, and one low sewing-chair in the latter were embroidered by Fanny and herself. The knitted counterpane—shell pattern—and the patchwork quilt under it were the mother's gift. Jasper and James had given her a tea-set of white China, whereas she had expected to use granite-ware for, at least, ten years. Her own wages had bought bed and table-linen, window-curtains and the lounge-cover of striped chintz; her own hands made them up, during the two years of waiting, in the summer twilights and long winter evenings, the faithful Peter observant of almost every stitch she set. The lounge was a closed sofa-bed that could be unfolded for the accommodation of guests.

"I don't see what we could do with more room," said the satisfied mistress. "It suits me to a T. I can't imagine anything prettier and cosier."

"If Fanny marries that rich widower, he may give her a house that will put you out of conceit with yours," suggested Peter, conscious the while that he was stating an absurdity.

Which preposterous observation elicited a pouting "*Now, Peter!*" and the animated disclaimer that followed.

Ellie came around to the starting point again by and by. "I wonder what Fan means by letting that old man hang around her so. I wouldn't be pestered by him."

"He isn't old, dear. He isn't over forty."

"What's that but old, I should like to know, when she was but twenty-four last month?"

And he bald already on the top of his head. Jim calls him 'Old Uncle Ned,' and Fanny laughs at him herself. I don't see what she is thinking about, tolerating his attentions."

"I think," said Peter, very slowly, staring at the fire, "I think she intends to marry him—that is, if he asks her, and I guess he will. Widowers ain't apt to waste their time when they're looking for a second wife?"

"Good gracious, Peter Wells! 'Why should she want to marry that fussy, bald-headed stupid—a young, pretty, lively girl like her, who is earning a living for herself?' ejaculated Ellie, in extreme disgust. "I've no patience with such ridiculous talk. I believe you men imagine that all women are crazy for husbands."

"No-o-o, my dear, I couldn't exactly think that. I had to serve my time for you. Not that I grudged it. And I believe you would have worked in the factory all your life, rather than marry anybody you didn't love. But Fanny isn't you. I think, sometimes, it's the kind of business she's in—the finery, and the high-flying customers, and all that, you know—that puts notions in her head. Anyhow, they're there. She would like to be a fine lady, and Mr. Clark can make her one. Money and show goes a long ways in this world."

"I'd jump into the river before I'd marry a man I wasn't fond of, and didn't respect with all my heart, and soul, and strength!" cried Ellie, vehemently. "And didn't I tell you that Fan makes all manner of fun of old Clark? I shan't believe but she feels as I do, until she tells me she is engaged. I declare you've made me real nervous and miserable. I shouldn't sleep a wink to-night if I put any faith in what you've said."

For all her doughty assertions, her fears came upon her with tremendous force the next day, when, having "done up" the week's washing, cleaned the kitchen of tubs, etc., attired herself in a blue morino, which was her best last winter, and put a checked bib apron before her, she was interrupted in the work of sprinkling and folding the clean clothes by Fanny's entrance.

"My, Fan! you made my heart jump into my throat," she laughed, to conceal her trepidation. "How did you get away in the middle of the afternoon? Is anything the matter at home?"

"Not just yet."

Fanny sat down, and threw off her bonnet, uninvited. She was a fine-looking girl, on a larger and more showy scale than Ellie, but with less refinement of manner and speech. The one looked intelligent, the other shrewd.

"Not just yet," she repeated. "But there will be before long. I am to be married the second week in February."

"There! Peter said so!" Ellie turned red, then white, and finally threw her apron over

her face for a hearty cry. "I couldn't have believed it, Fan! How can you bear to?"

"Don't be a goose!" advised Fanny, philosophically cool. "It is a very nice thing to marry for love, I suppose, but it isn't every one who can afford it. I am tired of work and poverty. As the Biddles say, 'I want a change, men!'"

"You are selling yourself," Ellie was red-hot again.

"All right. I shall make a good bargain of it. Mr. Clark is well off, respectable, and disposed to do the liberal thing by me. He will be a millionaire before I am too old to enjoy life. When you see me riding in my carriage, you'll laugh, not cry, and come around to my way of thinking."

"Your carriage!" The idea was so novel it turned the tide of Ellie's reproaches.

"My carriage and my diamonds! You'll see them if you live five years longer. It is time, goodness knows, for some of the family to be getting on in the world. I don't mind a smart jolt to foolish, romantic prejudices, if it throws one out of the old rut in which we have been rolling since the days of Noah, for aught I know. I hope to see you follow my lead. Mr. Clark says Peter is an enterprising, steady fellow, who is bound to rise in his business. We may be able to help him in some way. Mr. C. feels most kindly towards my family."

Ellie's sensitive blood mounted again at the patronizing tone. "We are entirely satisfied with our condition in life, thank you. I was saying to Peter last night that I wouldn't alter it if I could. It is better to be happy than wealthy."

"Maybe so. I mean to try whether the money won't bring the happiness. I know poverty and misery go hand-in-hand. Mr. C. has as good as bought the new brown-stone front we were admiring the other day in Lawrence Square—the one with the bay-window. I am to go with him to look at it to-morrow to see if it suits us."

"To live in?" If he had meditated the purchase of Windsor Castle or Central Park, Ellie could not have been more astonished.

"Why not, chickadee? He lived plain in the lifetime of his first wife, and they worked hard. It is time he was getting some comfort out of his money. There are not many who know how much he's worth. He understands how to hold his tongue. We had a great laugh—he and I—last night, talking over what would be said and done when we made our big *epurge*."

The affianced pair took tea with Mrs. Wells the next Sunday evening.

"I wish, for this once, we had a dining-room," said Ellie, while setting the table. "It is enough to take away visitors' appetites to sit so long before supper in sight of the cups, saucers, and plates, all ready for them."

"Is that so? 'Twould give 'em an appetite, seems to me. And a man couldn't have a nicer thing under his eyes than the one I'm a-lookin' at just now," rejoined Peter, gallantly.

Ellie smiled at the compliment to her and her board. The cloth was crimson; there were white crocheted mats for the dishes and plates, and the boys' China was on parade. She was serious again the next moment.

"I suppose Fanny will have real silver," she observed, polishing a plated teaspoon. "You have no idea what high notions she has. She wants me to go with her some day this week and get carpets. She fancies I have taste in such matters."

"I should rather think so," assented Peter, heartily. "A body has only got to look at this to be sure of that," staring at it, with his head on one side. "It's as good as a walk in the woods to step on and to see it. It always reminds me, somehow, of when I was a boy, and used to hunt wintergreen Sunday afternoons, when church was out, and we went 'cross lots home. I can a'most taste and smell 'em now."

"Oh, you dear old silly!" Ellie was not exactly petulant, but her mood was not in sympathy with his reminiscences. "Why, Fanny is to have Brussels in the bedrooms, and velvet in her parlors."

"Is she? She can't get anything handsomer than this. But I guess she's a better judge of velvet than you, seeing she's worked upon bonnets so long. And if Clark can afford to buy it for his floors, it's nobody's business. Though it does sound comical to me."

Ellie turned away in silence, and went into the kitchen. It was natural she should be slightly nervous the first time she had "invited company," but this need not make her dissatisfied, or cause her to eye the carpetless floor and deal furniture so sourly.

"Fanny knows we eat in here on week days," she thought. "That if the table wasn't set in the other room, her Mr. Clark would have to eat in the kitchen with his back close to the stove, the place is so small. When we move next time, I mean to have four rooms at the very least. I almost wish they weren't coming. They will have things so different."

She had the grace to blush at the remembrance of the complaint when she saw Peter look down at the thin, little man, who jerked his bald head back to meet the handsome giant's eye. There was something wholesome and refreshing, too, in Peter's round voice and deliberate articulation as compared with the shrill pipe and rapid speech of the sharp iron-monger. He was in high good-humor. His wooing had been energetic and eminently successful.

"I'm a business man, you see," he chuckled to his hosts, rubbing his lean calves, then his shins, with his restless hands. "And soon's I popped eyes 'pon her, one day, when I was

passing the milliner's shop at my corner, says I to myself: 'They don't make 'em nicer'n that. But ain't she a trig, tidy-built one? That's Mrs. C. No. 2,' says I. And I walked right in and bought a cravat, of her, and began right off to make up to her. I give you my word I was interluded to her before two days was over. Hang it! I may please myself, I hope. My kin never give me a red cent to bless myself with—no more did Mrs. C.'s. It *would* be a joke for them to take on airs about my marrying anybody I'd a mind to, now, wouldn't it, Mrs. W.? As I says to Fan last night, says I: 'I'm a business man, I am, and I don't hold to long credit when there's nothing to be got by it. We're of age—both of us,' says I—and, by George! we'll be married when we like.'"

Ellie's fried oysters, her coffee, biscuit, cake, and plum preserves were irreprouchable, and the small rich man vouchsafed to partake so heartily of all that Ellie marvelled how he had remained so thin if his appetite were always as keen.

"Hope Mrs. C. No. 2 will be as good a cook as her sister," he tittered, helping himself to a fourth piece of cake. "Though, for that matter, I don't mean her to spoil her complexion or her hands with kitchen or housework. Mrs. C. No. 1 was a dabster in that 'ere line—one of the best workers I ever see. But when I looked out this time, 'twas for a fancier article, you know—something real ornamental. And I ruther think I've got it. You won't know her, Mrs. W., when I've rigged her out complete. She'll be a stunner as will open people's eyes. I'd like to ketch one on 'ema-saying 'milliner's 'prentice' to her in two years from now. Nothing shortens folks' memories like a liberal use of the almighty dollar—and she won't want for 'em."

"I wouldn't marry him if he was made of solid gold, and frosted with diamonds," said Ellie, when the happy couple had departed. "Ugh! it made my flesh crawl to hear him talking as if he had bought her, body and soul. It put me in mind of the picture in the geography of the Turk master and the Circassian slave."

Fanny did not comport herself like one who wore manacles. She went bravely and blithely through the six weeks of preparation for the marriage, gallantly through the ceremony, and set off upon her wedding tour, becomingly attired, with a high head and bright face.

She was absent nearly a month, and it so happened that Ellie did not see her for a week after her return. Peter's little wife had a bad sore throat, and, the weather being stormy, he positively prohibited her from going out of the house. It was a fine morning when the interdiction was removed, and Mrs. Lane and her second daughter got into an omnibus, and rode across the city to Lawrence Square. It was a

fashionable locality, and the Clarks' house was not the least pretentious of the elegant dwellings that adorned it. The door was opened by a smart servant-girl, who stared superciliously at the visitors, when Mrs. Lane moved toward the stairs, with "We are Mrs. Clarke's kin, and we'll go right up."

Fanny met them at the top of the flight. Her Cashmere peignoir, the lace morning-cap set coquettishly above the puffs of dark hair, her supreme self-satisfaction—amounting to exultation—in her house and the other appurtenances of her new station, struck Ellie with a sensation of strangeness akin to awe. She could not talk, move, or look as usual; caught herself casting furtive glances about her at this and that; involuntarily accosted Fanny with the phraseology and accent she would have used to a superior; and was not surprised, while she was annoyed, that her mother more than once said, "Yes, ma'am," in reply to her first-born's queries.

Fanny smiled openly the second time this happened. "You make a mere acquaintance of me, mother," she said, in the patronizing way she had assumed immediately upon her engagement. "I am just the same Fanny I always was, and you must feel quite at home in my house. Mr. C. doesn't wish me to neglect my family, I assure you. He was willing I should bring you home anything I liked. This is what I selected; I thought it would be useful."

It was a black dress—a fine woollen fabric, suitable for the widow's wear, and she had also an "all-wool" delaine for her sister. The color was pretty, the quality good, but Ellie's treacherous cheeks heated into flame in accepting it.

"It is very nice. You were kind to think of me," was all she could trust herself to say.

"Oh, it is nothing, only a cheap trifle! But you'll find the lining and trimmings inside, and I'll pay for the making. I like to do things handsomely when I make a present. Now, let me show you some of mine. John never comes home without bringing me something. This was yesterday's surprise."

It was a camel's hair shawl—not a very expensive one, as such articles are valued, but Ellie's head reeled as Fanny named the price.

"Five hundred dollars!" she repeated, touching the fabric with the tip of her finger. "What makes it cost so much?"

"Because it is *real*, my dear little Mrs. Verdant Green. None of your low-priced shams. And this set of point lace was a hundred and twenty. And this pink coral breastpin and ear-rings a hundred and fifty. I often ask John if he is made of money. But he is doing a smashing, rushing business, and, as he says, 'most all these things were actual necessities.' I hadn't a decent article to wear."

Ellie sat in silent amazement. When Fanny's

*trousseau* had cost three times as much as hers, and was not two months old!

"I mean nothing suitable to my position," explained Fanny. "I must dress well, and live in style, not only to please my husband, who likes to see me dash, but for the sake of his business credit. Now, you'll take off your hats, and stop to luncheon—positively! Although, if I had known you were coming, I would have had something a little extra prepared." Fanny could not adopt the lady's language as readily as she did her garb, but she was happily unconscious of her deficiencies.

For the first time in her life Ellie ate with a solid silver fork, and sipped chocolate poured from a pot of the same material. Every part of the service was new and dazzling—cut glass, silver, China, and napery. "Mrs. C. No. 1" would have stared in horrified bewilderment at the changes in the establishment. Even her hard-earned and long-hoarded tea and table-spoons had been melted over and re-moulded. Ellie partook of the repast like one in a dream. Fanny's voluble chatter was, at times, in an unknown tongue, and her complacent visage was seen through a fog. As she emerged from the house, observing, in stepping gingerly upon it, the tessellated pavement of the vestibule, she recalled a phrase she had seen somewhere, she did not remember in what connection, "drunken with magnificence."

"I think that's what I am," mused Mrs. Clark's sister.

"Fanny is a lucky girl, a very lucky girl!" Mrs. Lane was saying when the fresh air restored Ellie's wits. "I don't mind of another in her set who has ever done so well in marrying, not by a long ways. But," recollecting herself, "you must try not to be jealous, my dear; somebody must eat the crusts, you know."

This to her who had protested to Peter that she had borne off the matrimonial prize of the season!

"I don't begrudge Fanny her finery, I'm sure, mother, and you have no right to hint such a thing."

It was unlike Ellie to retort so coarsely, but she did not know herself just now.

"She's welcome to her house and her clothes, and I'm certain I don't want her jack-in-the-box of a husband. Mine is worth a thousand of him."

"That's the best way to look at it," responded the mother, soothingly. "To be satisfied with what we have is a duty. And"—vaguely pious—"to rejoice with them as do rejoice. And Fanny's got reason for rejoicing if ever a girl had."

Ellie swallowed hard and bit her lip. It seemed as if the crusts had stuck in her throat. She was no longer in Paradise, if she *had* water in the kitchen and gas in every room, not to mention her fine capacious closets. She had



not raised herself a single step in the world by her marriage. Her mother talked to her as she had always done, with a touch of compassion in her accent just now. Fanny had not offered to send their bundles home, so each carried her own, Ellie longing to drop hers in the dirtiest gutters she crossed and leave it there.

"Just a cheap trifle!" she kept saying to herself. "But she knew it suited me. I have no position to support. What use have I for jewelry and laces?"

"I guess you've been a-treating yourself to a holiday, *Miss Wells*," said the social tenant of the lower "flat," meeting Ellie just inside the front door. "But you look clean beat out."

"I am."

Ellie mounted the narrow stairs, with their strip of gay carpeting down the middle, noting, as she went, the plain white walls and homely carpentry, marvelling she had never remarked until now how mean the whole building was, within and without. She unlocked her door.

"Exactly what I expected! the fire out and the rooms as cold as a barn; and I'm so tired I can hardly stand. It would be a comfort to be able to keep one girl to look after things a little. What I don't do goes undone."

She flung her bundle under the lounge, her shawl upon it, and fell to work with vicious energy, breaking a plate and upsetting the teakettle in the course of her operations.

"I wish it had scalded me to death," she muttered, while mopping up the hot water.

When all was ready, she sat down sullenly to wait until Peter came in to supper; did not stir from her chair even when she heard his step and cheery whistle in the hall. He always whistled the same tune, "Old Dog Tray," and to Ellie's nerves the roundabout melody was to-night simply exasperating.

"Ah, little woman! didn't know as you was in, being as how you didn't meet me at the door. How goes it?"

He laughed into her gloomy eyes in stooping to kiss her. What was it to him that Fanny tread upon velvet while her feet were chilled by the bare boards?

"You've been nodding, I guess," was his comment upon her sulky face and lagging step. "'Tis kinder tiresome waiting for a fellow, isn't it? What have you been doing with yourself all day? Did you get to see Fan?"

"Yes."

"Didn't make your throat worse, I hope, talking and walking?"

"No."

Ellie was setting supper on the table, and her laconics passed unremarked.

"Found Fan pretty well and bright, did you?"

"Very."

Peter mistook the meaning of the emphasis.

"I'm glad to hear it."

He was washing off the day's dust and grime in the basin under the kitchen roller, and turned his sunshiny face toward her, the water dripping from his bushy whiskers. He looked like a great, good-natured Newfoundland, fresh from a plunge.

"Real glad," he reiterated. "You see you borrowed trouble. I was in hopes she'd be better contented than what you was afraid she'd be."

"She'd be hard to please if she wasn't satisfied," said Ellie, aside.

Fortunately, Peter's head was buried in the crash towel, and he did not catch the murmur. Before supper was over, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that his wife was out of sorts. Not cross! He would not have admitted that had she brained him with a rolling-pin. But a trifle "dumppish," as he called it.

"You will be lonesome if I go out to-night," he said, "but Mr. Mansard wants to see me about some alterations he is going to make in the shop; some new plans for machinery, and the like. He asked me would I come to his house for an hour or so and I said yes."

"I thought your evenings belonged to yourself," replied Ellie, ungraciously. "That's the way the rich grind the faces of the poor."

"Mr. Mansard isn't one of that sort," Peter rejoined, mildly. "He's always been very friendly with me. But, as I started to say, s'pose you go with me as far as Mr. Stuyvesant's and sit with Jane till I come back. We can go in an omnibus, and the talk with your cousin will do you good."

It was, at any rate, a more agreeable prospect than moping in solitude, and they were soon on their way.

"A little down-hearted, or is it tired, eh?" queried Peter, when the stage set them down at the corner of the block on which was Mr. Stuyvesant's house, and he bent his head to peep under his wife's bonnet.

"Nothing is the matter," pettishly. "I do wish you wouldn't watch me so, Peter. Everybody feels sober now and then, I suppose."

"I watch you because I love you, Ellie."

She knew it, but sorely as her conscience smote her, she was too proud or sulky to apologize. At the servants' entrance to the Stuyvesant's mansion they parted.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, dear," said Peter, then, gravely and kindly, and Ellie carried a swelling heart, and eyes that ached from the pressure of unshed tears, up to the nursery.

Mrs. Stuyvesant had company to dinner; the baby was awake, and Jane unable to leave him. This was a crooked day, altogether, with our heroine. Her talk with her cousin was broken by the fretful infant, who insisted upon being carried in the arms up and down the floor until the nurse declared her feet were blistered and her ankles swollen.

"I wonder you will let yourself be so im-

posed upon. It is her duty to take care of her child when he's so troublesome," said Ellie, crossly. "I thought you had more spirit."

The words were upon her lips when Mrs. Stuyvesant entered, leading Master Guy, a fine boy of six.

"His father would keep him down stairs to dessert," the mother observed to Jane. "But he should have been in bed an hour ago. Undress him without delay. He is intolerably sleepy and cross."

"Can Katy come up and hold the baby, ma'am?" asked Jane, respectfully. "He will cry if I lay him down."

Mrs. Stuyvesant paused on her way to the door.

"Katy is helping Thomas pass the coffee, and cannot be spared. Cannot this person assist you?" glancing loftily at Ellie.

She was a woman of commanding presence, and before Ellie knew what she was about, she obeyed mechanically the behest of the authoritative look; held out her arms meekly for the baby, and began pacing the floor with him as Jane had done. But her blood boiled and surged within her heart until she seemed ready to suffocate.

"The most hateful woman that ever breathed!" she burst forth, in relinquishing the unwelcome charge to Jane, when Guy was in bed. "I wouldn't live with her for a hundred dollars a month!"

Jane laughed in malleous amusement.

"Oh, she isn't a bad one at heart. She only knows her own place, and wants other people to keep theirs."

Ellie was waiting down stairs for Peter when he called for her.

"Jane is busy, so you needn't come in," she said, tartly, interrupting the waiting-maid's cordial invitation to him. "I've been ready to go home this hour and more."

She rehearsed the history of her wrongs at the hands of mistress and maid by the time they were in the street.

"I'll never set my foot in the house again!" she protested, stormily. "'Person,' indeed! The haughty, horrid creature! As if I was the dust under her feet! And Jane enjoyed seeing me insulted! That was the meanest part of it all. *She* is no better than I am, if rich people do trample upon me!"

"Don't cry, my darling." Big Peter put his arm tenderly about her. "Nobody wants to trample upon you. I don't believe they meant to be unkind. I wouldn't think any more about it if I was in your place. I've got some good news to tell you that will, maybe, take the bad taste out of your mouth. Mr. Mansard has made me foreman in the shop, at double the wages I am drawing now, and next year it will be more. That's something like getting on in the world, isn't it, little girl?"

**GLIMPSES OF BRUSSELS.**

To leave Paris for Brussels is to exchange excitement for tranquillity, a crowd for a few, the oppressive newness and vivacity of to-day for a mild animation tempered with a flavor of by-gone ages. Brussels has been called a miniature Paris. I should rather consider her as the younger sister of the great city—less beautiful, less decked out, less accomplished, less versed in the ways of the world, yet keeping a certain freshness and virginity of aspect that is lacking in her more brilliant elder.

There is one thing that a foreign resident of Paris is apt to find very enjoy-

able in Brussels, and that is the absence of the eternal crowd that mars for many people a full enjoyment of the pleasant places of Paris. Her thronging millions overwhelm you on every festive day or joyous occasion. Any little outside show or attraction calls together in some restricted space the population of a small city. Thirty thousand people rushed to hear the Spanish students play on the guitar in the garden of the Tuileries. Twenty thousand go every Sunday to the Salon during the period that it remains open. One hundred thousand go out to the races on ordinary days, and twice that number attend the Grand Prix. Hence comes a famine of conveyances and of seats, and a plethora of companions that are far from being uniformly agreeable.

In Brussels one has enough of human surroundings. There is no lack of companionship in her gardens, her galleries, her streets and her parks. She is not a solitude, as are some of the dead cities of Italy and Germany or some of the minor provincial towns in Belgium and France. The influence of her three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants is very comfortably apparent. But where Paris pours forth her tens of thousands, Brussels sends out some hundreds. Hence there is always room and to spare. And she is well-to-do in the world, is this pretty capital of Belgium. She is growing and thriving, and wears every mark of an active and contented prosperity. New and handsome streets meet the view on every side. Foremost among these is the elegant Avenue Louise, named after the late queen of the Belgians, which leads out to the spacious and lovely Bois de la Cambre, a second Bois de Boulogne, omitting the traces of the siege. The Avenue Louise reminds me very much of South Broad street in Philadelphia. It forms an almost unbroken row of elegant private residences, extending for full two miles to the very gate of the Bois. The centre of the roadway is macadamized and bordered with rows of trees, thus forming a charming road to the Bois for the private carriages of the Belgian aristocracy.

The royal family of Belgium appear but little in public. A series of family misfortunes, combined with the ill-health of the king, has induced them to live in comparative retirement. Of the children of the late king Leopold, but three survive, the present king, the Count de Flandres and the luckless empress Charlotte. The last, still sunk in a state of hopeless insanity, inhabits the Château de Tervueren. The king, with his wife and family, passes most of his time at the Château de Laeken. He is a great sufferer from a disease which has attacked one of his legs. The queen, an Austrian archduchess, was formerly one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe, but she has never regained either her health or her spirits since the death of her only son some years ago, and looks faded and careworn. On the king's death the crown will pass to his only brother, the Count de Flandres. This gentleman, whose wife, a beautiful and spirited lady, is a princess of the house of Hohenzollern, is as deaf as a post. He inhabits a very handsome palace in the heart of Brussels, and his own sleeping apartments are on the ground floor. One summer night the sentinel in charge was amazed to see a crowd gathered in front of the windows of the count's room, and evidently highly amused. On approaching it was discovered that the attendants had failed to close the outside shutters, and had drawn the lace curtains merely. The room was brilliantly lighted, and of course every part of it was distinctly visible from without. And there,

Dans le simple appareil

D'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil,

the heir to the Belgian throne was peacefully walking to and fro in a brown study, unconscious that the eyes of some hundreds of his future subjects were fixed upon his lightly-draped form. His deafness prevented him from hearing the noise outside the window, and rendered all warnings by means of sounds ineffectual. So the prince's chamberlain was aroused, and after some delay His Royal Highness was released from his very undignified position.

Among the proprietors of the new build-

ings of Brussels is cited the empress Eugénie. Whole rows of newly-erected and handsome shops were pointed out to me as being her property. A very strong sympathy for the dethroned imperial family seemed to be prevalent in Brussels, as well as an equally strong dislike to the Germans. I was amused to find that two animals in the Zoological Garden, a very cross monkey and a savage-looking African boar, both bore the name of Bismarck.

This Zoological Garden, by the by, is unworthy of the beautiful city to which it belongs. It is small, shabby and ill-kept, contains very few animals, and has become a sort of beer-garden, with open-air concerts and a skating-rink for its chief attractions. A very large and beautiful aquarium, a vast grotto of artificial rock-work, is really worth seeing, but its contents are of the most commonplace kind.

The picture-gallery—or Musée Royal, as it is called—has recently been rearranged, and the modern paintings that used to be on view in the ducal palace are now installed in a series of new and beautifully-decorated rooms. Thither have also been removed a number of pictures by contemporary Belgian painters that used to adorn the public buildings of Brussels. Chief among these is Gallait's noble picture of the *Abdication of Charles V.* This fine work, considered by some critics as the masterpiece of the great Belgian artist, is worthy of the pencil of Delaroche. Nor is it in style unlike the best productions of that master, recalling the *Death of Elizabeth* by its admirable grouping and refinement of color. Verboeckhoven is seen here at his best, his *Flock of Sheep in a Storm*, a large and carefully-finished work, being replete with all the most striking characteristics of his genius. Madou's *Interrupted Ball* is a brilliant and vivacious representation of a village festival troubled by the intrusion of a group of dandies of the Directory—gay Incroyables who chuck the country damsels under the chin, rouse their swains to jealous wrath and otherwise misconduct themselves. Rohbe's pictures of still life

are perfect feasts of coloring, warm, rich and glowing as the heart of a crimson rose brimming with the sunshine and sweetness of a summer's day.

The Musée itself is a noble building, and in point of arrangement and of decoration forms a contrast to the dreary halls of the Luxembourg. The gallery devoted to the old masters contains some valuable specimens of early Flemish art, and some extremely interesting historical portraits, the gem of the collection being a wonderfully fine portrait by Holbein of Sir Thomas More.

But the most interesting point in all Brussels is the Hôtel de Ville. That marvellous edifice, that looks as though it ought to be preserved in a velvet-lined case, so delicate and elaborate are its multitudinous sculptures, lifts the exquisite tracery of its spire against the summer sky, as perfect in its beauty as when Alva and Egmont and Orange passed beneath its shadow ages ago. No spot in Europe, save perhaps the Tower of London, is more haunted by historic memories than is this perfect marvel of architectural beauty. The centuries roll back as we stand beneath its shadow. There is a stain of blood upon the stones, and Philip of Spain rides by, and the duke of Alva comes through yonder doorway, and the air is full of thronging phantoms and of cries—the wail of the Netherlands beneath the sword of the oppressor.

Around the Hôtel de Ville are grouped a series of antique buildings, the one more exquisite than the other—the ancient halls of the corporations of Brussels, among which that of the brewers shows supreme by reason of the luxury of its carvings and the care wherewith its beauty and solidity have been maintained throughout the centuries. In one of the simplest houses of the square Victor Hugo first took refuge after the great catastrophe of the *coup d'état*. It bore the number 27. A tobacco-shop occupied the ground floor. The poet's parlor was furnished in a style of bald simplicity, with chairs and a sofa covered with black haircloth. But he was wont to say, pointing to the Hôtel de Ville,

"I have the most wonderful piece of carving in the world for a sideboard." In this modest abode he wrote *Napoléon le Petit*. Then, stirred by the historic memories around him, he chose the Inquisition itself for a subject, and planned his as yet unpublished tragedy of *Torquemada*. The dwelling in the Grande Place became the haunt of all the proscribed republicans of France. Yet Belgium gave them but a cold welcome and grudging hospitality. They were subjected to a series of humiliating formalities, chief among which was the requirement of the authorities that each should provide himself with a permit of residence. These permits were temporary and revocable, and their holders were obliged to go weekly to ask for their renewal at the central police-office. It is not surprising, therefore, that so few of the fugitives should have remained in Belgium. Seven thousand took refuge there after the coup d'état, but only two hundred and fifty took up their abode on Belgian soil. Yet Brussels remained, in some sense, the continental headquarters of Victor Hugo, though never kindly or generous in her treatment of the great exile. In 1871, the rumor having gone abroad that he had offered shelter to some of the fugitive Communists, his house was attacked by an armed mob, and its inmates barely escaped with their lives.

Brussels possesses among her other sights a curiosity with which she could very well dispense—namely, the Wiertz Gallery. It is a collection of horrors depicted on a colossal scale by a man whose powers of painting were scarcely equal to those of a respectable scene-painter. A series of nightmares, expressed with a sort of epileptic violence and without any artistic value, clothe the walls of the immense studio with gigantic abominations. There is neither originality of conception nor intelligence of execution to redeem their hideousness: their horror is of the simplest bugaboo kind. A man blowing his head to pieces with a pistol-shot; a supposed corpse coming to life in its coffin; the First Napoleon in the flames of hell, with a

multitude of women shaking at him the bloody severed limbs of their sons and husbands; a child burned alive in its cradle; the head of a decapitated criminal, and the visions that filled its brain,—such are some of the ghastly imaginings of this diseased and uneducated nature. Compare such works as these with Doré's crudest conceptions, and the difference between the inventions of genius and those of a morbid intellect becomes at once apparent.

L. H. H.

## KINDRED SPIRITS.

IN the enchanting portrait-gallery of the notable women of past times—an *embarras de richesse* of female loveliness, whose originals have lain for centuries in the dust—two faces arise from the golden background of high scientific culture, different in contour, yet wearing a mark of relationship upon their noble brows—Christine of Sweden, the royal bird of passage, and the learned Anna Maria von Schurmann.

Queen Christine, of Sweden, the famous daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, that woman whom the renowned Borchard compared to the Queen of Sheba, had formally abdicated the government on the 16th of January, 1654. In male attire, and without female attendance, she betook herself to Brussels, where, to the amazement of her Protestant realm, she proposed to enter the Catholic communion.

The royal guest was received with intense enthusiasm in the Netherlands. The fame of her daring spirit, her extensive learning, and her ardent devotion to the fine arts, had already preceded her, inspiring a welcome in all hearts. It was well known that Cartesius, summoned by her to the court at Stockholm, had labored daily with her in the royal library; that Blasius Pascal had sent her models of his newly invented machines, accompanied by expressions of the most profound admiration; that Salmasius, of Leyden, the great critic and philologist, had spent a year with her in the capacity of a preferred friend, and that, although surrounded by a full court of the most distinguished scholars, she still maintained a vigorous correspondence with all the foreign celebrities of science and art. It was even reported that the Queen was in communication with King Basilides, of Abyssinia, widely known as a Christian and sage. She guarded with unwearied care the educational institutions of her country, annually bestowing munificent gifts upon the University of Upsala, founding a second high-school at Abo, and an academy of Belles-Lettres in Stockholm, and constantly expending large sums in the purchase of books and works of art of every kind.

The daughter of the Protestant champion of the faith now found herself, to her inexpressible joy and satisfaction, on the direct road to that goal of her most ardent desires—the Eternal City. It was "*Roma nobilis*" where she had planned to locate herself for an indefinite time, and, free from all governmental responsibilities, to indulge her literary and artistic tendencies.

She was awaited in the city of cities with cordial enthusiasm. A great throng of scientific

men and artists, among them Lucas Holstenius and Bernini, had arranged a brilliant banquet to be given in honor of the reception of their noble guest, and Cardinal Colonna was commissioned by the Pope to go to meet the Queen at Genoa.

One day, while in Brussels, Christine inquired of one of the clergymen in her company for the residence of that Calvinistic lady noted throughout all Germany as a marvel of linguistic learning, and honored in the Netherlands as the tenth Muse, the Alpha of maidens, a feminine Doctor of Poesy and Grace. The Queen wished to become personally acquainted with Anna Maria von Schurmann. Extended as was her correspondence throughout all countries, it was strange that she had never addressed a word to this famous lady of Cologne, who had resided since her sixteenth year in the Netherlands. The strong-minded Queen was not quite free from the weakness of her sex. She might learn to bow gracefully before a masculine intellect, but the thought of recognizing a woman as a rival of equal rank upon the field of scholarship, seemed to her an impossibility. The more she heard of Anna Maria von Schurmann, the more stubbornly she refused to honor this brilliant intellect in its feminine guise. Veiling her jealous emotion beneath a skeptical smile, she had listened to Anna Maria's verbal and written praises from Salmasius, Batholinus, Vossius, Gassendi, and Heinsius, and sportively congratulated the poet Cart that he had sued in vain for a hand which might do very well to note down philosophical theories and astronomical calculations, but could never lead about a child. Yet, quite against her will, her thoughts reverted again and again to the illustrious lady whom Heaven was said to have endowed not only with a manly intellect, but also with all the talents and graces of a woman.

Christine busied herself, during her stay in Brussels, with the formation of some plan for surprising Anna Maria unannounced. She would see with her own eyes, hear with her own ears, if this woman deserved the incense which the most distinguished men of the time dared, even in the presence of a Christine, of Sweden, to offer at her shrine.

As soon as the Queen ascertained that her rival had returned, after the death of her parents, to Utrecht, she selected from her spiritual advisers of the Jesuit college at Leyden, who constantly attended her, the most erudite men, the clearest thinkers and most celebrated dialecticians, and with this small suite disappeared one morning from Brussels, without informing any one of the object of her journey.

Old Utrecht, Trajectum Rhenum, the archiepiscopal seat, lay in the twilight of a Spring evening. It was already dark in the narrow streets, but the church-tower and the lofty pinnacle of the dome still swam in rosy light. The promenaders, who had been wandering up and down, until this hour, in the famous avenue of young linden trees, planted eight deep, on the eastern side of the city, the leaves of which were scarcely yet unfolded, now streamed in a motley throng to their doors. Solid burghers, with their wives and rosy daughters, traveling scholars and students, soldiers, aldermen with broad frills and gold chains, high dignitaries of the Church with their train of monks, and a few Sisters of Charity, timid doves from the Beguinage at Bruges, vanished gradually in the deep shadows of the diverging streets. In single dwellings, here and there, the round window-panes were bright, and illuminated balconies projected into the growing darkness, while ever ghostlier rose the marvelous gables, spires, and towers against the sky. At last the house-doors were shut, and the melodious chimes of the cathedral began to play a pious vesper hymn.

At that moment Queen Christine, of Sweden, attended by a single servant, stepped past the town-house, and paused before the door of a humble dwelling. She looked meditatively up at the lighted balcony, where flower-pots were standing upon the shelves, and the shadow of a slender female form flitted along the window-panes. Here, then, lived Anna Maria von Schurmann. In a few minutes more the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus would stand face to face with her illustrious rival. Smiling at the strange palpitation of her heart, she signed to her attendant to knock, and bade him wait for her without. An old maid-servant opened, and, accustomed to the frequent visits of clergymen and traveling scholars, she said simply, "The mistress is above." As the Queen, dressed, as usual, in male costume, entered the wood passage-way, she stopped suddenly, as if spell-bound, and laid her finger upon her lips. The sound of a lute, touched by some skillful hand, struck on her ear, accompanied by a sweet female voice.

"Who is that singing like a nightingale?" asked Christine, of Sweden, hastily.

"The mistress!"

The noble lady stood motionless awhile to listen. When song and play were ended she mounted the stairs with quick steps, and softly opened the door. A large, plain living-room, with wainscoting of dark wood, lay before her. High shelves, filled with books, occupied one

wall, and an easel had its place near the balcony window.

Beside a large table, in the light of a low-hanging Venetian lamp, sat an old lady, half buried in the cushions of an easy chair. Her peculiar motions showed her to be blind and nearly crippled. She was just now being fed with careful tenderness by another lady, whose figure remained in shadow, and whose voice, as she spoke to the invalid with affectionate cheerfulness, was the same which had just sung. The lute was leaning against a footstool; on the table lay some beautiful half-finished embroidery of flowers wrought with gold thread; near by were a cup of Spring flowers, drawings, and a writing-desk, with written leaves neatly piled upon it.

"Maria, pull my cap closer," said the blind woman, pushing away the spoon.

The plate was set down; two white hands emerged from the gloom, and gently pulled the border of the black velvet cap over the wrinkled forehead.

"How soft and thick your hair is, aunt," said the lovely voice.

"Maria, give me a higher stool for my feet."

In a moment the poor lame feet were resting more comfortably.

"Maria, the cushions are so hard! Who will give me softer ones?"

"Who but I? Could you not let me do more for you? Do I not suit you?" The tone of the question seemed half sad, half playful.

"You do every thing in the very best way; it is all right now. But I must be wrapped up—it is so cold in the world."

When the fallen covering was again folded over the invalid's knees, the shadow of a smile flitted over her worn features.

"You are so good, but you let me starve. Give me something more to eat."

"*You* are good, aunt, that you do not scold me. I fear your supper is cold; let me carry it into the kitchen."

"No, stay with me—close by me! Only when you go away I am blind; you know that. I will not eat any more. Move closer to me, and we will read; but not in your learned books, you know—I want to hear nothing but wonderful stories. Read to me again of the burning of that wicked witch, whom you read about yesterday; I have ~~not~~ forgotten it already. My head is so tired!"

The slender white hand was again outstretched for a folio volume—an old book of legends and marvelous tales—and suddenly the head and figure of the lady appeared in the full



light, as she bent over the pages of the book. It was Anna Maria von Schurmann.

The celebrated lady had already reached her forty-fifth year, but the youthful charm of eighteen still lingered on that brow shadowed by rich golden-brown hair, and in the tone of the voice which read. From her face, renowned in the blossom-time of her life for its radiant beauty, shone the light of that loveliness which neither age nor sickness can destroy—the expression of genius, goodness, and lofty purity. A wonderful charm hovered about the tender oval of her face, the noble profile, the fine dark brow, and long lashes casting their shadow on the faintly colored cheeks. The lips seemed still bud-like, untouched by the kiss of passion, and the tall figure pleased by its maidenly slenderness and the modest grace of all its motions.

No one who watched Anna Maria von Schurmann as from morning till evening she tended, with an angel's patience, a child's cheerfulness, and a daughter's tenderness, the poor sister of her dead father, leading and lifting the blind woman, quick for all small services, herself preparing the favorite dishes of the invalid, would have discovered in this guise that far-famed celebrity of the scientific world to whom even a Richelieu could not deny his homage.

When her aunt slept she turned to her books and studies, preferring the earliest morning hours for her work and her extended correspondence. Her most distinguished visitors not seldom found her in the little kitchen or playing with the invalid like a child, and visitors came almost daily, for no man of position and importance, no lady of rank, stopped at Utrecht without crossing Anna Maria's threshold.

This evening, while she read the wonder-tales to her charge, slowly the silvered head sank upon Maria's warm shoulder. Softly she encircled with her arm the weary form, thus better to support it, and sat motionless while her aunt slumbered. How long she remained in this attitude Queen Christine, the traveling scholar at the door, knew not, for she did not await the waking of the sleeper—she had lost courage to enter and disturb that peaceful stillness. Her heart thrilled with warm emotion; softly she closed the door and hastened down the stairs.

"Tell your mistress," she whispered to the maid in passing, "that to-morrow she shall receive some company who will be very glad to see her."

And on the next afternoon the two kindred-hearted women looked full and steadily into each other's eyes. With her retinue of learned

Jesuits of Leyden, Christine of Sweden entered the homely room of her rival, determined not to be outdone, and yet already secretly subdued by that noble womanliness which the previous evening had revealed. There was a striking contrast between the two. Anna Maria von Schurmann appeared in a gray dress, the heavy folds falling to her small feet. A bunch of violets was fastened in her girdle, and her robe was looped on the left side by a silver chain, from which depended a handsome velvet pocket. A broad frill encircled her slender neck, and from its white folds her flower-like head arose, with its crown of golden hair.

The daughter of Gustavus Adolphus was short of stature, with high shoulders concealed by the Spanish mantle of her male attire. The oval face of Christine, whose age then scarcely numbered twenty-eight years, was fair and rosy; she had the aquiline nose of her father, his full lips and fine teeth, and her short-cropped hair was blonde. Her movements were like those of a vivacious boy, and it not seldom happened that in the heat of conversation she flung her feet upon the arm of a chair standing near.

An animated discussion now arose on all sides, upon the most diverse scholastic themes. They touched upon all questions within the domain of science, and conversed exhaustively of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, and geography, Church history, and religion. Now they spoke in Latin, now in Greek, now in German, Dutch, or French, and in all departments, and in every language, Anna Maria von Schurmann proved herself more brilliant than all. With all the modesty peculiar to her character, she still showed herself in the most varied disputations so experienced and far-seeing a combatant, that the learned gentlemen could not suppress their astonishment and admiration.

In her soft voice she easily solved the most intricate problems, and explained difficult points of controversy, while her delicate fingers were embossing in wax a speaking likeness of the Queen. She rose from time to time, with a gentle apology, to look after the invalid aunt, who sat in the adjoining room, with the door half open, under the care of the old servant. Carefully, too, she moved the flowers into the sunlight.

At last she blushing acknowledged to the Queen, that she had made fourteen languages her own, writing and speaking them like her mother-tongue—among the number Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, and Turkish.

Then the Queen sprang up, exclaiming,

"Come, gentlemen, we will go home and

*learn*, in order perhaps to earn some day the right to argue with this lady!"

Throwing her arms about the neck of her rival, she kissed her on the cheek, saying,

"You are not, like me, a woman in the costume of a man, but a man in feminine guise! Let me sometimes write to you, and call myself your pupil! And if you wish to make me happy, go with me to Rome as my friend and counselor. They tell me that you have never yet seen the splendors of the world outside. I will show you all! Only stay with me! Say yes, I beseech you!"

A sad smile parted Maria's lips. She gently shook her head, and pointing to the door of the next room, she said, "How could I ever forsake my poor aunt? Not for all the treasures of earth would I leave the side of the one being to whose life my presence is a necessity. There is nothing sweeter than the consciousness that some one needs us! I would not miss it! In spirit I go with you to the City of cities, but, in reality, I remain here."

At this moment a weak voice called, "Maria, move the cushions for me! Where are you, Maria? It is so dark!"

Queen Christine journeyed alone to Rome, but, after her visit to Utrecht, none more ardently than she admired the most learned and womanly of women.

A full year longer it was appointed to Anna Maria von Schurmann to act the part of a nurse; then beams of the eternal brightness streamed upon the eyes of the blind woman, and she departed, with a fervent blessing on her lips for her earthly guardian angel. Anna Maria now left Utrecht. She could no longer endure the familiar rooms.

"I have nothing more to do," she sighed, and so returned to her paternal city, sacred old Cologne. She lived in deep seclusion, communicating only by letter with her distant friends and admirers, and buried herself more and more in her studies. During these quiet days she wrote a book in which she strove, with great ingenuity of argument, to show how peculiarly woman was fitted, and therefore called, to scientific labors. It was, in some manner, the first attempt at the intellectual emancipation of the female sex—an expression which provoked an exciting pen and word contest.

Wounded by this unexpected result of her work, wearied by repeated attacks, she withdrew still more into herself, and turned with mind and soul toward the realm of the spiritual. Her woman's heart longed for a more genial atmosphere. In this fateful time of secret, ardent aspiration, when her groping soul was

stretching forth its hands for something to which it might yield itself without reserve, a character stepped into the life of this wonderful woman, who, with sudden and irresistible force, attracted her entire being to himself—Jean de Labadie crossed the path of the solitary.

Out of the group of Mystics and Separatists of past ages, our glance involuntarily seeks the ghost-like form and pale, intellectual face of "the wonderful visionary." The former pupil of the Jesuits who, in his fortieth year, went over to the Reformed Church with glowing dreams of a pure creed common to all human beings—who wandered, preaching, from place to place, poor and persecuted—was well fitted, by his passionate aspirations and restless inquiries, to draw the attention of a woman who, like him, remarked the need of a reform in the condition of the Church. She received him, when he sought her out in Cologne, with profound emotion—she saw in him a God-sent apostle.

How many a time these two sat opposite each other, until far into the night, bending in feverish excitement over the pages of the holy books—questioning, seeking, doubting, hoping! Now and then the glance of the restless man, like darkly smoldering flame, met the questioning blue eyes of the still beautiful woman; or her child-like hand, as if groping for protection, touched his hot, trembling fingers. Well she knew that his way was not the one in which her soul longed to walk, but ever weaker grew her opposition to his burning annunciation of a new and pure doctrine—ever stronger the power of his words and his eyes. And so, at last, to the sorrow and dismay of all her friends, Anna Maria von Schurmann allowed herself to be admitted to the community of the "Illuminated," as a "regenerate," by the mystic act of baptism.

She seemed thenceforth as if delivered to an evil demon who fettered her as his slave. Who could discover the guiding threads out of that gloomy labyrinth, or name the secret forces which constrained the star of this bright existence to follow that false light, which, after long, restless wandering, went out on the second of February, 1674, in Altona? From the time of her association with Jean de Labadie, dates the commencement of Maria's famous book, "*Ecclesia seu melioris partis electis.*"

She survived but four years the man whose steps she had followed through all, sharing with him want and wretchedness, and supporting him by the manifold labors of her artistic hands. Lonely and weary of life, eagerly longing for eternal peace, she lay down in a quiet corner

of earth at Vinmarden, of West Friesland. Stranger hands placed in her coffin those flowers of Spring, the yellow violet and rosemary, which she had loved so dearly.

Her noble friend, Queen Christine, of Sweden, followed her with cheerful submission, some ten years later, at Rome. Upon her grave are inscribed only the words: Vicit Christina Anno LXIII.

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## A LEAP IN THE DARK.

BY FRANCES M. SCHOOLCRAFT.

### PART FIRST.

#### CHAPTER I.

A MARCH storm of sleet and wind that had been growing all day, set in furiously with the night, and, more effectually than any police, cleared the streets of all loungers, for no one went abroad unless necessity called him. Among those who were abroad was a young man who arrived in a delayed train from the West, and who hurriedly walked through the storm with the manner of one who is impelled by something more than haste to reach shelter. At a corner where the worrying blast was less felt than in other places, he stopped under a street-lamp and took a letter from his pocket. It was addressed to Louis Hamilton, and had already been opened. As he stood, the light shone full on his face. It was a handsome face, with a striking levity and audacity in the expression, that gave warrant for supposing him to be one who would get into ceaseless difficulties by those qualities and extricate himself in the same way. It was almost impossible not to like him from the first sight, and almost equally impossible not to blame him on longer acquaintance, without liking him any less. As he consulted the letter a deep shadow of anxiety and perplexity was on his countenance.

"Savary street," he muttered to himself. "Yes, it is Savary street. How came they to be in such a place?"

As he folded up the letter, another passenger came up the cross street, passed, stopped and turned back.

"Halloo, captain, you back?" he said.

Louis looked up. The young man who confronted him was, if there was any difference, younger than himself, and had a puzzling mixture of roughness, and a species of refinement in his voice, dress and manner. The refinement might arise partly, but did not wholly, from the fine physical development, which excludes much awkwardness. Louis Hamilton had no great difficulty in classing him, from his experience, though he did not recognize the individual, for he answered in

the debonair and slightly supercilious manner one would expect from him.

"You have the advantage of me, my friend."

"Well, I suppose I have filled out a little since you saw me last. I'm Bill Moore."

"As an introduction that information is highly acceptable, Mr. Moore; it doesn't happen to be the name of any one I already know."

"Come!" said Billy Moore, with energy. "Don't try that on me! I know you are first-rate at acting, and making people give the lie to their own eyes; but I've been by too often when I was in the secret, to be taken in myself. I'm glad you have come back, for Jinny is beginning to take on about it."

"I'm sorry that Jinny should take on," said Louis, with a slight laugh, "but glad that I am guiltless of the deep damnation of her taking on."

Saying this he turned away. Bill Moore followed him. Louis took no notice of this for some time. At last he faced round, and demanded angrily:

"Are you dogging me?"

"I just am," said Bill.

"You had better not."

"I'll do as I please," said Bill, with a verbal sauce piquante. "You aint going to give me the slip again."

Louis uttered an impatient and yet amused exclamation. Bill stood with folded arms and a steady threatening look, that said a collision was imminent if he were defied. Louis preferred to temporize.

"Don't you follow me now," he said. "I will come back and have it out with you if you insist on thinking you know me."

Bill considered.

"On your word?" he said.

"On my word; on my honor," said Louis. "I have no reason to keep out of your way."

"If you're the man I take you for, you'll keep your word."

"Whether I'm the man you take me for or

not, I will; but I do not want to be stopped just now."

"All right," said Bill. "As long as you aint hiding away. Where shall I see you?"

"Name your own time and place."

"Well— Will you come up to Shafton's in an hour or two? you'll find me there; or will you go round and see Jinny, and I'll come there."

"I think I'll come up to Shafton's, more especially as I know where Shafton's is, and am lost in conjecture as to where Jinny may be found. Good-night."

He walked rapidly away. Bill called after him:

"If you don't come I'll come for you; remember that. I'll find you, dead or alive."

"Many thanks. I don't know the streets very well here, and may need finding. I would rather you wouldn't find me dead if you please; but dead or alive, I shall be at Shafton's to-night."

Bill made no further attempt to detain him. Louis went on, but was obliged to have recourse to a policeman to ask his way before he reached the miserable street which he was seeking. Once or twice on the way he fancied he was followed, and looked round to see if either Bill Moore or the guardian of public morals were keeping an eye upon him, but failed to discover either. The portion of Savary street which he paused in, was a row which yet made a snatch at the vanishing hem of Respectability, as with an indignant groan she fled. The house was a large one, once a handsome dwelling-house, now degraded to a mere tenement-house. The darkness veiled much from his eyes, but he saw enough of the place to deepen the frown with which his face was darkened before as he read the letter. He rang sharply at the bell, and asked for Mrs. Milton when the door was opened. A shrill voice from the inner regions screamed out:

"Milton? Up three flights and turn to the left."

A door slammed, and the oracle was mute. Louis sprang up the three flights of stairs, which looked as if the water rates had not been paid for years, and knocked at the bolted door to the left from beneath which a light gleamed.

"Who is there?" asked a female voice, young, sweet and pure-toned.

He shook the door impatiently.

"It is I—Louis! Let me in."

A quick step crossed the floor and the bolt

was withdrawn. He stepped into a low attic without fire, or means of fire. The floor and walls were worn and stained. There was no furniture but a table, a couple of chairs and a bed, where a pale emaciated woman had started to a sitting position, and was calling:

"Louis! Louis!"

"Mother!" he exclaimed, and hurried to the bedside. His mother received him with as much reproach as joy, for even while she embraced him she asked:

"Why have you not come before, Louis? See to what we have come!"

She spoke French, and Louis answered in French, although he had spoken before, as well as Leonore, in pure English.

"I see, mother—but I do not understand—Leonore," turning to the slender graceful girl, with dark eyes and fair hair, who was standing by, and giving her a brotherly kiss. "How in Heaven's name came you here?"

Madame Hamilton burst into tears. Leonore asked:

"Did you not receive our letters?"

"Only one," he said, "and that must have been the last one. I feel like one in a bad dream. What has happened?"

What has happened? Who were these people with all the signs of gentle nurture and of deep poverty? It is soon told. Mrs. Hamilton, or Madame Hamilton, for she was called either, was a French woman, the heiress of a Marseillaise merchant. She had married an Englishman, whose family were established on the continent. Having few relatives of her own, and none that were of the same sphere as her own present one, she had lived almost exclusively with the Hamilton family, and her children had learned the language, and, in some degree, the spirit of two nations, although naturally the French predominated, for the Hamiltons themselves were Gallicized. Mr. Hamilton had left his wife, saying that he meant to go to America. He had never returned to them. They were ignorant of his fate. In some respects his widow fared the better for her loss, for though he was incapable of ill-using her, he did neglect her, and he was very lavish in his expenditure. The management of the property left fell into the hands of a French banker and of Mr. Hamilton's cousin Lewis. Lewis limited himself to spoiling Louis, and amusing himself by seeing him practise the precocious airs he taught him. Leonore, educated in a convent, had been with difficulty dissuaded from embracing a religious

life. Louis, some eighteen months before the opening of this story, had taken his portion and gone to America, with the avowed purpose of seeking his fortune, and learning something of his father's disappearance. He had not succeeded in either. His money had been spent, and that was the sole result that remained. He had not maintained a regular correspondence with his mother and sister, chiefly from indolence and carelessness. He had not even given them an address sufficiently clear to ensure his receiving letters from them. He had not learned, therefore, that Monsieur Lablaye had defaulted, embezzled, swindled, and otherwise showed his financial abilities so freely, that he had absorbed not only Mrs. Hamilton's modest fortune but many a thousand francs more. Lewis Hamilton, who though an unprincipled old fellow was yet the most efficient of the family, might have done something for them, at least in advice, if he had not done too much for himself and died. The rest of the family who were of uncertain means, and had always looked on madame as an item on the credit side of their books, could not bear to transfer to the other side of the account, and instead transferred her to the other side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Hamilton, proud, piqued and impatient, hastily acquiesced in the arrangements made for her passage to New York. Leonore urged at least waiting until a reply came from Louis; but Leonore was silenced all round as an ignorant girl, and had no alternative but to accompany her mother. Any one who has ever seen how misfortunes follow each other, would find it disagreeably natural that they should lose part of their trunks to commence with; that the correspondent of Monsieur Lablaye to whom they had a letter should have been in sympathetic rapport with his correspondent, and had come to a similar end. Then they heard nothing of Louis, of course, for he was Bohemianizing far and wide. A hotel bill of a few weeks' standing proved so large that they were obliged to sell some of their few remaining valuables to pay it. They removed to less expensive lodgings, and had scarcely done so when the house was burned and they lost everything that they had in the world. They had taken refuge, at first, in another house, of less pretensions than that which had been burned, but even this proved above their means, and they were driven at last to the miserable garret in which Louis found them, to which they had ascended from a lower

room in the same house. Mrs. Hamilton had been ailing ever since she arrived in New York, and had been growing worse since the night of the fire. There had been medical attendance to pay for, and a few luxuries, which to her were necessities, to be procured. Leonore, to supply the means, had obtained embroidery from a ladies' furnishing establishment where her skill had obtained high praise and as high a price as any one received. This source of supply had failed that very day; no one was to blame; there were strict political economical principles involved. The bazar, or whatever it was named, did not want so much embroidery, and what it did want, it could get done cheaper, if not better, by young ladies who did not work for their living and consequently could afford to undersell those who did. So Leonore, who had counted on an advance to pay the rent, already overdue, had come home, not in despair indeed, but with no resource on earth. Mrs. Hamilton had looked forward confidently to Louis's return as the period of their misfortunes, and she did not comprehend at once that he was, virtually, as poor as themselves. Leonore read it in his face, as he sat silent and moody. She said nothing. Mrs. Hamilton aroused him from his reverie.

"I cannot stay here another day, Louis," she said. "I shall die if I remain here. Of course we must stay to-night, but you will take us away to-morrow?"

Louis started.

"Yes, yes!" he said, hurriedly. "To-morrow I will certainly take you away. I was only thinking that I had so little idea of this that I have not managed my money as well as I should. I imagined you and Leonore at ease and peace at home."

Mrs. Hamilton burst into tears again.

"I shall never, never see that dear home again!" she sobbed. "Heaven has taken everything from me! I cannot lie in death by the side of my husband, for I have not even his grave!"

Louis knelt beside his mother, soothing her with the most earnest protestations of his intention to remove her to a pleasanter abode, where she would soon recover her health and cheerfulness. Mrs. Hamilton believed him, and he was perfectly sincere, closing his eyes to his own perfect helplessness, and blindly trusting to some miraculous chance to enable him to keep his word. Indeed, he was incredulous of his own ill-fortune yet, though he had proved it for some time.

When Mrs. Hamilton was more composed, Leonore took Louis aside.

"You have no money, Louis," she said. Louis shook his head.

"I have been acting like a fool," he said. "But if I had known—"

"It will not last," said Leonore. "You will help us now, and as soon as I can leave mother I can get pupils in French and music until you are a rich man. But see, Louis," she showed him a miniature set in jewels; "I have this yet. I wore it round my neck and so it was not lost. I did not like to part with it, but, after all, the value is only that it is our father's miniature and that can be taken out. You had better take it and sell it, for we must have some money to-night, if possible."

Louis took the miniature and looked at it. "I shall not sell it, Leonore," he said, "but I will raise money on it. It will bring something considerable, and I will redeem it to-morrow."

He went out and returned soon, bringing with him such articles as Leonore had told him her mother needed that night. Mrs. Hamilton had fallen asleep.

"I will not disturb her," he said. "You shall see me again early in the morning. Here is your money, or part of it. The rest you must lend me, until to-morrow."

"Lend you, Louis? Is it not yours as much as it is mine."

"No," he said, "and I would not touch a sou if I was not sure of returning it with interest. Good-night—*au revoir*."

He kissed her affectionately and went out, leaving poor Leonore happier and more hopeful than she had been for a long time. Louis's own temperament was so sanguine that it radiated hope—hope too often delusive, but bright while it remained.

## CHAPTER II.

LEONORE did not suspect the use Louis meant to make of the money he took with him, or she would have lost her little hour of relief. He felt a weight on his spirits for a time as he hastened away from Savary street, and cursed his own folly as well as Monsieur Edward Lablaye's rascality in no measured terms. His natural volatility soon returned, however, and when he turned into Broadway he was as light-hearted as if he had not seen that dismal garret. Not that he forgot his mother or Leonore—whom he loved with all

his heart—but it was his nature to turn to the sunshine.

"Now for my friend Bill Moore," he said to himself. "Shafton's—it was an odd coincidence that I should be invited to Shafton's to-night—I will take it for a sign."

Shafton's should seem to be on Broadway; not a hotel, nor yet a bar. On the ground floor shops, but Shafton did not keep a shop, nor display his name in any manner to the public. He was, as woman should be, known only to his friends by his attractions, and not by boldly taking his stand in the face of the public. Louis knew the place, and had been there before. It was not like the attic in Savary street. He entered first a handsome room; one which might have been the drawing-room of a private house, where the strictest good taste had chosen the furniture and decorations; *everything was rich, but plain*; the carpet, modest Brussels, was wood-color and crimson; a little gilding here and there among the clustered vine of the cornices relieved without dazzling the eye; one or two paintings by well known artists, and chiefly quiet and beautiful landscapes, hung on the wall. So far our citizen might have brought his family into the room without offence; but then our citizen must have had an expensive acquaintance to bring that miscellaneous crowd of men into his drawing-room; the Golden Youth of New York, and the Golden Age—ah, or the Brazen Youth and Age if you use too potent an aquaregia to test their metal. That might be a political levee, however. But why, in the name of wonder, should the citizen have erected the semblance of a bar in his drawing-room, differing in nothing from any bar, save in the exceeding richness of material and exquisite elaboration of detail with which it was constructed? The citizen might have a harmless or harmful mania, as the case might be, for such an arrangement, perhaps, but that does not seem a tenable theory. Louis passed through the room and entered one beyond. Here the citizen's mania is uncontrollable and breaks out into roulette and faro-tables. It is all a mistake; the eccentricity is in the chaste richness of the room. The citizen is Mr. Shafton; and Mr. Shafton keeps a gambling house. The citizen two doors below Mr. Shafton keeps another; and the citizen a few doors above keeps another. But Mr. Shafton carries off the palm by the rigid propriety and strict good taste of his surroundings, as well as by his own quiet and decorous demeanor.

Here is Mr. Shafton; from his sable dress, without the least hint of diamonds in his shirt pin, and his grave demeanor, you might set him down as a clergyman, either sadly out of place, or on a desperate hunt after lost sheep; but that is Mr. Gilbert Shafton in person. He gave Louis a courteous greeting—not familiar, but as knowing him well—and making him welcome.

Louis knew Mr. Shafton by sight, and although he had not often been in this particular place before, he was no novice in similar scenes. Indeed he scarcely understood that gambling was to be called a vice. He had gambled ever since he could walk, for he had been carried into the salle at Baden, and taught to lay down his stake and take up his winnings with his baby hands, to secure the child's luck in which the gambler's superstition believes. The superstition was not confuted in Louis's case. Many and many a roulet he won for his sponsor, while admiring devotees crowded round to back the L'Enfant Terrible; and many and many a roulet for himself in after-days. The golden stream was almost unbroken—but alas, the waste-pipe ran a good deal faster than the supply. Louis was open-handed and open-hearted to a fault, and it was partly to deliver him from those who lived on his inconsiderate bounty that his relative sent him to the United States, giving him advice as sound as Polonius gave his son, to counterbalance the example of years. Louis's luck did not bear the voyage well; it had been, in the long run, very bad, though not invariably so. He could not help believing that now it would return, at least for a while. He would be careful and not go too far. He would stop in time. It was so easy a way of making money in a minute, and money he had never needed so much nor for so good a purpose. He did win at last; then lost a little; then just as he determined to go no further, won again; and so Luck, like a bird leading the way from her nest, hopped from spray to spray, flying just when he thought he had caught her, flew away altogether. He lost more than he had, and was fain to throw himself upon Mr. Shafton's forbearance, in the shape of an I. O. U., telling him that if he was alive he should be there again the next night. Mr. Shafton was easily entreated, for the time, and Louis went and threw himself down on a sofa, and shaded his eyes from the light, to look at his position. Nothing left? Absolutely nothing. Even his honor pawned to that bold outlaw of society who could look

any man in the face and say truly that he had never been worse than his word. Louis knew that he could not redeem his word, either to the gambler, or to his mother and sister.

"They rely on me," he said to himself. "God help them for I cannot rely even upon myself. But there must be some way out of this, if I can only see it."

Ay, one way out. He saw it plainly. A dark way, but short and straight. Whither he did not know or care; he knew *whence* and that was enough, for his butterfly spirit was utterly crushed by the burden of the moment. Thinking thus, he became vaguely conscious that he was observed, and starting up, went out with an instinctive seeking of darkness and solitude like a rabid animal. As he passed into the street he heard some one speaking, and after walking a few steps it came to him that it was the voice of Bill Moore and that he had spoken to him. He did not turn back now, for the spirit of mischief in which he had proposed following that adventure was dead within him. An hour was upon him that comes but once in a life. He stopped and looked with a fixed gaze into the stretch of streets before him.

"I wish I could lose myself there," he thought; "lose *myself*. I must drag this miserable *myself* with me, wherever I go. If I only could leave it here, and go there—Louis Hamilton is such a weak fool—I am sick of him. How those lights glare—I must go where it is dark, and still, and lonely."

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Bill Moore returned after his unsuccessful attempt to speak to Louis, he returned to the room whence he came, which was a small private parlor, for the accommodation of the heads of the establishment and the more especially privileged patrons. Bill Moore was attached to the concern, in what capacity he and his partners best knew, and he had been summoned to this room to a conference with a gentleman who had been not exactly an especial patron of the establishment, but of Bill himself and his family, they having been in other days either in his own domestic service or known to him in different capacities as depending more or less on his favor and protection. He had made some attempt to set Bill up in a respectable business of some sort; but Bill belonged to the wandering tribes of civilization, by education, and could not be reduced to order.



The patron in question was known to every one who pretended to know anything of New York, by name, if not by sight—John Randolph Yates, otherwise Colonel, and almost invariably Dolph Yates—never John except in his signature, when he wrote himself John R. Yates, and almost destroyed his identity by so doing. A middle-aged man, with a full, florid, good-humored, quick-tempered face, evidently *chic*; and for the rest so much will be said hereafter that no more need be said here.

"What was the matter, Bill?" asked Colonel Yates.

"I saw a man that promised to meet me here. He kept his promise, it seems, so I suppose I've nothing to say."

"Who was it? The youngster that just went by the door? That looked to me like Frank Creighton."

"It was Frank Creighton," said Bill.

Colonel Yates shrugged his shoulders with a meaning laugh.

"At his old tricks yet," he said.

Here some one glanced into the half open door, and seeing how it was occupied entered. A man of fifty, more or less, tall, slender, erect, with a smooth shaven face of a long oval, a high narrow forehead, arched eyebrows, dead black hair, a little silver on the temples, dead black eyes that would have been utterly expressionless but for a slight cast, and a slightly wearied look as if he were a student, or a calculator; of which he was neither. He wore a fur-trimmed overcoat, and held a pair of eye-glasses half raised. Colonel Yates sprang up with an exaggerated look and tone of wonderment.

"What! John Creighton! In the house of the ungodly! Why, John, I always thought you did your sinning by private contract."

John Creighton glanced at Bill Moore, as if to reprove Colonel Yates's indiscretion, and said, in measured tones:

"I am looking for a young man who is making an ass of himself."

"Meaning, I suppose, to help out the work with a few master touches such as you alone can give. Is this young man any one in that case, or some one individual?"

"He went out just now, Mr. Creighton," said the gentlemanly proprietor, who had accompanied him to the door. "There, Bill Moore can tell you he did, for he went after him."

Mr. Creighton turned an inquiring look on Bill.

"Do you mean Frank Creighton?" asked Bill, bluntly.

"Yes," said Mr. Creighton, and raised his eye-glasses to take a better view of Bill, for he was far-sighted and could not see things too near his eyes. He seemed to find something in Bill's face to arrest his gaze, for he continued to look at him until the stare which Bill gave back from his own unaided eyes became a little impatient, and then he dropped the glasses and repeated, "yes? When did he go? and where?"

"Not five minutes ago, and where I can't tell you. He can't have gone far whichever way he went."

"Thank you," said Mr. Creighton, taking another glance at him. "Good-evening, Randolph," and Mr. Creighton retired.

"I wonder what Frank has been doing now," said Bill, more as a soliloquy than an appeal to his companion, but the outspoken colonel answered:

"John Creighton says he has been making an ass of himself, and except that John Creighton *does* say it, I see no reason to doubt it."

This is what may be called an exhaustive comment.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

LOUIS HAMILTON resumed his walk, and went on swiftly and steadily. The wind had not ceased, but the sky had partly cleared, and the air was growing colder. The mixed mud and snow on the pavement were freezing into a slippery crackling coat, which carried the sound of footsteps to some distance. Louis scarcely knew how he was walking, and yet he picked out his way with as much care as if he were afraid of a fall. He struck into Vesey street and his walk ended on the pier. He walked to the edge and stood there. The water lapped with a dreary sound against the pile, and he could see, he fancied, even in the darkness how the black dimples came and went as it broke. He was thinking that if a man lost his balance and fell into the water on such a night it might be long enough before his fate was known; and as he thought thus, he took out the letter from Leonore that he had with him and tearing it slowly to pieces, sowed the fragments on the dark water. Then hearing a step, and fearing that he might be noticed by some policeman, or chance passer, he started suddenly forward to throw himself from the pier,

when his arms were seized from behind and he was drawn back. He struggled with his captor, at first, and then stood still, with the cunning of an unsound brain to deceive him by a show of submission.

"Excuse me for interfering," said his preserver, in a tone both sharp and suave, and the enunciation of a well-bred man, "but I have to remonstrate with you on the folly of throwing away anything that has a money value."

Any ordinary appeal might have been lost on Louis; the singularity of this address, and the tone in which it was spoken, arrested his attention. He answered with a bitter laugh:

"Do you mean my clothes?"

"No, I mean *yourself*."

"Then I am afraid you do not know what you are talking about," said Louis.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger. "It is you who do not know what I am talking about. I merely suggest that if you have no further use for yourself, as your actions seem to indicate, that you had better dispose of yourself to me, rather than throw yourself into the water, which is not at all sweet, as you know; and if you are found drowned you will be carried to the Morgue—*pagh!* You never saw the place, I know, or you would not risk that—a most unpleasant place to be exposed to the remarks of the community, and for surviving friends to visit."

Louis's mood was changed. The suicidal impulse once checked was not likely to return. A minute or two before nothing on earth had interest enough to turn his brain from the one terrible idea. Now he had a curiosity, languid certainly, but yet a curiosity, to know what the man meant.

"You must want to dissect me," he said.

"No. I want you alive."

"Then I cannot guess what you mean, and do not care. If I am worth anything to you, put a price on me, pay it and take me. If not, leave me to myself."

"You are worth a thousand dollars to me *at once*, and as much hereafter as will ensure against your coming here again very soon! A thousand dollars as soon as you have performed a certain service for me."

"What service?"

"What would you refuse to do?"

"Murder."

The stranger laughed.

"It is not murder," he said. "It is—marriage."

"Ah!" said Louis. "Perhaps I should

have put *that* before murder. I should like to know what the marriage entails, first."

"Nothing worse than death and damnation, to which you were going at any rate; but rest at ease on that point. Had I only wanted a man to marry in a dishonorable way, I might have hired a hundred at a cheaper rate, without setting my foot out doors in so stormy a night. It is a question of property, and you are to separate from your bride at the altar."

"In that case, I am ready to be married."

"Then come with me."

They left the pier and were lost in the blackness of the night.

## CHAPTER V.

LOUIS HAMILTON's deliverer was Mr. John Creighton, and Louis's value in John Creighton's eyes consisted in a striking resemblance to John Creighton's nearest relative. At first sight, this would seem as if Mr. Creighton had a very warm heart. Another fact must be added to it, which is, that for the cousin himself Mr. Creighton had no regard whatever. He would have been very sorry to see him, although he was very glad to see his resemblance. Louis Hamilton, personating Frank Creighton, might be made to do what the real Frank never would do.

John Creighton had a talent for furthering his own ends by intrigue which would have gained him a name in the annals of the old French court. Cut off from such a career, he was compelled to do the worst he could as a private citizen of New York. A man who ought to have been, for example, a regent with a prince and princess to educate and a kingdom to govern, was stunted to the guardian and trustee of an estate of half a million and a couple of wards. Fortunately circumstances helped him to develop.

The late Horatio Spencer (born 17—, died 18—,) had made a will, in the main wise and sensible, and had given many wise and sensible reasons for a rather unwise clause, directing that his two grandchildren, Alicia Spencer and Francis Creighton, should marry each other. The bulk of the property was left in trust for their benefit until they should reach the age of twenty-three, and if they married then, or were already married, it became theirs absolutely. If they were unmarried, or they married except each other, the property should be distributed among the representatives of the testator and his sister, excepting the said Francis and Alicia, who

having already been greatly benefited by the estate, should not, in the opinion of the testator, expect to derive any further advantage from it, as at that age they would be fully educated and have had ample opportunity to be established in life.

Mr. Creighton's co-trustees were either dead or superannuated, and he now managed the estate alone. He was also personal guardian of the children. Alicia and Francis were born upon the same day. Alicia's father died before she was born, and Frank's mother died at his birth. Mrs. Spencer and John Creighton's mother brought the children up, under Mr. Creighton's supervision. Frank's father was a stupid lazy man, who had never had an opinion about anything except eating and drinking in his life, and who died from over-devotion to those sole interests, when his son was ten years old. The children ought to have uncommonly good and practical training, for their ancestors had intermarried and lived in an atmosphere of their own, until the family character was a bundle of morbid tendencies. They had a home education on a peculiar system, which resulted very differently with the two. Alicia had genius and talent; her brain became like a hothouse; a wonder of rare, luxuriant and premature growth, and liable to become an utter ruin by one hour's frost. Her health, without any marked disease, was delicate and capricious, her temper morbid and excitable; and her moral nature would have been better for the most frivolous training than for one which taught her to regard strength of intellect as the greatest good, without teaching her what strength of intellect really was. She was brilliant, eccentric, learned, and entirely under the influence of her guardian, who flattered her weak points, and feigned to admire her intellectual power.

Frank's idiosyncrasies took another form. Books he detested and could scarcely be taught to read and write; not from incapacity so much as aversion. He ran away repeatedly, and went through every kind of strange adventure. His peculiar gift was an ability to transform himself so completely that even those who knew him best would be deceived even when they were on their guard. His talent naturally led him to the stage. He shocked his friends by appearing at a New York theatre, under an assumed name. His guardian threatened to put him under personal restraint if he did not behave more

rationally. Upon that Frank took a flight across the ocean, entered the French army, and at last advices had been lying ill in a foreign hospital, very unlikely to recover.

Alicia did not like her cousin. He laughed at her and she despised him. She would have married him, for she had taught herself to think that she *must have* the money. She had many expensive tastes and habits. Her guardian had hitherto gratified them. Lately he had begun to restrain them, on the same principle that a hound is half fed. He did not mean to give an account of his stewardship. If the marriage took place, he would remain Alicia's trustee and manage Frank in some way. But now the day was near, and Frank was out of the way to help or to hinder his schemes. This gave him a chance to carry out a favorite maxim, that a scheme had only to be thoroughly improbable to be highly practicable. He had seen Louis Hamilton, and at first supposed it to be Frank returned incognito. When he discovered his mistake, it of course struck him that others might be deceived as well as he. He proposed the plan to Alicia, who rejected it and accepted it twenty times, and finally accepted it. Mr. Creighton kept watch for Louis, traced him to the West and back, and finally secured him. He had already announced that Frank would return to marry his cousin. Louis was brought to Spencer Hill, and had a brief glimpse of Alicia. He saw a dark brilliant face, proud, petulant and impatient, and a slender, graceful form. She scarcely glanced at him, he thought, and though the blushes glowed on her face, she preserved a cold stately demeanor. For himself he was not desirous to protract the interview. Mr. Creighton hurried him away to a room on the second floor, and placed it at his disposal, bidding him remain there until his own return. He went down then to his own rooms on the ground floor, thinking that all would go smoothly, at least until he secured the money, and made arrangements for leaving America.

As he thought over all the steps already taken and their success he smiled to himself, and opened the door of the small library that was the first of his suite of rooms. It was already occupied. There, waiting to meet him, stood the real Francis Creighton whom he believed three thousand miles away or dead.

## A QUEER DISORDER.

Lynn Reporter

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Aug 25, 1870; 43, 34; ProQuest  
pg. 272

from his dangerous post, he politely tendered payment to the conductor for the involuntary ride. The conductor, not to be outdone in politeness, gently refused.

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

If one attempts to play a practical joke on another, he must be good-humored enough to receive a similar one in return. In the following case the debt was soon paid:

A person went into a store, a few days since, and purchased goods to the amount of two dollars. In making payment he counted out one hundred cents, and in looking through his pocket-book to find the balance due, he was unable to find any smaller amount than a two dollar bill, which he handed to the merchant, from which to take the one dollar and hand him back the change. The merchant took the bill, put it in the money drawer, and then, to the surprise and disgust of his customer, very coolly proceeded to count out and pay him back the same one hundred cents which he had just paid over. If a man endeavors to perpetrate a joke he should be sure that he knows where the laugh comes in.

### "FATHER KNOWS."

A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry goods. His little son was standing near, and, as his father took the packages from the box, he laid some of them upon the arm of the boy. A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said,—

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind, answered Johnny, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in Him that God desires all His children to possess.

### CHEAP.

Land is so cheap in Arkansas that "you have to look sharp, or they will smuggle an extra forty acres or so into the deed."

As in the early days of shad fishing in Connecticut River, when *salmon* were so plenty that every customer buying shad was expected to take a gift of several salmon, to enable the seller to get rid of them.

### NOT TOO OLD FOR SCHOOL.

A missionary in Africa writes, "Good news! There has been an application to me for a school at 'Barloes' Town, on the 'Dare' River, by a man more than *one hundred* years old. Can you do any thing for him? He makes his application in apparent earnestness.

### A SHARP RETORT.

King Charles II. once said to John Milton, "Do you not think that your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defence of my father's murder?"

"Sire," answered the poet, "it is true I have lost my eyes, but if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your Majesty must recollect that your royal father *lost his head!*"

ONE of the sufferers, during the late heated term, gives vent to his feelings thus:

O, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!

O, for an iceberg or two at control!

O, for a vale which at midday the dew cumburs!

O, for a pleasure trip up to the Pole!

O, for a little one-story thermometer,

With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row!

O, for a big, double-barrelled hydrometer,

To measure the moisture that rolls from my brow!

AN English sailor, the other day, at Brussels, emptied his pockets into the apron of a woman with a lap of half-starving children. Her apron then contained two hundred and fifty francs, and the sailor remarked to the astonished natives who witnessed this act, "I am a good fellow, and never drink when I have nothing to drink with."

THE BEST WAY.—John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven, which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures; and he thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life, and go and see.

FOR the benefit of those who meditate spending some of the hot months in Alaska, we would mention that Mr. Cuyekanickpucks Yakutskolitmilks Seekiyslitmilks Ankachaganuiks Ketatonckutzokorts keeps a hotel at Sitka.

A LARGE Newfoundland dog became a lion at Sandy Hook, recently, by catching a young shark, about four feet long, in the water near the beach, and landing him high and dry.

A PHILOSOPHER says, if you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet, and go barefoot!

A PHILADELPHIA store window contains the notice that the proprietors will buy "old iron, coper and pughter."

### A QUEER DISORDER.

Some years since, a gentleman, somewhat of a literary character, residing in this city, whom we will call by no particular name, married a young lady, by no means famous for her intellectuality. In the course of time, the happy pair were rejoiced by the advent of an heir, which grew and thrived for a season, but, after a while, began to grow sickly. The father, noticing the unmethodical manner in which the mother managed the baby, told her, one day, that its illness was owing to mismanagement. A physician being called, gave the same opinion.

A day or two afterward, one of the neighbors called in to inquire after the child, and asked, "What is the matter with it?"

"O," said the mother, "my husband and the doctor say it's got the mismanagement." —Lynn Reporter.

### VERY POLITE.

An exchange says, The politest and most conscientious man of our time lives in Pittsburgh, Pa. The other day, he was walking on the railway track near that city, when he was caught up by the cowcatcher of a passing train, uninjured, and carried into the depot. Emerging

A WEDDING AT THE MADELEINE.

AMONG the many magnificent churches of Paris, both ancient and modern, the Madeleine, as all the world knows, stands almost pre-eminent for beauty of proportion and grace of decoration. It is difficult for one whose eye has been educated by observation alike of the true and false in architecture to pass without involuntarily paying homage to its symmetry in pausing to gaze at the artistic simplicity of its front; and it is equally difficult, on entering, to refrain from following the charming perspective of its side-galleries, within whose

niches stand colossal statues of the saints. Like most of the public edifices of Paris, the Madeleine has had its periods of construction and intervals of rest; and it is wonderful that at last, considering the number of its architects, it preserves such unity of expression. Its cornerstone was laid in 1764, by Louis XV., with the design of founding a superb church; but the subsequent difficulties of the government interfered with its construction, and left it in an unfinished condition for many years. The first Napoleon, in his desire to perpetuate the memory of his brilliant victories, ordered its transformation into a "Greek temple," bearing an inscription commemorative of the soldiers who composed the Grand Army. Its purpose was an oration to posterity. Every year, on the anniversary of Jena and Austerlitz, it was to be magnificently illuminated. Music was to arouse patriotic emotion, and eulogies to be pronounced upon the fallen braves of those great battles. One singular clause of the decree issued

by Napoleon provided that in the orations and odes delivered on these occasions no allusion whatever should be made "to the Emperor." But Napoleon, master as he was of the present, was powerless against the advancing future; and this superb memorial temple was allowed to accumulate the dust evolved by the struggles of disturbed thrones for another period, until Louis Philippe finally completed it, as one of the great works of his unhappy reign. The original design was restored, and it was dedicated in 1832 to its present use, through Saint Mario Madeleine, who

is made memorable by the decorations of the interior, as well as in the colossal sculpture of the pediment, where, kneeling at the feet of Christ, she implores mercy for transgressors, amidst the terrors of the "Last Judgment."

With an attractive grace, peculiar to Catholic countries, the doors of all churches here stand invitingly open. Passing along the Boulevard, in one of my many wanderings, my attention was attracted by two "*Suisses d'Eglise*," standing upon the steps of the Madeleine. These "*Suisses d'Eglise*" are what might be called "Masters of Ceremony." They do not exactly fill the place of a sexton, or have any thing to do with the ordinary routine of "going to church;" but when a marriage is to be performed, or a burial-service pronounced, they marshal the pageant, and conduct the whole affair to its termination.

The two whom I saw were large, noble-looking men, dressed with scrupulous care and elegance. White stockings, gartered at the knee; low shoes, with brilliant buckles; black velvet breeches, elaborately embroidered with bullion; a sort of dress-coat in black velvet, decorated in the same manner; a broad scarf, fastened under the right arm, glittering with bullion; chapeau, lace ruffles at the wrist, and a long staff in the hand, made up the costume. The friend by whom I was escorted

having told me that a wedding of some pretension was about to take place, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to see how "these things are done in France."

Ascending the steps, and half stopping to glance at the statues of St. Philip and St. Louis (the canonized French king) on either side of the entrance, I paused once more to look at the massive bronze doors, which, illustrating scenes from the Bible, are conceived with much grandeur of design, and display great boldness of execution.

The "*Suisses d'Eglise*" bowed politely as we passed the entrance. Opening a low door covered with red cloth, we stood within the Madeleine. It was the first time I had been there, and, as in all large inclosed spaces, a hushed solemnity brooded over the lonely chapels and silent aisles. Humanity becomes devout when contemplating that which it has accomplished; and the mortal is lost in the manifested presence of his creative power.

The interior of the church is most brilliant. Three lofty domes admit the only light; and as the sunbeams gleam aslant upon the marble pavement, touching in their

descent colossal sculptures on the dividing arches, and lending a glory to glittering shrines and inlaid walls, a sort of enchantment seizes the imaginative mind, and the glory of the Unseen seems near. The church was nearly empty as we entered, and I at once busied myself in examining the marble groups, standing cool and soft in their shadowed niches. One, near the door, represents the "Baptism of Jesus." It is a noble work, appropriately placed over a font where the rite of baptism is administered. Another group, of equal beauty, is in the opposite chapel—"The Marriage of the Virgin."

Advancing to the gate of the railing that separates the seated congregation from the rest of the church, I was brought into unpleasant contact with humanity, in the shape of two old men, on either side the low gateway, dispensing holy-water in a most business-like, not to say ludicrous, manner. Each one, crowned with a black velvet skull-cap, drawn down nearly to the eyes, held out to the passers-by the dilapidated remains of a large painter's bristle brush, to which the fingers of the faithful were delicately pressed. As the brushes became dry, they were plunged into a dark-looking pail, and held up again with the same stolidity of expression—the actors in the scene leaning their elbows listlessly upon the table before them, or mingling a yawn with a muttering of prayer.

I had been accustomed to see holy-water taken from a large vase, and have always appreciated the apparent reverence which seemed to attend the beautiful custom; but the bristle brushes, half worn out, disenchanting me.

It may be that holy-water is scarce where so much of it is used, for I notice the same custom at Notre Dame, and all the other churches of the city. Once within the inclosure, however, and quietly seated, waiting for the "wedding guests," my mind soon fell into harmony with the consecrated beauty around me.

The occasional groups of quiet-looking women at the side chapels, some lighting a few candles; others bringing fresh white flowers to offer at the shrine of the Magdalen, by way of winning her intercession, gave me an insight into the daily life of the people, highly instructive and suggestive.

I studied for some time the painting upon the ceiling of the half dome over the high altar. It seems to me somewhat difficult to understand, but of undoubted genius in the coloring and in the management of the figures.

At the feet of Christ, surrounded by angels and the glories of heaven, sits the sanctified and redeemed Magdalen. The foreground is filled with many historical figures, among which I recognized Joan of Arc in her armor; Dante, with his sad, sweet profile and laurel wreath; and Napoleon I., in his coronation robes. I don't dare pretend to explain what they had to do there; but, noticing several prelates among the figures, I imagined it was intended to convey the idea that these waiting souls, having labored for the advancement of the Christian religion, were about to receive the reward.

There is a painting of the "Death of Magdalen," and another of "Magdalen at the Cross," that I can not resist the temptation to mention, familiar as they may be from repeated description. Prominent scenes in the life of Sainte Madeleine occupy the six semicircular spaces over the chapels, and form a most interesting study. The scene of the Crucifixion is depicted with a reality almost startling. Velling with a lurid light the woes of Calvary, the artist has brought out the terrible effect on the three Marys, who occupy the foreground, surrounded by the multitude of spectators. Darkness and terror are around them as the "veil of the temple is rent in twain."

"Mary, the mother of Jesus," with her face partly covered by the folds of a heavy veil, is kneeling upon the ground, with attitude and expression of unutterable woe.

"That other Mary" stands erect, with outline strongly relieved against the terrible background—a dark Jewish countenance gazing intently on the scene of suffering, with an expression of untold horror, while her outstretched arms and upraised hands seem warding off the agony.

Below her, the fair, sad face lifted with an intensification of pitying sympathy that scarcely fails to draw tears, leans Mary Magdalen—who, of all women in the world, has known the benediction of the Saviour's love.

I could write pages upon this picture, for it seems to me to indicate three types of womanly suffering—the broken heart, that mutely endures; the lofty spirit, that rebels at grief; and the emotional nature, whose earnest tenderness arouses yet more intensely the bitterness of sympathetic anguish.

I have studied medieval art till I am wearied out. I have tried in vain to be inspired by deformed virgins and grotesque saints, painfully worked out "on a gold ground;" the Crucifixions and Resurrections of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries seem to me sacrilegious; and I must record my profound conviction that Modern Art more nearly allies itself to appreciative natures, and leads more directly to the real fountain of all inspiration.

"The dying Magdalen" is another of those pictures that inexpressibly touch the heart. Over the serene face and beautiful outline of form steals the rigidity of death with a vividness that thrills one as he gazes. The long penance is nearly ended, and the martyrdom of isolation over. At her head are two angels, one of whom holds a halo of light above her, while the other throws about her parting soul the incense of love. At her feet kneels an interceding angel, with arms outstretched in supplication to the Saviour, who, in the upper sky, bends upon the dying woman a look of welcome and of pardon that sheds a gleam of brilliancy over the entire scene.

From the rapid contemplation of these pictures the attention is distracted by the gathering of people, and while feasting our eyes and thoughts upon the illuminated high altar, before which the priests were already chanting, a "burst of music floods the air with sound," and, sweeping up the central aisle, with low murmuring of "whistling silks," the marriage train sweeps on, marshaled by the *Suisses d'Eglise*.

First came all the relatives of the bride and groom, full of the deep expression of devotion, so characteristic in French emotion.

A pause—a voluminous rustle of satin and lace—and the bride softly and slowly floats by, escorted by her husband; for they are already married. An hour ago the civil marriage took place; and the ceremony now to be performed is but the blessing of the Church—the sacred seal of the Catholic religion.

Marriage is a triumph in the domain of self-abnegation, and its ceremonies may well be conducted with pomp and circumstance. The glittering sunlight blazed upon the bride as she moved toward the altar, clothing her with a halo of beauty.

A robe of white satin, supporting a delicate fabric of lace—which had been toiled over in some damp cellar of Brussels; that its threads might hold together for the bridal pageant—trailed its untold length on the pavement. A veil of the same rich point covered the advancing form, and, falling low upon the breast, hid the pretty young face, then bending earthward its modest regards. Nor were the orange blossoms or more classic myrtle wanting. All that wealth could purchase or taste suggest had decked the bride for the unknown life into whose domain she passed through the gate of marriage. Do not suppose all are permitted to make their entrance into the paradise of marriage through such gateways.

The "grand altar" has no voice for less than a thousand-franc marriage. For the less fortunate in gold the side chapels are employed, and no music bears up the weighty import of the softly uttered response.

I was informed that the price is sometimes as high as three or four thousand francs, varying with the amount of music required, the number of officiating priests, and other accompaniments.

The bridal train now gathered within the railing of the grand altar; the censers were swung; the priests chanted the ceremony, the pauses being filled up with most thrilling vocal music; a great deal of genuflection and transposition took place; one of the priests addressed to the young couple an edifying exhortation in Latin; and then followed the crowning ceremonial.

The bride and groom seated themselves side by side, the assistant bridesmen advanced, and most reverentially unfolding a very heavy white material, held it above their heads, while the far-off music (and the music always comes from some unknown distance in these foreign cathedrals) seemed to hallow the approaching troth. Then still another priest, in more elaborate vestments than any of the preceding, superintended the bestowal of the wedding ring; and there, under the sublime shadow of the symbolized white virginity, the two exchanged their promises of loyalty and love, after which they fell upon their knees, and the blessing of the Church was softly laid upon their heads, crowning them with its grace and benediction. The newly-married pair rose, the fathers and mothers advanced and kissed them tenderly, followed by all the relations, who rushed around and congratulated them with nervous excitement. A very pleasing part of the performance still remained. Each bridemaid, escorted by her attendant and preceded by the *Suisses d'Eglise*, came down among the assembly to solicit alms for the poor. It is a beautiful custom at every marriage, and one with which all, patrician and plebeian, alike comply. Who could refuse the dainty little hand as it held out a richly-embroidered open purse? One may readily stare out of countenance a long-handled contribution-box; but this mute little piece of delicacy, never! while the sweet "*Merci bien, Madame*," is as politely uttered in return for a copper sou as for a gold Napoleon.

But all things have an end, and so this marriage got itself resolved into a wedding reception in one of the adjoining rooms, from which it was transferred to a sumptuous *déjeuner* at the house of the mother of the bride.

Meanwhile the usual stillness settled over the scene. A few conscience-stricken sinners sought the confession-boxes, beneath whose closely-drawn curtains the words of penitence and absolution were to be exchanged; others busily counted their beads at the different chapels, gazing up at the statue shrouded within, with a rapt devotion that awakened every sympathy. There is something peculiarly touching in the manner with which, at all times of the day, the common people silently walk into the churches, and, seeking the saint whose intercession they most prize, prostrate themselves in perfect trust and veneration.

The laborer, with his coarse, blue blouse and heavy nailed shoes—with head half bent, and in every feature an expression visible which told that he is conscious of treading on "holy ground"—steals awkwardly to the shrine, and coming down like an elephant, first on one knee then on the other, takes out a little greasy worn book, and then alone with his divinity offers thanksgiving or prayer. Now he is still, with that depth of emotion and reverential ignoring of every thing outside that crowns his toll-worn brow with transforming charm, and lights up his heavy eye with unwonted lustre. And these manifestations of devotional simplicity are almost wholly confined to the lower classes—to those whose daily life, from sunrise to sunset, is lighted only by the taper of personal affection.

Why is it that as we gain in intellect we lose in reverence? Why is it that the mind grows at

the expense of the heart? Is it because that after all our labors—after all our infinite longings for that which is attainable only when the immortal shall have put off the mortal—after all our toil to reach ideal heights of which philosophy has vainly dreamed, the truth is then to burst upon the wearied brain, we must grope our way toilsomely back again, and "become as little children" before we can find repose and happiness?

I sometimes doubt if all we gain by intellectual struggle is worth the price we pay for it. A deep lesson of faith and thorough humiliation may be learned from these "kneelers at the shrines," and as I turned to leave the Madeleine the mystery of human life weighed heavily upon my doubling mind.

The group of peasant women whom we met at the door, bearing a child to be christened, turned the current of my thoughts; and with a look at the unconscious face of the babe, and a sympathetic thrill in unison with the evident pride of motherhood, I stepped out into the sunlight to look for other sights in other scenes.

## AGAINST TIME.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### BARRINGTON FALLEN ON HIS FEET.

MAKING his way into one of the drawing-rooms by a side-door, Hugh nearly plunged into the arms of his cousin, Lady Alice, who, as it chanced, was talking at the moment to Maude Childersleigh and Miss Winter.

"Enter the conspirator at last! What have you been plotting downstairs with papa and his grace of Dunstanburgh?" was the salutation of his out-spoken cousin. "Here have I just been speaking to an old friend of yours, whom Rushbrook picked up somewhere and brought along with him, and he seemed positively put out when I told him you had vanished. I assured him your engagements barely left you time for food, to say nothing of friends; that months had passed since I entrapped you last into a *tele-à-tete*. But, as he didn't seem half satisfied, I referred him back to Rushbrook, and Rushbrook discovered you were closeted with the Duke; but whether the Duke was securing you for the next Cabinet, or canvassing for a seat at your Turkish Board—that's what you call it, isn't it?—he couldn't pretend to say. I don't know which would be the more flattering; but I hope devoutly it was the former, and so I am sure does Miss Childersleigh."

Lady Alice, in many respects, was the very counterpart of her brother. Few people called her pretty; but her features could light up surprisingly when she talked, and as hers was anything but a retiring nature, and she was never quiet when she could possibly help it, she managed to make the very most of what looks she had. Her mother, having failed in persuading her to tone down her manners to something of the maternal repose, had resigned herself placidly to being scandalized by them.

"You show all your usual penetration, Alice. One or the other it was of course, and equally of course my lips are sealed. I quite forgot to get the Duke's permission to talk it over with you. I always am overlooking something."

"Well, I suppose we must restrain our curiosity, until it is satisfied by time or the papers. How I do wish you would take to politics, Hugh! In a few years we should have you Premier, giving papa the Garter, and Rushbrook the Governor-Generalship of India, or something of that sort."

Maude, in the meantime, had kept her eyes steadily on his face. Possibly, the interest she had taken in reading that particular volume may have helped her to understand it. She may have penetrated to

his preoccupation through his seeming unconcern, for she became abstracted herself, and answered more gravely than was in keeping with Lady Alice's rattle.

"From what I know of him, Lady Alice, our best advice would be wasted. But I candidly avow my grovelling ideas, and I think even the privilege of giving away ribbons may be bought too dear. I don't think Mr. Childersleigh very likely to lose his head in climbing; but it seems to me it's safer making quite sure of your position on one ladder, before being lured by a will-o'-the-wisp to put your foot upon another and a higher one."

"How unpleasantly and eloquently practical you are, Miss Childersleigh. I must say I'm disappointed in finding an enemy where I looked for an ally. Well, now my only hope of help is from Miss Winter."

Lucy blushed. The shyness that had worn itself away in the familiar atmosphere of "The Cedars" was still apt to reclaim its prey when she went out into the world. She felt ill-assured, too, in her sensitive consciousness of the ambiguous circumstances under which she had come out. Do what Maude might, Lucy could never shake herself free from the idea that she was an encumbrance her friend dragged about with her in her good-nature. She turned her great hazel eyes on Hugh, who was looking at her half amused; but when she spoke, it was with a bashful earnestness that fixed his attention somehow, although there was very little in the words.

"I daresay Maude may be right, but it seems to me a man might stay where he was for life, were he to see a will-o'-the-wisp in every light that signalled him onwards."

"Thank you for so much, Miss Winter. Your sympathies are with me rather than Miss Childersleigh, and that's enough. I daresay Hugh is longing to tell us we're all chasing wills-o'-the-wisp at this very moment, and that my brain is just the place to start them. But look, Hugh, here comes that very persevering friend of yours, Captain Barrington."

Hugh started and turned. The name carried him back again to his old life. There, to be sure, was Barrington in person, and approaching in a state of excitement very unusual with him. Although the words of their greeting were commonplace enough, we may venture to say no warmer hand-grip had been exchanged that evening in Hestercombe House.

"So here you are, Barrington, come to town just as every one else is leaving—every one, at least, who is not tied by business as I am."

"Yes, Lady Alice has been enlightening me on your change of habits. Miracles never cease. As I've her word for it, I have no doubt it's all true, and I'm glad to hear of your reformation. I'm in town on business myself, as it happens."

"It's a cool evening, and I was thinking of walking home. If you can tear yourself away, come along and let me hear all about it."

"So you're going already, Hugh?" said his cousin, affecting to make a little *moue* of despire. "You see I didn't exaggerate, Captain Barrington. He comes for dinner, he swallows it, and not a moment will he spare to frivolity."

"The truth is, Alice, and no one knows it better than you, you've spoiled me for anything but a quiet domestic life. I feel all abroad in a giddy crowd like this."

And Hugh, taking a laughing leave of that trio of the Graces, made his escape from the room. Although his mind was made up, he was anxious to be alone to think quietly over the momentous conversation of the evening. It is always a serious thing burning your boats, even if time is likely to bring you another flotilla. In the meantime, although sincerely pleased to see him, it must be confessed that, in the idea of extricating himself, he availed himself of Barrington as the first excuse that came to hand. Even as he took his friend's arm, his mind was somewhat distraught, and he cast a wistful glance at the crowd of cabs.

Yet Barrington's story, when he came to hear it, interested him, the more so that he thought he saw that that first generous action of his at Homburg had borne its fruits.

"Let me see, Childersleigh, when did you hear of me last?"

"Something about a year ago you sent me a line and a half from somewhere—Dresden, I think."

"Ah, yes, I quartered myself there for a time, and eminently respectable and preciously dull I found it. We drank beer on the Brül'sche Terrace, and played whist at the Bellevue, and then there were the pictures and the music, but I didn't care much for them. Well, about a couple of months ago, I turned up at Wildbad for a little change, quiet and cheap. Who should be one of the next arrivals but a rich old uncle of mine, who owns a pair of parishes in Norfolk. Awfully bad he was, with the gout flying all over him. An old bachelor, with a dozen nephews like myself, and every one of them far more promising. I ran up against his bath-chair one morning, and we cut each other dead. He had been a little too frank with his advice, and by no means

free with his money, when we saw each other last; very good the former was, I daresay; but, as I told him, rather outspoken and somewhat uncalled for. However, I stayed on at Wildbad, simply to show I didn't care for him one way or other, and a good thing it was for me, as it turned out.

"After some days, when he saw I never came near him, he sent for me and offered me his hand—his left one, for the right was all wrapped up in flannel. The one he had to spare was nothing but a bundle of chalkstones, and that, perhaps, was why I took it. The old fellow was terribly lonely and fearfully savage; so, as there was no one there to see, on account of the one I put up with the other. He found himself all the better for losing his temper, so he used to abuse me to his heart's content, and an uncommonly rough time I had of it. So I should have gone on, I daresay, but a cousin of mine came out there, who holds the family living at the family place, and seemed to have made up his mind to the next presentation to the property as well.

"One day when the old gentleman had been pitching into me much as usual, the Rev. George chose to compliment me on my Christian patience or something of that sort. I cut up rough, like a fool; and the amiable invalid, who never before had been able to get a rise of temper out of me, was quite delighted and poked up the fire: said I really had been very forbearing, and there might be reasons for it, as George might imagine. He was grinning like a demon all the time with the pain; but I could see his face change when I got up and told him that, now that I could leave him in good hands, I would not punish him with my society longer. In an hour I was driving out of the place."

"Sharp work and very unlike you and your deliberation."

"Very unlike me in more ways than one, you may say. I could not trust myself, you see. He had heaps of money, and was beginning to take to me, and I was such a poor beggar. So I didn't dare to pull up even at Baden, but went on straight to Homburg. Who do you think drew me at the Quatre Saisons three days later, but my uncle's old servant, whom he had never let out of his sight for years, charged with the most abject apologies, and ordered, as he told me, never to show again unless he brought me with him!"

"Upon my honour I congratulate you."

"There was nothing to be done but go back. I found the Rev. George had been started off with a flea in his ear, although,



for once in his life, the old gentleman was left to the tender mercies of the waiters. To make a long story short, he insisted on settling a handsome allowance upon me forthwith, — I did not take much pressing, — constituted me purse-bearer in ordinary, and I have just brought him home to England by easy stages. We came to town from Dover this afternoon. I went straight to 'Doodle's' to ask for you, stumbled upon Rushbrook, who, like a good fellow as he is, told me I should most likely see you at Hestercombe House, and carried me there accordingly."

Having thus brought his autobiography down to the latest moment, and received the warm congratulations of his friend on his improved prospects, Barrington said good-night in Bond Street, turning off to the private hotel in Dover Street, where he was putting up with his relative.

Hugh walked into his rooms to pass a thoughtful night in bed and out of it. His resolution was fixed, far past shaking, but never had he felt more strongly all that wealth was worth.

"If I had only had that money of Miss Childersleigh's, instead of mud-larking on the bank," he added, bitterly. "Reason the more that being hard at work to get it, I might have taken this tide of fortune at the turn, instead of seeing it ebb away from beneath me: while I stand wealth must be won if it lies in man to win it. It's idle wasting regrets on the past: the moral of it all is to make myself my own master in the future."

Then Hugh comforted himself as he could with the thought that it was the terms of Miss Childersleigh's will that had brought him the Duke of Dunstanburgh's offer; and so he wrote to decline, bent more doggedly than ever on his City task.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MR. HEMPRIGGE IN SOCIETY.

WE fear we have been somewhat neglectful of Mr. Hemprigge, and Mr. Hemprigge is not a man who likes to be overlooked. But, in truth, lately he had been pushed a good deal to the wall, and he felt it. From his versatile brain had sprung the *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey. He it was to whom the famous Mr. Childersleigh owed reputation and commercial existence, and it came hard on him to be quietly thrust back into the second place. To return to a metaphor that served us before: the elephant he had caught had proved thoroughly up to his work, and had done it well, but then he would go about his work his own way, and

bad thoroughly got the better of his mahout. And as time went on, Hemprigge had seen his only superiority, his technical knowledge of business details, passing quietly away from him. From the first he had reluctantly recognized the Governor for his master in grasp and vigour of thought. He could never vie with him in the position, the tone, the manner that imposed on men and meetings, and, after an undemonstrative resistance, which, to do him justice, his shrewdness had cut very short, *bon gré, mal gré*, he resigned himself. Mr. Childersleigh was left the Governor in fact as in name. Mr. Hemprigge remained Managing Director, superintending admirably the mechanical work of the association.

Mr. Hemprigge had his consolations, or might have had them, although we suspect most of his material and social successes were poisoned to him by a certain consciousness of failure. Yet it was neither Childersleigh's wish nor policy to parade the submission he exacted of the other. So long as he kept the substance of authority, he was well content that Hemprigge and his dignity should make the most of the semblance. The Board felt where the power lay, and knew on whom they pinned their faith; if their clients and the world thought Mr. Hemprigge a greater man than he was, there was no harm done. So, if Hemprigge, perforce, toned his manners down to elaborate courtesy, in harmony with the general spirit of the establishment, in spite of himself, he could not help showing the cloven foot now and again, in a brusqueness touched with brutality, to those who insisted in abjectly humbling themselves before him.

There was slight change in his external man. He was quick to observe and imitate, and, since we knew him first, had somewhat retrenched on his wealth of jewellery; but for that he recompensed himself by clothes more fashionably cut than ever, and launched into lavish luxury in the matter of glossy hats. His fashionable little person swelled up more grandly than ever against his snowy vest, — and in high-heeled boots and an honest consciousness of position, he had added a full half-inch to his modest stature.

Then there could be no mistake as to his means. Thanks to official and unofficial sources of income, Hemprigge was a rich man. He had transferred the quiet Sackville Street business to the gentleman who had officiated there as his clerk. So he said, at least; and we have no right to credit, in preference to the statement he solemnly volunteered on all occasions, those flying whispers that set Mr. Roper down as simply a man of straw, and asserted all the

profits to be for Mr. Hemprigge. He had his spacious apartments on a first-floor in Piccadilly, besides a snug little box perched high on Streatham Common, where he gave the most charming little dinners to select circles of plutocrats.

For Mr. Hemprigge was courted in an extensive society. His graceful poses on his steady but showy park-hack made him the admiration of awe-struck provincials. His hat, removed with a D'Orsay flourish of the rim, was more often in his hand than on his head, when he was not kissing his straw-coloured gloves in acknowledgment of the smiles of beauty. He had his stall at the opera, too, where he martyred himself with creditable constancy through long hot nights in the season; and it was a sight to see him guiding his high-swung mail-coach, with its high-bred, high-actioned, mammoth chest-nuts; remarkably free-goers they were,—rather too much so, indeed, for the muscles of his biceps and the peace of his mind. On the whole, they deserved the admiration they challenged, although it was somewhat hard to get at their points through the mazes of their embossed harness, all ablaze with the Hemprigge crest. The art of driving had not been included in their owner's earlier education, and it was rumored that, when he first set up his chariot, the prudent directors of the "Gryphon" had hesitated to insure his life on any ordinary policy. But Hemprigge was a man who could make something of most matters he set his mind to. Now collisions had become comparatively rare with him, although still, when he tendered to his friends the seat by his side, it was not unfrequently declined with thanks or accepted in trembling.

He had become courted, as we said, in certain sets, and if he cared for admiration and appreciation, he had the one and the other forced on him in plenty. But, of course, he found slight satisfaction while revolving in the circles where he was recognized as an ornament, so long as he was constantly reminded in others that he was only there upon sufferance. Lord Rushbrook delighted in him, and, cultivating him in a way of his own, encouraged him insidiously in the airs he was disposed to take.

But it was delicate work fooling Hemprigge: indeed, it may be surmised, he penetrated his noble friend's motives, and perfectly comprehended the footing on which he was permitted to stand with him. We may rest assured, although they saw a good deal of each other, there was little love lost between the two. But the friendship of Lord Rushbrook and the hospitalities of

Hestercombe House were the trump-cards Hemprigge held in playing his little social game; he could always rely on finding men like Budger to call them for him.

"High fellow, Hemprigge," that gentleman would observe; "goes anywhere he pleases and does just what he likes; has the run of Hestercombe House regular, I understand."

And even when his own personal consequence was at the highest, asserting itself among the gilded splendours of his palace in Park Lane, Budger would treat the manager with a pompous half-bullying deference. He exaggerated the triumphs of his friend, and Hemprigge suffered him to romance at will. Hemprigge did not dine regular at Hestercombe House, but he had been more than once admitted within its exclusive gates. It had amused Lord Rushbrook to take him there, and Lord Hestercombe received any guest introduced by his son. Besides, the Earl looked on the Manager as a sort of commercial henchman of his nephew's, and was inclined to tolerate his occasionally following his master into society as swelling his master's consequence.

At "The Cedars" he was a much more frequent visitor. Hugh, who fathomed his colleague's social aspirations, and was not unwilling to flatter them so far as he reasonably could, had asked leave to present him there, and, strange to say, Purkiss had taken him up and helped him to make good his footing. You would have said the two men were uncongenial enough, yet they seemed drawn together by a hidden sympathy into something resembling friendship. Perhaps it was only that they found each other mutually helpful. Purkiss's good offices gave Hemprigge ready access to a house where it was creditable, and might be profitable, to have a footing. Purkiss was a shareholder in Mr. Hemprigge's company, and might be glad on occasion to draw information from near the fountain-head.

Sir Basil, at first, barely tolerated him; but Hemprigge would never have got on so well in life if he had not known how to deal with men like Sir Basil. He set himself down at the feet of the venerable Lombard Street Gamaliel with so candid a humility that the old banker could not but be touched and flattered. Sir Basil interested himself in the conversion of this clever young heretic, who, with little less intelligence than Hugh, was far less self-appreciative, and much more open to conviction; who argued so closely and logically, and yet somehow contrived to lay himself so terribly open to the thrusts of the older man. He came out wonderfully, especially in Hugh's absence,

and never did the banker find his evenings fly more pleasantly than when he had the plastic Mr. Hemprigge for his guest.

The ladies of the family did not like him quite so much.

"Oh, by the way, Maude, Hemprigge dines with us to-morrow," said Purkiss to his sister, sauntering into the drawing-room one afternoon on his return from the City.

"Dines to-morrow, again? Why, he dined here once this week already," ejaculated Maude. She did not try to conceal her despire, which Lucy did, although altogether unsuccessfully.

Purkiss heard smilingly the tone of his sister's answer, and actually beamed when he caught the expression on Miss Winter's face.

"You forget, Maude, it was Saturday last. But I'm sure you must agree with me that we can't be too civil to Hugh's right-hand man. I won't call him Hugh's head, although other people do."

"Head, indeed!" flashed up Maude; "an excellent head-clerk I don't doubt, if that's what you mean; very industrious and punctual in carrying out orders. I don't wonder you take to him, Purkiss."

"Nonsense, Maude, you do him injustice, and are talking of what you know nothing whatever," broke in Sir Basil, speaking much more angrily than was his habit with his daughter. "I fancy I may call myself a fair judge, and let me tell you I find Mr. Hemprigge an exceedingly promising young man; very modest and unassuming with it all, and much more ready than others I could name to profit by the instruction of his elders. It is a kindness having him here, and, as I have every reason to believe, my counsels are of real service to him. Tell him from me, Purkiss, we shall have very great pleasure in seeing him."

"I will, sir," returned Purkiss, triumphantly. "As he always says, he feels it a privilege as well as a pleasure coming to you, for he never finds himself in your company without getting valuable lights."

"Yes, I think I may have been of use to him" returned Sir Basil, complacently. "I am glad to know I have opened his eyes to some of the fallacies of the new theories and the abuses of the new system."

"Why should that stupid Mr. Hemprigge trouble himself to come here so often?" asked Maude of her friend, when they found themselves, a little later, in their boudoir.

"Stupid he is not, Maude," responded Lucy, unconsciously fencing with the question.

"Well, vulgar then. You won't dispute that epithet. Call him anything you please, what I mean is, I don't like him. I'm quite sure you don't. We're both of us barely civil to him, the house isn't very lively, and what I ask is, why does he come here so often?"

"It's a good thing for him being received in a house like this, and then he feels flattered by Sir Basil's evident liking for him," responded Lucy, not very candidly.

"I don't know," rejoined Maude. "Of course papa has a great deal of experience, and perhaps he might teach Mr. Hemprigge if Mr. Hemprigge were willing to learn. But then Mr. Hemprigge is not a man to be taught; even I can see how he often knocks under, when in reality he has much the best of the argument. The more I see of him the less I seem to know him, and the less I trust him. If I were to speak frankly, I should call him a hypocrite. The man has two faces, or rather half-a-dozen. Did you ever hear him differ seriously from either my father or Mr. Childersleigh? and yet how seldom these two agree. When Mr. Childersleigh is with us he is all reserve, simply because he cannot speak and act as he generally does without committing himself. I don't like to think my father is deceived; but if he is, time will open his eyes, and I don't fancy there can be much harm done. Mr. Childersleigh ought to be well able to take care of himself, but if he really does trust this Mr. Hemprigge, I should like to give him a word of warning."

"I think you are prejudiced, Maude," rejoined Lucy, warming, however, into more eagerness than she had hitherto shown; "your brother is a man of the world, and he trusts him too."

"Purkiss!" ejaculated Maude, and there was an infinity of expression in the accent. "Purkiss is a man of business, my dear, not a man of the world, and Purkiss's prejudices against other people may be very good reasons for his making friends with Mr. Hemprigge. And so I ask again, what brings Mr. Hemprigge here?"

This time Lucy's answer was a reminder that the dressing-bell had rung a full quarter of an hour before, and a precipitate retreat. The truth is, had she dealt as candidly with her friend as her friend with her, she fancied she could have answered the question. Her instincts had been whispering her for some time why Mr. Hemprigge came, although she had tried hard to be deaf to them. Hemprigge had never uttered one word that could commit him, but in looks and manner he had spoken out. She ought to have been flattered, if not

touched, by the disinterested admiration of this selfishly-prosperous man, but she was neither the one nor the other. He had agreeable manners and an abundance of superficial information that he knew very well to make the most of. He had the happy tact that greases the ways of life to the man who is working up a social incline. Raise himself as he might, — and he was likely to go on rising, — he was pretty sure to adapt himself to any successive spheres he might soar to.

He was the last man in the world to let his opportunities run to waste, or to throw his chances away. With the money he had already, so far as adding to it went, the matrimonial ball was at his feet, yet he sauntered listlessly away from it, and seemed only to ask for encouragement to throw himself at hers. With all that, what she felt for him was a distaste fast growing to repugnance. Well, there are prejudices it is very hard to account for. The child ready to pet almost anything, turns naturally from the bright-eyed, graceful snake, glittering in its silvery coils, even from the lithe lizard, gorgeous in its green and gold. There is something about the facile gliding motion that inspires distrust; a suspicion of the slime only to be detected by the touch you don't care to venture on.

If Mr. Hemprigge had in certain places to pick his way among eggs, to perform a sword-dance with the continual fear before his eyes of slipping and hurting himself on the blades, there were others where, *en revanche*, he could swagger away at his will. On the very day he was so freely canvassed at "The Cedars," he was engaged to dine at Budger's, and there you could hardly have recognized Sir Basil's retiring friend and modest acolyte in the man whom the blustering host himself delighted to honour.

Everything in Budger's mansion — footmen, furniture, master, mistress, daughters, guests — was in a more resplendent style than even at the sumptuous "Cedars." The hall struck and entranced you by its violent contrasts, from the tessellated mosaics of its floor to the flaming cornices of its ceiling. It was pervaded, like so many animated stoves, by those blazing crimson liveries we have seen clustering behind the orange carriage. In sympathy with all about him, the very butler relieved his sombre black with a profusion of sparkling stud and glittering chain.

Although the party was a small one, the guests were received in a *suite* of state drawing-rooms, where the crimson brocade of gilded chairs and couches flashed and flickered in countless mirrors. Over the

deep piled carpets meandered, in glowing hues, and a tropical luxuriance, the mammoth flora of an impossible fairyland. At every step you crushed to death some brilliant butterfly or delicate humming-bird. From the walls Madonnas and St. Cecílias, Raphaels, Correggios, Murillos — all the masters of the Wardour Street School, duly labelled and ticketed, leered and simpered at you. Darius' feasts like Lord Mayors' banquets, Doges' weddings with Bucen-taurs modelled after the Swan-hoppers' barge, treasures of art unknown to Kügler — Titians, Tintoretos, and Paul Veroneses were there in profusion; and with their rich blaze of colour conscientious amateurs could safely swear them marvellously like the triumphs of Venetian art.

Budger loomed larger than ever with his foot set down on the domestic rug. His cheeks bloomed a richer purple, his eye glared with a latent command, and his nostrils dilated as if to sniff the incense exhal-ing from the magnificence himself had created. Mrs. Budger, in her imperious corpulence, was every way worthy her pompous lord. With the thermometer at 80°, she sat draped in stuffs that might have been taken from the Venetian canvases overhead, while in her *décolletée* glory and golden chains, she looked like a barbaric princess decked out to grace the triumph of a Roman conqueror. Her tiara of many-coloured gems might have beseeemed the widow of a Brahmin millionaire preparing for suttee; the lustre of her stomacher would have dimmed the ephod of a Jewish high priest.

The fair forms of her two daughters were run on the maternal lines, and their fulness of outline must have charmed Oriental amateurs of beauty. No wonder, when, nursed in the lap of luxury, they were strictly forbidden to put their feet to the ground, and rigidly denied all but carriage exercise. Anticipating matronly state, they, too, were decked in a marvellous luxury of jewels, and Scythia and Sarmatia might have been ransacked to furnish the wealth of hair that went to furnish out their monstrous *chignons*.

The company — a dozen or so in number — were, with slight exceptions, not unworthy of their entertainers, and the general effect of the ladies was like a glimpse behind the scenes of the Châtelet in the interludes of a grand *féerie*. Any one in unassuming male costume must have felt pitia-bly at a disadvantage, unless sustained by a sense of proprietorship in some one of those brilliant females. Fortunately, as it chanced, either of the two bachelors of the

party enjoyed the distinguished consideration of the host, accorded for different reasons and in different fashion.

Hemprigge stood confronting that gentleman on the hearth-rug, striking an attitude of easy vulgarity: an elbow on the chimney-piece, and a foot on the fender. Like theameleon, he took his tone from his company; and, for choice, fell back on his natural manners, as men take refuge from clinging evening costume in the easy latitude of an old shooting-coat. If the perfection of good-breeding is to be perfectly unaffected and natural, Hemprigge was never so much of a gentleman as when he was least of one.

"Seen much of Rushbrook lately?" demanded Budger, breaking the silence in a stentorian key, and making every one prick their ears. "What an excellent good fellow his lordship is."

Budger threw in the title, at the risk of its implying less of intimacy than he would have liked to claim, but then it made clear to every one the rank of his friend. Perfectly unnecessarily, for no one was there who was not an *habitué* of the house, and in the house his lordship's name had become a household word.

"No better fellow going. He's down in Scotland salmon-fishing, putting up with the Duke of Berwick. No man has better fishing than the Duke, and Rushbrook writes me they're having capital sport."

Hemprigge knew full well that Budger was informed officially of Lord Rushbrook being out of town, and had only asked his question for effect. Budger had intelligence enough to be satisfied that the Managing Director was romancing, and that the letter he quoted was as mythical as the missing epistles of St. Paul.

"Has his grace got a pleasant party down there, does Rushbrook say?"

"Capital. Not a man in England or in Scotland either can do the thing better than the Duke. His house is as big as a barrack, and Rushbrook tells me it's filled from attic to cellar with half the peerage." And then Hemprigge proceeded by a creditable effort of memory to run over a list of names he had read in that morning's fashionable intelligence.

The noble muster-roll was interrupted by the announcement of the latest guest,—"The Hon. Dycington Legge."

Mr. Hemprigge hated Mr. Legge like poison and had often hinted it to his friend Budger. But, much as he respected Hemprigge, Budger was not to be persuaded out of his acquaintance with one of the rare members of the aristocracy he met on famil-

iar terms. Legge was seventh son of the Viscount Tarragona, an Irish Peer long resident in Brussels. Budger, as City morality goes, and in the absence of temptations to the contrary, was strictly honest in his dealings. Legge had somehow been induced to take his name successively from all his clubs; of late years he had purged, and cut Tattersall's, and it was certain that the air of the leaths and downs, affected by the turf, did not suit him now-a-days as it used to. The scandals that were shouted rather than muttered about him in St. James's had made their way round even to Budger. But that gentleman's generous spirit would admit no ill of his only titled intimate, and he shut his ears as doggedly against these calumnies as against the Honourable's covert advances toward financial negotiations.

Legge paid humble or haughty court to every monied man as his fine perception of their temperaments suggested. But Hemprigge had far too good friends to care to know Mr. Legge, and, moreover, he hated him, as we said; for Legge knew something of society, and was always finding Mr. Hemprigge out. Seeing him in the case of the Budger circle, Legge had far better opportunities of judging him than Hugh Childersleigh, for example, who only met the manager when he was acting a part.

Of course the honourable gentleman took the hostess in charge when dinner was announced. An alderman next in rotation for the mayoralty supported her on the other side, and Mr. Hemprigge and his partner found himself in their vicinity. As the dinner went on Hemprigge's troubles began, and the cause of veracity avenged itself. The guests were rather voracious than talkative, and made better play with their teeth than their tongues. Mrs. Budger contributed but little to the flow of soul; what time she could spare from the turtle and the turbot being occupied in struggling hard to guard against early vicious habits, and blushing violently under her daughters' reproachful eyes when she committed herself.

But Budger began to sparkle with the champagne. Barren of subjects at best, and unwilling to lose sight of the best in his *répertoire*; seeing Hemprigge seated where, if he talked to him, all the world must listen, he harked back to the scent he had been following when the turtle was dragged across his trail.

"You were telling us about that letter of Rushbrook's, Hemprigge. Who does he say the Duke has got with him at Ercildoune?"

Although Hemprigge had not the resolution to look, he had a consciousness the Honourable Dycington's sarcastic eye was fixing him, and that his ears were opening to drink in his reply. He felt himself getting red as he strove to play the deaf, and made a violent effort to engage the lady by his side in an engrossing conversation. He might as well have looked for elasticity in a feather-bed as rapidity of response from that excellent woman. Moreover, he should have known Budger better, a man whose proudest boast was his intense tenacity of purpose even in trifles.

"Hemprigge, a glass of wine with you. Try some of that 'ock, will you? I'd sooner drink it any day than try to pronounce its name, I can tell you. I picked up all I could get when they sold up the Marquis of Hampton, and paid two-and-twenty shillings for every bottle of it. The Duke of Riverdale's man ran me up, but I was bound to have it, and I choked him off at last."

"Exquisite indeed, Budger. High as you paid for it, upon my word, do you know, in my idea, you got it a bargain? Wine like that can never be dear where money's no object. By the way, talking of cellars going at fancy prices reminds me of a story."

"We'll have it by and by then, but there's nothing like one thing at a time. First let's have the news from Ercildoune. All you Irishmen are fishermen, Legge, I know. Hemprigge was just telling us when you came in of a long letter he had this morning from Rushbrook, who's putting up with the Duke of Berwick."

"Indeed. Pray let us have it, Mr. Hemprigge. It must be most interesting. I'm all anxiety, I assure you."

There was malice in his voice and a sneer in the words he could not for the life of him suppress. Hemprigge was quick to catch them; they jarred his temper and he bit out quick.

"It's very civil of Mr. Legge to say so, but I should be loth to bore him. Rushbrook and he, I know, have quite fallen out of acquaintance. He told me the other day," he added, turning significantly to the other gentleman, "he had never once set eyes upon you since the autumn Paladin broke down for the Leger."

"Yes, we haven't happened to see so much of each other lately as we used to," returned Legge coolly. "The worst of Rushbrook is, he only takes up with fellows who go out of their way to go after him. He's shockingly toadied, Rushbrook is. But, for my part, I'm always glad to hear of old

acquaintances, so pray go on with your story, Mr. Hemprigge."

So all this little side-sparring went for nothing. Budger stuck to this point, and Hemprigge — feeling that after all it really did not much matter; that Legge knew him well already, and that his opinion went for little after all, — plucked up heart, threw off a glass of wine, and proceeded to display gifts of the very first order as *improvisatore* and *raconteur*. Legge despised and admired, sneered and envied; and, if his opinion was of any consequence to Mr. Hemprigge, that gentleman might have had the satisfaction of knowing he had considerably risen in it.

"With his pleasant way of lying and his easy impudence, the fellow ought to hold honours in his hand every time he plays," thought Legge to himself.

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," soliloquized Hemprigge. "It's only the first step that signifies. As it seems I'm likely to see a good deal of Legge here, I'll have done with weakness once for all."

So completely did Mr. Hemprigge shake off his temporary embarrassment, that he made himself, at a moment's notice, the life and soul of the table. Before the ladies withdrew, he had cleared a square yard of the cloth before him, and lolling over it with both arms, was bobbing cherries into his mouth in a fashion that proclaimed his high-bred ease.

When he joined them again upstairs, he flung himself back on an ottoman, the centre of a group of beauty, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes riveted on the ceiling, wit, wisdom, and yawns flowing from his open mouth. Honest Mrs. Budger sighed, and wished her husband would only take a lesson in deportment from his distinguished friend.

Had she but seen her admirer then, surely Lucy Winter's heart must have melted to him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MR. HOOKER "EN RETRAITE."

DISINTERESTED charity, as we know, often brings its reward in this world; and since the morning Maude Childersleigh robbed him of the orphan girl he had striven so affectionately to befriend, fortune had dealt kindly by our friend Hooker. When he first left Harley Street for Camberwell, he felt himself a banished man. Snug as they were, and although they called him master, the small rooms stifled him. Involuntarily he stooped in the doorways, and tucked in his elbows in the passages. He was exiled

from his acquaintances, he had lost his familiar objects in life. Perhaps, disinterested as he had proved himself, he missed some excitement of alternating hopes and fears. As Mr. Rivington had surmised, he had feathered his nest indifferently well; but, comfortable as it was, its very softness and tranquillity bored him.

"I see, Sarah, you find this little place of mine dull, after all the life and the bustle you've been used to," he remarked one day, considerably, to his sister.

"It is dull, Peter; but you asked me to keep house for you, and I hope I am always willing to discharge my duty," Miss Hooker, who, although a spinster, had taken, of course, brevet rank, rejoined piously. Then suddenly sniffing suspiciously, as scenting danger, she added, hurriedly, "Not that it is dull so much as quiet, and when we once get used to that, we'll come to like it. We might go a good deal farther and be very much worse off."

"It's very good of you to talk like that, Sarah, but I won't hear of your giving up your friends and your habits on my account. I feel I've no claim to your sacrificing yourself. I do, indeed. No, I've been thinking it well over"—he proceeded, stealing a furtive glance under his drooping eyelids at his sister's face—I've been thinking it over and my mind's made up. I'll get rid of the place at once, and set you at liberty again."

"Get rid of the place!" ejaculated Sarah, her jaw dropping—for she had been very far from so provident as her brother, and felt much like a superannuated raven cast out of a ménagerie cage among the jays and daws of the wicked world.

"Yes, get rid of it. The fact is," he hesitated, "I knew, in your goodness of heart, you'd insist upon sacrificing yourself, so I thought it best to settle everything out of hand before speaking to you. I've let the cottage for a year from the first of next month, rent payable quarterly."

Miss Hooker knew her brother, and she saw he was quite determined the paths in life so lately joined should once again trend asunder. Certainly she gave him none of the credit for consideration he claimed. But he was rich, and at least a couple of years older than she, and whom else had he in the world? He looked like breaking too, since he had left off work, so she put a violent constraint upon her feelings. She raised her handkerchief to her face to cover the spasms of anger that disturbed it, and responded in a voice that might have trembled either with emotion or passion:—

"It seems hard to part when we might

have seen so much to one another. You feel that, Hooker, don't you?"

"I do feel it, Sarah, and it's been a sore trial for me to make up my mind to." And, not to be outdone, Peter flourished a rich bandanna in sympathy. "But I made up my mind that you should be considered first; and I've done my duty, and I trust and believe I shall find my reward. Don't you think of me, Sarah; I shall manage somehow. I promised to get some bits of repairs done, and we must turn out this day week at latest."

They turned out accordingly . . . Hooker taking a brotherly farewell of his sister, too much overcome, perhaps, to inquire very closely into her plans and her means of carrying them out. He had domesticated himself somewhere in the familiar neighbourhood near the Marylebone Road. There he was within reach of his old friends, and could enjoy the well-earned pleasure of seeing them working away in the old harness, while he had turned himself out to grass. In proper pride, he asserted his new position; but still, from time to time, he would turn in at the "Duke of Devonshire," the house of call of the aristocracy of the servants'-halls in the vicinity. Higgs, the landlord, welcomed him with cordial deference to the bar and best parlour, anticipated his fancies, and echoed—in his presence—his opinions. But gradually these visits became less frequent.

Hooker, like his betters, had found other objects in life, and was floating upwards towards very different spheres. Since his acquaintances, Mr. Childersleigh and Mr. Hemprigge, had founded their great Company, he had followed its rising fortunes with a covetous interest. As we saw in his conversation with his late mistress, he was not altogether unversed in City matters. The splendid prospects of the new venture appealed to the avarice which is the virtue of well-regulated men of a certain age. But the caution, which is another of their qualities, had come into play, and he had stood hesitating long, while the mounting shares fretted him with the idea that he was missing golden chances. At last, after long irresolution, he half decided to plunge, and so he began by gingerly immersing a toe.

He went to a broker's, instructed him to buy him a score of shares, and, while the order was in course of entering in the notebook, lost courage, and cut it down to ten.

"They've been going up steadily, and they're likely to keep rising, Mr. Hooker," somewhat unprofessionally remonstrated the broker. But Hooker was firm in his timidity.

Sure enough, next morning saw a rise of fifteen shillings, and Hooker was furious, as it was natural a careful man should be. To cut the story short, gains once tasted, he became insatiable for them, and ultimately staked all he possessed in the scheme, even to mortgaging his cottage and raising money on a bill of sale over his furniture. When he had drawn his legacy, he made no secret of the destination of its proceeds, and Mr. Rivington good-naturedly volunteered a word of counsel.

"It's nothing to me, of course, Mr. Hooker, but if I were you, I would be cautious. I daresay you may be taking your eggs to an excellent market, but eggs are brittle things at best. You know the proverb. Is it prudent to have them all in the same basket?"

"As for that, Mr. Childersleigh's doing it, and so is Mr. Hemprigge, and they're long-headed gentlemen, the one and the other."

"They know their own business best, and, at any rate, you must remember they carry the basket themselves. Does not that make a difference?"

But Hooker was not to be dissuaded; perhaps he had reasons for his confidence best known to himself, and certainly time, as it went on, gave him no reason to think he had bestowed it rashly. Having thus given himself a City interest he made himself a City man, collating, line by line, the City articles, in the different morning and evening journals. He took to dining each forenoon at "Bob's," a low-roofed, many-tabled refectory in a blind alley off Cornhill, where waiters, busting through a perennial haze of chops and cabbage, served a circle of customers they had come to regard as friends. There he guarded an incognito, and the slight mystery about him, coupled with the reserve of his manner and his curt utterances, led to his being treated with considerable respect. As a distraction from the pleasures of the table, he used to produce a plethora pocket-book, bursting with memoranda-laden slips, which he was always emendating with a massive silver pencil.

It delighted him to lounge past by the dead wall of the Bank, contemplating with affectionate interest the splendid façade of the Crédit Foncier of Turkey's premises opposite. Like the Grecian enamoured of the statue that had grown under his chisel, one would have imagined Hooker had taken the smiling figure of Plenty for the object of his senile loves, and that he came with the punctuality of a man of business to sigh and smile at the feet of his colossal mistress.

Not uncontentedly, too, he crossed the threshold, and what was more to the purpose, seemed to have made a conquest of the Manager. A shareholder's name was generally a passport to the presence of that gentleman, but Hooker, having found the way thither once, followed it often.

"What, Hooker, you here?" said Hugh, stretching out a friendly hand as he met the ex-butler coming along the corridor that led to Mr. Hemprigge's room. "Looking after your money, I suppose; and I'm very glad to hear you have so much to look after."

"Yes, Mr. Hugh," returned Hooker, respectfully. "I had been laying by from my bit of salary all the many years I lived with Miss Childersleigh, and I always put my savings out at interest."

Wages and service were words which Hooker felt now-a-days attached to some remote period of his existence. He had a dim recollection of having once condescended to menial offices, that was all.

"How the old rascal must have robbed!" was the calumnious and perhaps envious reflection that crossed Mr. Childersleigh's suspicious mind, to be swept away in the rush of more important matters.

But as chance would have it, not many days later the pair met again, pretty nearly at the same hour in precisely the same place. This time the coincidence struck Childersleigh. Hemprigge was accessible, certainly, but he valued his time as money, and he was not much in the practice of lavishing money on other people unless for valuable consideration. He nodded thoughtfully to Hooker, who acknowledged the salutation with a silently respectful bow; walked into the manager's room, where he was going at any rate, and remarked abruptly to that gentleman, —

"By the way, I have just met Miss Childersleigh's old servant in your passage. Been using his privileges as a shareholder, I suppose?"

Childersleigh's City experiences were perhaps sharpening his wits into that baneful state of mind popularly known as too clever by half. This faithful colleague of his had become the object of undefined suspicion, which even such a trifle as this double meeting with Hooker served to awaken. He looked sharply as he spoke, and it struck him he detected some embarrassment. Perhaps it may have occurred to Hemprigge that the last time Hooker had favoured him with a call, Mr. Childersleigh also had followed it with another before the visitor could have cleared the stairs. At any rate he did not reply for a moment or two, while



he busied himself arranging some papers. Then, to be sure, he spoke with a charming candour.

"I beg your pardon, but these are the notes about that advance to the Littas on their powder-mills at Scutari. I was anxious there should be no confusion when I submit them to the Board. But you were speaking of Hooker. Oh yes, to be sure, to tell the truth, the old gentleman is rather exacting, and I have had him with me once or twice lately. You know, of course, he has put every shilling he has into our shares. His anxiety amuses me, but it's becoming rather much of a good thing; I think I really must give him a hint. Only we are such very old friends, Hooker and I; I used to see him often when he came to Rivington's on his mistress's business. Do you know, he's a remarkably shrewd old gentleman, and his supreme confidence in us touches me, and ought to flatter you. He believes in you more than in any man living."

"I should be greatly obliged to him, I'm sure," laughed Hugh, while he thought to himself, "It's all very well, and very unlike you, and why in the world make such a long story about it, my good friend?" and he went on aloud —

"That loan to the Littas was just what I was coming to talk to you about. Who are they insured with, and have our agents seen the policy?" And for the time Childersleigh dropped Hooker, to all appearance, while he talked business.

Hooker for some time had made pretty free use of the permission to pay his respects at "The Cedars," that he had craved and obtained when he handed the young ladies into their brougham at Harley Street. Even in the earlier days, when he had tried cultivating cabbages at his Camberwell cottage, he used to make frequent pilgrimages to Hampstead. Sir Basil had seen and condescended to him, propitiated by his respectful deference, and thinking moreover *richesse* obliged his taking some notice of a deservingly inferior who had made himself a capitalist in his humble way.

The young ladies had received him oftener, but the faithful Hooker made slight secret in the housekeeper's room of his preference for his old housemate Lucy. The favourable notice of a man of Mr. Hooker's consequence gave the housekeeper at "The Cedars" a far higher opinion of our friend Lucy than she had had before. She spoke of it, too, and it came to Miss Maude's ears, with whom, at least, it did Hooker no harm; and to Miss Lucy's, who, now that she was fairly out of his reach, had half forgotten

her prejudices, and was frequently smitten with remorse at the ingratitude with which she had repaid his kindness. Yet all this notwithstanding, when one of those formal visits of his was announced, she always did her best to be chaperoned to the interview.

"Really, Lucy, he's your admirer. He makes no secret that it's you he honours with his preference, and I should only disturb your *tele-a-tele*. No, seriously, I dislike the man, and I don't see why I should put myself out of my way for him."

"Not for him, you know, it's for me."

"Well, but why see him if you don't wish to? If you only do it because you feel you ought, I think he forces the duty on you much oftener than there's any need for."

"I don't know. I certainly wonder he should care to come; but if he does, I think I ought to see him."

"Always 'ought,' Lucy. Well, see him then," said Maude, austere.

Lucy tried to catch her friend's eye, failed, sighed very audibly, walked with much demonstration to the door, closed it behind her deliberately, and moved very quietly along the passage, as if she had hoped something from her mute eloquence.

Before she had taken half-a-dozen of her leisurely steps, there was a rush as of wings and a rustle of muslin, and she was overtaken by her relenting friend, who, it must be confessed, was getting to spoil her abominably. Then Hooker would make a few respectfully affectionate inquiries, talk a little deferential commonplace, and the interview would come to an end. Things always passed, from the first scene to the last, much in the same fashion. But still he came, and although it was only at unfrequent intervals he sent up his name to the ladies, he remained a frequent and an honoured guest in the housekeeper's room long after he had dropped most of the friends that linked him to the days of his servitude.

"Such an interest, to be sure, as old Mr. Hooker do take in you, Miss Lucy," the housekeeper often observed. "How his tongue do run on when once it gets upon you."

It was her own tongue that ran, while Mr. Hooker, who was far from voluble, had the knack of turning the stream of words in the direction he desired.

"I'm sure I should be very grateful to him," thought Lucy. But the more she tried the less she succeeded, and the profoundest depths of her consciousness whispered she never should, unless, indeed, Mr. Hooker were to crown his attentions by removing himself altogether from the scene.

SETTING himself to his match against time, Hugh had meant to do all he could to win it. Yet he knew well that too great haste might only mean the worse speed. Body and brain had been strained, but, although one and the other had stood it well, prudence whispered it was time to give them a holiday. The toughest yew will lose its spring with constant straining; the swiftest yacht may risk the race by cracking on with too much tophammer. The season was over and gone; the House had voted its latest estimates; the Ministers had eaten the last of the whitebait; the innocents had been Heroded; the Members had scattered like the fragments of a shell; the Scotch and Irish expresses were conveying their first-class passengers six and eight in a carriage; the west was a city of the dead; the city had gone to the sea in promiscuous exodus; and Hugh had half made up his mind to follow the multitude. The craft he had launched was sailing summer seas with favouring breezes and plenty of them, and with an easy mind he could trust her for a time to other hands. Hemprigge had the requisite skill, and, for his own sake, must steer her safely, for he had freighted her with all his fortunes. Then there were one or two watchful directors seated at the Aulic Council of the Board, who, as Hugh had found, might be trusted to keep intelligent eyes on the officer of the watch.

"Nonsense, Hugh, I tell you, you must and shall have a holiday."

So spoke George Childersleigh, who, feeling that his friend was already decided to yield so much, was only eager to get over that preliminary point, and persuade him as to his destination. The two were smoking their after-dinner cigars in Hugh's sanctum in Harley Street.

"Admitting it, just for the sake of argument," responded Hugh, sinking back luxuriously in the embraces of his chair, and languidly contemplating the ceiling through the ascending smoke, — "admitting I must; *après*, where am I to go?"

"You want change of life, and change of scene, fresh air, and plenty of it; the swing of the table and the run of the cellar, without the fear of a reproving conscience and an avenging morrow."

"You could scarcely put it more materially or truthfully."

"Thank you; well then come to us at Killoden. You'll find them all there, every one of them."

To tell the truth, Hugh had quite made

up his mind he should be asked to Killoden, as he often had been before, and had pretty nearly decided that, if asked, he would go. But, in luxurious sympathy with the general *abandon* of his body, his mind, and his surroundings, he coyly coquetted with the invitation.

"Many thanks, George; as you very well know there's nothing I should like better. But, even in making holiday, business must be considered before pleasure; Killoden's a long way from town. Letters take no end of a time to reach one there. No telegraph —"

"No, thank heaven," interrupted George, impatiently cutting him short, "no telegraphs, nor metropolitan deliveries a dozen times a day, nor barrel-organs, nor beggars, nor evening parties, nor evening papers. For the post, which is all you need care about, you'll have a chance of having your digestion spoiled with bad news, only thirty-six hours stale, every morning at breakfast. Better than leaving your correspondents to take flying shots at you, as you dodge them over the Swiss passes and down among the Italian lakes. You don't dream, I imagine, of an English watering-place, — looking out for ships and dirty weather through a race-glass, drifting about the beach in a crowd of cockneys like a shred of old seaweed, and with about as much pleasure in life? MacLachlan writes he never saw stronger coveys, or more of them; the ground looks as if disease hadn't touched it for a century."

"Sir Basil may have filled his house. I know its accommodation well, and now Miss Winter's of the family, there's a room the less."

"He gave me special charge to persuade you, so if you're driven back on that position, you may as well surrender at discretion. Moreover, Purkiss won't be of the party. He commands in Lombard Street in the Governor's absence, — an inducement the less for you to come, by the way, but that can't be helped."

"One must take the rough with the smooth in this world," remarked Hugh, gravely. "Well, George, if nothing turns up to prevent me, I'm your man — the more so, that if you have to turn me out, I'm pretty safe to find quarters over with McAlpine and Rushbrook at Baragoil."

"We shan't give them the chance, don't hope it. But what do you mean by talking of Rushbrook at Baragoil?"

"You haven't heard? Why, old McAlpine was in despair because he couldn't find a tenant for his Carradale forest; and the other day, after a Board meeting, proposed,

half in fun, to Rushbrook, that he should go him halves in the whole stretch, Carradale and Baragoil, grouse and deer, while they kept house together at the Lodg3. The pair have become great allies. Rushbrook jumped at the idea; and what began in joke ended in earnest. Then Barrington—you know all about his good-luck by the way—persuaded them to take him into the partnership, conditionally on his obtaining leave of absence from his uncle."

"By Jove, I'm delighted to hear we shall have such pleasant neighbours. It's something in the Highlands to have the materials for a rubber at your door."

"Highland neighbours, and quite at your door! It's seven miles of hill to Baragoil, if it's a yard!"

"Fully. Nothing at all, you see. Well, Hugh, we'll look for you by the eleventh at latest. It's no use asking you sooner; and, moreover, I don't think we shall be there ourselves many days before."

"You generally travel unattached, George. May we not as well go down together? We'll make up a party with Barrington and McAlpine, and pick up Rushbrook *en route*."

"Well, no; I think not," hesitated George. "The fact is, the Governor begins to fight shy of these long journeys, and I promised to do the dutiful this time, and take him and the girls in charge."

"Quite right too. Very well, then, we meet at Killoden on the eleventh; that's arranged. Now that my mind's made up, I shall be horribly put out if anything comes to upset my plans."

Nor were these by any means mere words of civility. All other attractions apart that the visit might have for Hugh, an invitation to Killoden was not a thing to be lightly declined. There were lower-lying moors, where you might have bloodier days and heavier bags, but nowhere could you enjoy in a higher perfection the poetry of sport. The place was a wild jumble of mountain and valley, hill and corrie, lying high on the water-shed of the Atlantic,—a very palace of the storms where the doors stood generally ajar; a reservoir of water when the sluices were raised, with scarce a warning, on the sunniest of summer days. A dead calm, deepening, if possible, to a deader stillness, a fitful puff or two, a black cloud that glided swiftly up against the sun, a rush of wind, a thunder-shower tumbling in sheets of water, and again a flood of warm, mellow sunshine, that found everything brighter than before: that was the sort of thing you had there, weather as changeable as the scenery, skies whose sapphire

blue was as treacherous as the emerald green of the moss-pits. When it did not subside into one of its fits of sullen steady weeping, or fly out in one of its savage windy bursts of temper that lasted for days, there was a charm in its very fickleness. It was the frowns that made you so keenly enjoy the smiles, and in your memories you carried away the sunshine and forgot the storm.

The country was grandly savage. What cultivation there was looked pitifully conscious of a false position, and its rickety existence generally ended in a premature death: Here and there you saw some misguided patch of oats, where the sand or peat had been lightly stirred round a keeper's cottage, strongly fenced against the marauding deer, who regarded, as a supreme delicacy, the crop a Saxon donkey would have sneered at. Killoden, although no forest, lay surrounded by the sacred haunts of the red deer, and seduced by its rich mountain pastures, they might be seen in the grey morning, streaming homewards ghostlike, over the passes. Through the day venturesome harts were to be found lying out in the enemy's country, although sheep, or sheep-dogs, kept them ever on the alert, and the friendly grouse-cocks made the stalking them more uncertain work than was altogether pleasurable.

There was luxurious shooting for elderly gentlemen in the deep heather by the lakes and streams, where the well-broke shooting pony picked his way demurely, while the setters ranged and quartered to the wave of the keeper's hand. There were the higher and more distant beats, sore strains on muscles flaccid from City pavements, but where the air came breathing round the sportsman in a rush of health, and where, even wrestling up the brae in the teeth of the bitter blast, you drew indomitable strength from the very enemy that set you so hard. If you never bagged a feather, richly repaid toil it was—Highland scenery should be enjoyed with the gun, as Lowland landscapes from the saddle. There were gorges where mountain streams came leaping down rocky staircases, tumbling and flashing into pools of black water in white cascades of foam, past rocks glowing with orange lichens, and boulders cushioned with velvet moss. Here you shot your way up some *cul-de-sac* to the foot of the grey precipice that stopped it; there you dropped down into some hill-locked nook, entering it with dogs and death, waking its echoes with the horrid breech-loader, and scaring the lotus-picking covey from the calm enjoyment of life in the heathery Eden.

As you rose ridge on ridge, you opened bill on bill, buttresses of the grim old giants of geographical name, with their bare scalps, weather-driven foreheads, and the gaunt rocky shoulders that tore huge rents through their mantles of green and purple. Mountain bares, sheltered by myriads in their stony skirts, and ptarmigan flitted about in flocks among the grey wrinkles time had worn in their features. And all the picturesque "vermin" life was there. Highland foxes kenneled in the cairns, and from the rocks and the fallen boulders you heard the cry of the marten and mountain cats. The raven hovered over the gorges with sullen croak; the peregrine's breast glinted on the shivered cliffs above; a pair of ospreys had established their household gods on the truncated rocks in the lake below; while, greatest of all, soared and swooped the golden eagle, hunting to supply the larder on the ledge where the grim pledges of his flinty nuptial couch sat gaping in their rocky cradle.

All this, and much more besides, came rushing vividly on Hugh's mind when he gave George his promise to go and enjoy it. As he sat dallying with his cigar after his friend had left him, he might have been in a Western opium-smoker's heaven, his mind detached itself so absolutely to go wandering among the old scenes and the familiar hunting-grounds. Again he rehearsed to

their minutest incident long-forgotten stalks; again he snapped wild shots at grouse topping the hill-crest, and black-game shooting rocket-like down the wind. He breathed Highland air in his den in Harley Street, and in the thickening wreaths of his cigar-smoke saw the Atlantic mists stealing round him from the hills. In short, hugging himself in the prospect of a holiday, he felt all the premonitory symptoms of a *mal d'Ecosse* and a holiday longing that went on gradually growing until it threatened to be a grave disease. Possibly the prospects of the society to be enjoyed at the Lodge, with no *arrière-pensée* of work neglected, or dragging back from the collar, might have counted for something in his dreams of pleasure; but if there was danger impending to his peace of mind he altogether declined to look it in the face. He meant to leave his cares behind him, and began to shake himself clear of them at once. The moment he consented to slip the string the bow seemed to fly back of itself. Almost for the first time since he had taken to it, business became an effort and a drudgery; he began to count the days and then the hours; and we question whether, in his frame of mind, the prudent Mr. Childersleigh would not have found sophistry to persuade himself that a crisis in the money-market was a thing of no consequence whatever.